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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLVII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1897. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 43.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

JUNE 27, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.02, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.19, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.37, 7.55, 9.15, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.47, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.49, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return at** 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.21, 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.25, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.02, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.19, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 7.5?, 8.15, 9.39, 11.03 A.M., 12.01, 2.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.33, 5.00, 6.03, 6.24, 6.33, 6.52, 7.10, 8.03, 9.?8, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.?8, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent.

W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 1, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15, 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

G. W. WINSLOW, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45, 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6. , and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Feb. 10, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.00 M., 1.00, 1.30 then every 30 minutes until 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, 9.33, 10.33, 11.33 A. M., 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, 9.55, 10.55, 11.55 A. M., 12.25 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CAVRIER, Div. Supt.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

UPHOLSTERING!
C. L. SMITH,
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.
(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

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Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
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415 Main Street, WOBURN.

TELEPHONE 6-3.
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Sexton and Funeral Director,
Sexton of Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.
341 Main St., Woburn

Business Cards.

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HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.
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Repairing and Enameling a specialty.
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HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.
Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE, 28-3.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
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(SUCCESSORS TO)
L. HOUGHTON ALLEN,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS
Coffin Warehouse, 8 Montvale Avenue, Woburn Center. Residences, 2 Eastern Avenue, and 65 Montvale Avenue, Woburn.
Wholesale or Retail Orders left at either place, or sent by Telegraph or express, promptly attended to. Hearses, Carriages and Flowers furnished. A large assortment of Coffins, Caskets and Grave Clothes constantly on hand.
Telephone No. 17 2 at Office: 17-4 at House.

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Ladies' Hair Work made to order.
No. 410 Main Street, Woburn.
Opp. Lyceum Hall.

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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
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G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 10-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

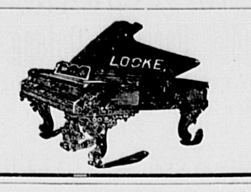
John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

ATWOOD & PITTS,
TAILORS,
Room 5. No. 316 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.
All work warranted first-class. Prices reasonable.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,
EYE SPECIALIST.
Graduate of the New York School of Optics, will be at the
Jewelry Store of Linwood E. Hanson, 409 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
THURSDAY, Oct. 7, 1897,
From 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

NOW, FOR SCHOOL!
The end of the long vacation has come, and the enterprising dealer in School Supplies governeth himself accordingly. Our text this week is a short one and consists of one word:
BLOCKS.
These serviceable and compact adjuncts of school work may be found in great variety, ranging in price from 2 cents to 9 cents, at
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.



PIANOS TUNED
By Frank A. Locke,
EXPERT PIANO and ORGAN TUNER and REPAIRER. 24 years practical experience. Boston Office, Hallett & Davis Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont St. Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's Periodical Store, 375 Main Street. Prices: Squares, $2.00; Uprights $2.50; Grands, $3.00. Refers to any person in Woburn who has a piano.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, JR.

FOREST HOOPER,
PLUMBER,
Walnut St., Woburn.
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

Woburn Real Estate Exchange.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C. E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the autumn leaves lie dead.
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer air, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas, they all are in their graves! The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis die amid the summer glow,
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—William Cullen Bryant.

A DEPENDENT.

"Mr. Schwartze comes tonight, Anne. See that his room is ready and be quick about it."

Having irritably given her directions, Mrs. Holmes lay back with a dismal groan and languidly picked up the book she had dropped.

With aching feet Anne dragged her way up the stairs to the top floor.

It was a small room and not too cheerful, and it looked out upon the few dwarfed fruit trees in the back yard and beyond that upon the rear ends of unpainted tenements, where half starved and wholly wretched faces sometimes peered out through the smoke clouded panes.

"I wonder if he'll mind," mused Anne, with a wordless thought of the desolation that so often swept over her own cramped soul as she looked out upon this dreary prospect. "He ain't like a man that's always lived boardin around. Looks like he ought to have a home somewhere and a mother. He'd be good to one if he had her. He's got good eyes. It's pretty bare in here," she added regretfully.

Then under some sudden impulse she crept stealthily along the dark hall to a bedroom hardly larger than a closet and was back in a moment carrying something carefully hidden under her apron. When deposited upon the dresser, it proved to be a tumbler holding half a dozen glowing carnations.

"They'll make it a little more homelike for him," she said. And then she turned to the prosaic work of changing the bed linen, dusting, cleaning and bringing in soap, fresh water and towels.

"May I see the madam?" a hearty voice called from the doorway, and Anne lowered the ash pan and turned to see the new boarder, a big, good natured German, bowing gravely toward her.

"I—I'm afraid not," she said. "Aunt Holmes is an invalid, you know. She only sees people when they first come to engage board. Will I do? I can tell you anything, I think, or I can take a message to Aunt Holmes"— But there she stopped confused, remembering that she was prohibited an audience with the offended aunt.

Her breath came more freely when Mr. Schwartze said: "If I could please be shown to my room. And your dinner hour I haf not learned."

"Dinner's at 6," said Anne with alacrity, "and I'll show you to your room."

As she passed the new boarder at the door he stepped back with a chivalrous movement and held the portiere for her. Anne could not remember any such polite attention in the whole course of her life. It gave her a queer sensation, and she walked somehow with her head a little less bent up the two steep flights and along the winding hall.

"The boarders sit down stairs a good deal," she said, still regretting that cheerless room. "The furnace doesn't heat very well up here, and it's warmer in the sitting room on account of the fire."

Then she returned to her ashes.

She made the invalid's toast with unusual care that night and cautioned Kitty about keeping the soup well covered and hot.

At 6 o'clock, in her fresh white apron, she stood ready to wait on the long table.

Mr. Schwartze was not among the first to obey the summons of the dinner bell. Before he came she had brought in several plates of steaming soup, and Mr. Brown had grunted with disfavor at sight of his and gruffly ordered it away, muttering something about "clam soup every night."

She was hastening to change his plate when Mr. Schwartze entered.

The big German cast his eyes with friendly interest over the group at the table. There was something hearty and genuine about him, though his gait was a trifle awkward and his shoulders somewhat stooped. But he said, "Pardon, madam," as he withdrew his napkin from too close proximity to Miss Simpkins' plate and "Thank you" to Anne when she gave him his soup. If the hot stuff had not been safely deposited upon the cloth before him, it might have showered upon him in scalding streams, for a "Thank you" to Anne was so unusual as to be absolutely startling. It made her duties through that meal seem almost pleasant, although Miss Simpkins complained that the tea was slop and Mr. Brown said it was a pity if he never could get roast beef he could eat.

Anne's cheeks had grown into the habit of burning through the long hours when she served at table. Aunt Holmes was safe out of hearing, and Gladys declined to eat with the boarders, so there was only Anne to face the storming when the cook made mistakes or the marketman failed to bring the best of his stock.

There was only one boarder in the house who treated Anne as if she were of more significance than the dust of the earth. That one was Baby Blossom.

Baby Blossom had not learned in the two years of his smiling existence that there are people—overworked, underfed, spiritless creatures—whom it is one's privilege to tread underfoot. He had a friendly fashion of cooing at Anne whenever he saw her and holding out his dimpled hands, and when Anne held him hungrily in her tired arms he gave no evidence of knowing that she was sallow and tattered and thin as a rail and that her face was often streaked with tears.

Father Blossom was a "floor walker" in a down town store who talked pompously of "my clerks" and "my establishment," and Mother Blossom was an overdressed blond who loved card parties better than the dimpled baby.

When, through long evenings, Baby Blossom stared lonesomely at the glowworm light near his cradle, Anne used to slip in, away from the cruel shafts of Aunt Holmes' tongue, and croon lullabies as she rocked the little chap to slumber.

Now, upon this night of his arrival, Mr. Schwartze, being a home loving man, not particularly drawn to the beer saloon or the concert hall, roamed about in Mrs. Holmes' would be fashionable boarding house in quest of entertainment.

In the parlor Miss Gladys, large and imposing, was languidly entertaining a tall collared beau. In the sitting room Mrs. Brown, Miss Simpkins and Miss Rhodes were discussing the trials of the boarder.

Mr. Schwartze slipped into a warm corner with his paper and tried not to hear. Soon, quiet and sweet above the sharp fault finding of the ladies, sounded stray bits of a musical lullaby:

> Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,
> Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes!

It was Anne in the "second story back" lulling Baby Blossom to sleep. And it was Anne who stepped into the sitting room half an hour later with something almost like happiness in her eyes and exclaimed softly, "I've got him to sleep—the little lamb."

The three ladies stared at her coldly, and a silence fell upon them.

"I'm sorry about your curtains, Miss Simpkins. I'll get them up tomorrow."

"I think it is time," said Miss Simpkins dryly, and the gladness died out of poor Anne's eyes.

"Will you haf this chair by the fire, Miss Anna?" said a sudden voice, and Mr. Schwartze stood looking kindly at her and pointing to his easy chair.

"No, sir; thank you, sir. I've got things to do," said Miss Anne, as she backed out of the room. But what wonder if she dreamed that night of the only soul who, having arrived at years of discretion, had ever regarded her as a grade above the level of the earthworm.

Mr. Schwartze, for some obscure reason, took pains to make covert inquiries about this household drudge in the weeks that followed.

From Miss Simpkins he learned that Miss Anne was a "shiftless thing," who never got the fires made in time. Others informed him that she frequently failed to wash the windows and woodwork properly, that she was often late bringing up water and answering the bell, that she didn't shake the great rugs half hard enough, that she was a poor fool of a creature who often brought Mr. Brown his meat not sufficiently rare, and that, in fact, she was generally faulty and incapable, a poor dependent upon Mrs. Holmes' bounty.

Yet with all the weight of evidence against her, somehow the new boarder only grew the more to pity the harassed creature who toiled for thankless people day after day and often far into the night.

Once he discovered her quieting Baby Blossom in its mother's absence, and there was a light in her eyes that glorified them. In one glance the big hearted fellow seemed to see revealed the woman Miss Anne might grow to be, given a fair share of love and kindness.

It made him want to experiment.

In the morning he walked squares out of his way to stop at a florist's. Long stemmed roses he picked out and a bunch of sweet violets. Then he gave directions to the florist and wrote carefully and at some length on a card.

When the bell jangled that cold afternoon and Miss Anne hastened to answer it, she stared in blank bewilderment at the name on the long, neat package. She had had precious little "schooling," had Miss Anne, and for a moment she doubted her ability to read plain script.

"Oh, a box from Wade's!" cried Gladys over the banister. "That dear Billy has sent me some flowers!"

"No," said Anne, in a sort of daze, holding the box as if it were some loved, live thing. "It's for me. It says, 'Miss Anne Minton' on it."

"You're crazy," said Gladys shortly and a bit angrily, too, for she never had heard Anne so nonsensical. And she snatched the box from Anne's fingers. Then she stared, open mouthed.

"Cæsar's ghost!" was all she said, but she handed back the box and made no remonstrance when Anne ran up the stairs to her dark back chamber, leaving her work in the basement suspended. They were trembling fingers that broke the strings and took off the wrappings from the damp, cool box, and when the last waxed papers were folded back and Anne saw the fresh and fragrant flowers she gathered them up and buried her face in them with tears that fell and sparkled, dewlike, on their cool, sweet petals.

There was a sort of choking rapture in her heart when she read on the reverse of Mr. Schwartze's card, in a fine German hand:

> The limit of life is brief—
> 'Tis the red in the red rose leaf,
> 'Tis the gold in the sunset sky,
> 'Tis the flight of a bird on high.
> Yet we may fill the space
> With such an infinite grace
> That the red will vein all time,
> The gold through the ages shine,
> And the bird fly swift and straight
> To the lilies of God's own gate.

She read it over and over, impressed at first only with a sort of reverence for the man who had "learned off" and written a verse like that.

Then through her mind, which unkindness had made dull and unimaginative by a long process of hardening, there began to creep a sense of the beauty and comfort of the lines.

"With such an infinite grace," she repeated to herself, as she stood, a rose on her breast, that night ready to wait on the ungracious circle about the dining table. And when Mr. Brown wrathfully ordered his plate back to the kitchen she took it with almost a smile, feeling somehow that however ugly life might be on the outside there still lived within, if she were patient and good, a something sweet and fair that would take her, like the bird in the poem, "swift and straight to the lilies of God's own gate."

Even Mr. Schwartze noticed a sort of transfiguration of her sad, tired face, though to him she never said a word of acknowledgment or thanks.

Because of her ignorance and a certain sense of awe toward him she felt she could only thank him for a gift so royal by written words, slowly and carefully wrought.

Night after night, when the lights were dim in the boarding house, Anne toiled over her paper and the grammar and spelling book she had borrowed from Willie Brown.

At last the note, written and fastened to Mr. Schwartze's pincushion, lay waiting his astonished perusal.

He read in careful, uneven letters:

RESPECTED FRIEND—These lines are to tell you how thankful I am to you for the beautiful roses and violets and verse. You could not know how it felt to me to get them, for I couldn't help crying, for it was the first beautiful thing that ever happened to me in my life that I can remember. Your respected friend, A. MINTON.

It was a week after that time that Willie Brown stood on a dark landing of the stairs waiting to make Miss Anne "jump like a scared cat" as she came toiling up the stairs with an armful of wood for Miss Simpkins' open fire.

And jump she did, in a way that sent Master Willie off in a roar of laughter, as suddenly checked when he realized that Miss Anne, having missed her footing and fallen, was lying quite motionless and very blue about the lips, with the heavy chunks of wood upon her.

One great stick, thumping and bumping down the stairs, had brought impatient inquirers to their various doors, but it was Mr. Schwartze who first reached the prostrate woman lying on the landing below.

She tried to rise with his help, but could not. And then Miss Anne dared usurp a privilege belonging solely to Aunt Holmes, the pronounced invalid. She fainted dead away.

"It's a sprain or a break," said Mr. Schwartze briefly. "Lead the way to her room, mees." And he turned authoritatively to Gladys, who meekly sped up stairs and along the hall to the narrow room.

"I go for the doctor while you stay with her here," said the big German. But in his brief glance at the clean, bare room he had seen his drooping roses and violets still tenderly cared for, though withered and brown.

There was something very like a mist in the honest eyes of Herr Schwartze as he ran with all speed for the doctor a few doors away.

Aunt Holmes irately jerked her imposing person from the luxuries of the sickroom and tried in a measure to do Anne's work in the weeks that followed. Unable to accomplish this, even with Gladys' protesting aid, she advertised at last for a servant, and then for two, both of whom worked industriously filling the unpaid "dependent's" place.

In the meantime Miss Anne herself lay quiet and alone in her cold little room. Yet she was neither cold nor lonely, for down in her heart burned a new gladness, hardly defined or recognized, yet filling her solitude with music and all the space about her with warmth and comfort.

There were fresh carnations by her bedside always now, and under her pillow a precious store of little messages—kind inquiries and good wishes—all written in a slanting German hand.

When she could sit up, she borrowed a warm wrap of Gladys and spent her time peacefully darning and mending for the cousin and aunt below. When Aunt Holmes raged against the time it took to mend broken ankles, Anne only said, with a strange gleam of gladness, "The doctor says I can hobble down stairs in a week or so."

And although that meant taking up the old life speedily, the life of abuse and hardship, there was one thought that overbalanced all else—the thought that down in the common ground of the sitting room she might see the honest, friendly face that for her held all the light in the big, gray world.

It was dusk of a chilly evening, and the boarders had not yet gathered about the friendly fire down stairs, when Mrs. Holmes' petulant voice shrilled out: "If you're ever going to come down, Anne Minton, you'd as well come now. Guess you're as able to slave as we are, and the sittin room lamps want lightin."

Herr Schwartze, coming in with snowflakes on his great coat, halted at the newel post, turned, and then stepped quietly into the fire lighted room.

When his listening ear caught the first sound of the slow limp at the head of the stairs, he was up the flight in three leaps, helping the slender figure down.

"Wilkommen! Wilkommen!" he said in the hall, taking both her hands in his hearty grasp.

"What does that mean?" Miss Anne asked, her face lighting up gladly.

"That is welcome!" exclaimed Herr Schwartze. "Wilkommen! That is the German's welcome to his goot frient—his American frient."

"How good you are!" said Anne, and all the story of her gratefulness, her new zest in life, seemed to breathe in the words. "I—I never was happy before. I never had a friend. I didn't know what it was to"— And then she stopped, confused, and quick tears welled to her eyes.

"You haf been what they call the unter dog in the fight," he said. "I haf seen it. I haf watched. I know. And my heart hass melted for you, beholting your patience and loving service to all, who loved you none at all in return."

In his heat and earnestness Herr Schwartze's talk grew more and more broken, but Anne understood him, and her pale cheek flushed. She steadied herself with one hand against the door, and, seeing this, he led her to the big chair by the fire, so carefully, so tenderly, that quiet tears gleamed again in her great dark eyes.

Herr Schwartze looked at her a moment, then held out a strong, impulsive hand. "I haf not much to offer you, but what I haf and am iss yours," he said. "Will you take it, my goot Mees Anna? This hand knows how to work for those it loves, and you I love; yes, dearly, dearly."

When Aunt Holmes, drawn by some deep instinct, softly opened the sitting room door, she nearly fainted at the sight she saw. Anne, Anne, the dull, the incapable, holding Herr Schwartze's ample hand and looking as if all the sparkles of the stars had stolen into her eyes.

"What does this mean, Mr. Schwartze—Anne?" she demanded in righteous wrath.

Mr. Schwartze made her his gravest bow, though his face was radiant.

"It means, my dear madam, that Mees Anna here iss tomorrow my wife, and we go out to build our home place together."

And the audacious boarder, before her very eyes, laid a protecting hand upon the head of Miss Anne, the dependent.—New York Tribune.

Biliousness
Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,
Hood's Pills
insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Fifty Years Ago.

Who could imagine that this should be
The place where, in eighteen ninety-three
That white world-wonder of arch and dome
Should shadow the nations, polychrome...
Here at the Fair was the prize conferred
On Ayer's Pills, by the world preferred.
Chicago-like, they a record show,
Since they started—50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills
have, from the time of their preparation, been a continuous success with the public. And that means that Ayer's Pills accomplish what is promised for them; they cure where others fail. It was fitting, therefore, that the world-wide popularity of these pills should be recognized by the World's Fair medal of 1893—a fact which emphasizes the record:
50 Years of Cures.

AYER'S
HYGIENIC CEREAL
COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.
REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.
A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.
Prepared by M. S. AYER of Boston.
A Vegetarian for many years.
Price, 20 Cents per Pound.
For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."
M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.

A Famous War Correspondent.

It is most interesting to note, says Henry Childs Merwin in The Atlantic, the impression made upon the English mind by the late J. A. MacGahan, the famous war correspondent, who was the son of an Ohio farmer. His English friend and fellow worker, Mr. Archibald Forbes, writes of him as follows: "I never saw such a fellow for making himself at home among high officials. In his manner there was no flavor of impudence or presumption. I question whether of that word, indeed, he understood the meaning. It was as if he, in the character of a man and a republican man, had reasoned the matter down to bare principle. 'I am a man,' seemed to me to be his attitude, 'and I am a man who honestly and legitimately, for a specific purpose of which you are aware, or of which I shall be glad to make you aware, want something. That something—be it information, be it a passport, be it what it may—you can give me best, therefore I ask you for it. It is immaterial to the logic of the position I virtually take whether you are an office messenger or the chancellor of an empire, a lieutenant, or the commander in chief.'"

No wonder then that, as another friend of his put it, "MacGahan could do anything he liked with Ignatieff, calmly made love to Mme. Ignatieff, rather patronized Prince Gortchakof, and nodded affably to the Grand Duke Nicholas."

It is to be observed that in writing the description which I have quoted Mr. Forbes had no design of making a general statement, much less of analyzing the American notion of equality. He was simply indicating in his acute, straightforward manner what he conceived to be MacGahan's attitude toward all the world.

Writing For a Living.

"I understand you have joined the literary brotherhood."

"Yes," replied Lovelace, "I am now writing for a living." And he dashed off another begging letter to his father. —Strand Magazine.

By His Hair.

"Fuzzy had what might be called a hairbreadth escape."

"Why?"

"The girl wouldn't marry him because he was redheaded."—Philadelphia North American.

A Good Guess of Long Ago.

During the American Revolution an English magazine published an estimate of the North American colonies. Placing the population then at 2,000,000 and assuming that it would double itself every 25 years, the writer estimated that in the year 1890 the number would have increased to 64,000,000. This may be taken as a most remarkable prophecy, inasmuch as the census of 1890 fixes the total population at 62,622,250.

Indigestive poisons are the bane of the dyspeptic's life. When sick, see if your sickness is caused by indigestive poisons. If so, take Shaker Digestive Cordial. This is the only certain way of being permanently cured, because it is the only way that gets rid of the poisons. You know that fermented food is poisonous. You know that poison is unhealthy. Shaker Digestive Cordial clears the stomach of fermenting food, and purifies the blood and system of indigestive poisons. It cures indigestion *and the diseases that come of it.* Headache, dizziness, nausea, stomach-ache, weakness, flatulence, constipation, loss of appetite, irritability, etc. These are *a few* of the symptoms, *caused* by indigestive poisons, *cured* by Shaker Digestive Cordial. At druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

At the beginning of the present century the Bible could be studied by only one-fifth of the earth's population. Now it is translated into languages which make it accessible to nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants.

The Boer does just as little work as will help keep himself and his family alive, and most of that he gets done by Kaffir servants, who, in the more out of the way districts, at any rate, are practically slaves.

Has Great Faith.

"I was pale and puny and never was well. I also had a bad throat trouble. Seeing an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla I procured a bottle and it helped me at once. I continued its use until I was cured. I have great faith in the merits of Hood's. It keeps me well." MRS. LUNA FARNUM, Box 116, Hills Grove, R. I.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

In some of the cities of Europe the cost of putting out a fire is made a charge upon the property of the person for whose benefit the fire department is called out.

Teapots are used in China only by the poor. Among the wealthy it is customary to put the tea leaves in each cup and pour water on them.

It is not a remedy put up by any Tom, Dick or Harry; it is compounded by expert pharmacists. Ely's Bros. offer a 10 cent trial size. Ask your druggist. Full size Cream Balm 50 cents. We mail it.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.
Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol. and A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

"He is good natured, is he?"

"Good natured! Why, I have known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster."

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Republican Candidates.

For Governor,
ROGER WOLCOTT of Boston.
For Lieutenant-Governor,
W. MURRAY CRANE of Dalton.
For Secretary of State,
WILLIAM M. OLIN of Boston.
For Treasurer,
EDWARD P. SHAW of Newburyport.
For Attorney-General,
HOSEA M. KNOWLTON of New Bedford
For Auditor,
JOHN W. KIMBALL of Fitchburg.
For Senator, Middlesex-Essex District
CHARLES F. WOODWARD of Wakefield.
For Councillor, 5th District,
HORACE A. ATHERTON of Saugus.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 1, 1897.

THE COMMITTEE MEETING.

In response to a call from the Chairman, Hon. George F. Bean, nearly all the members of the Charter Committee assembled in the Board of Trade Rooms last Friday evening to consider an offer from the Republican Ward and City Committee to delegate to them the work of making nominations for the city offices as a step towards a non-partisan city election.

Among the leading Democrats present were Mayor John P. Feeney, Hon. George F. Bean, Lawyer John W. Johnson, Lawyer George W. Norris, Thomas Salmon, John I. Munroe, John F. Larkin, Lawrence Reade, Lawyer F. P. Curran, and perhaps others, several of whom submitted their views respecting a citizens campaign and election, none of which were antagonistic to the plan. Messrs. Bean, Johnson and Norris were squarely in favor of it; other speakers on that side, Messrs. Reade, Solmon, Munroe, Larkin and Lawyer Curran, deemed it prudent to wait and hear from the Democratic City Committee before fully endorsing the movement.

Remarks were made on the Republican side by Major Henry C. Hall and Hon. Edward E. Thompson, both warmly approving of a nonpartisan campaign.

Had it not been that some of the leading Democrats had committed themselves to a different policy it is thought that Democratic endorsement of the plan would have been much more pronounced at the meeting, for from no quarter was observed unqualified opposition to it.

Mr. Thomas Salmon suggested that no action be taken until after the Democratic City Committee could be heard from and the meeting was adjourned to Monday evening, Oct. 4, at 7.45 P. M., same Rooms.

WOOD AND GRIMES.

Not a lisp or breath of opposition to the renomination of Representatives Wood and Grimes is heard in any quarter of the District. It is taken for granted that they are to be their own successors in the House, for it is not seriously doubted that a nomination will be followed in due time by an election. Why not? The District is ably and faithfully represented in the present Legislature by these gentlemen, a fact admitted by all parties. Our interests are promptly and intelligently watched over and promoted by them. While in session at the State House they were approachable, willing to be advised, ready to act when required.

It is fair to presume that the majorities of Messrs. Wood and Grimes will be larger this year than last. Good public work, duties performed with fidelity and intelligence, are appreciated by the masses as well as by the experts, and by this token more people will cast their votes for our Representatives on the second trial than were cast on the first.

CARNIVAL WEEK.

The Lynn Merchants Association will open a great carnival in that city on Monday, Oct. 4, to continue to the 9th, inclusive, for which elaborate preparations have been made by the Committee in charge.

A fine programme has been arranged for each day which includes Band Concerts day and evening, rare entertainments, orchestral and vocal concerts, and grand parades. On Monday afternoon the Essex County I. O. O. F. will parade with bands of music; Tuesday the Patriarchs Militant, I. O. O. F., will occupy the streets of the Shoe City; Wednesday is to be "Governor's Day" when a brilliant reception will be given to Governor Wolcott and Staff; and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday other civic bodies and military companies will parade and music and entainments provided.

The Carnival promises to be Big Thing.

COL. WOODWARD AGAIN.

At the Middlesex-Essex Senatorial convention held at Wakefield on Sept. 27, Col. Charles F. Woodward of Wakefield was nominated by acclamation. No aspirant appeared to make a contest for the prize.

In consideration of the able manner in which he has represented the District this year Col. Woodward ought to have 2000 majority next November.

Howard K. Sanderson of Lynn was elected a member of the State Committee, and this District Committee was elected:

Wakefield, T. F. Ringer; Stoneham, James A. Jones; Woburn, F. E. Wetherell; Lynn, J. M. Waite; Middleton, F. H. Wilkins; Peabody, C. F. Batchelder; Saugus, A. C. Newhall; Lynnfield, A. W. Richardson; North Reading, E. A. Carpenter.

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.

The Republicans of the 28th Middlesex Representative District (Woburn and Reading) will meet in convention at the headquarters of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, Oct. 5, 1897, to nominate candidates for Representatives to the Legislature of 1897.

Messrs. Wood and Grimes will no doubt receive the nomination by acclamation.

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State convention was held in Music Hall, Boston, last Wednesday.

It was not a lively meeting, in which respect it differed widely from George Fred Williams's convention at Worcester.

We print a list of the candidates—same names as last year.

We heartily congratulate the Commonwealth that it is to have Gov. Wolcott in the Executive Chair another year at least.

☞ There is some prospect that Mr. Low, the Mugwump candidate for Mayor of Greater New York, will withdraw from the fight. He intimated as much a few days ago. With General Tracey as the Republican banner bearer, and that trueblue Republican, Senator Platt, for a leader and manager, the mugwumps snuff defeat in the air, and as discretion is the better part of valor, it would not be surprising if Mr. Low, notwithstanding his brave and defiant manifesto, should back out of the game. Senator Platt is the ablest political General in New York; his sole aim is to win victories for sound Republican principles; and it looks as though he would land his man on top in the present hot struggle for the New York Mayoralty.

☞ The Massachusetts Democracy held their State convention at Worcester last Tuesday. The contest for supremacy between the gold and silver factions was the hottest ever fought by the party, and George Fred Williams, the silver leader, with the aid of Franc P. Curran of Woburn and other athletic henchmen, won in every bout. George Fred was nominated for Governor with a full State ticket of silverites. At one stage of the game, when Congressman Fitzgerald refused to obey the orders of the President, policemen had to be called for, but George Fred poured oil on the troubled waters and the play went on. Williams and his followers are on top by a large majority.

☞ The Republican Editorial Association of Massachusetts will hold their annual Reunion, Reception to the Nominees of the Republican State Convention, and Dinner, at the Parker House, Boston, at 1.30 o'clock, Monday afternoon, Oct. 4, instant. President Cook announces his earnest desire that every member be present. The Association, an efficient auxiliary to the Republican Party of the State, will take a full hand in the approaching political campaign and make their influence felt all along the line. They are a strong and exceedingly lively body.

☞ Mayor Feeney attended as a delegate the Democratic State Convention at Worcester last Tuesday. We do not know whether he is a "silver" Democrat or a "goldbug," but we do know that he takes his politics straight."

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Journal—Room.
M. S. Ayer—Coffee.
Miss Gould—To Let.
T. J. Feeney—To Let.
Hammond & Son—Hats.
Mrs. Packard—Opening.
Miss Callahan—Opening.
J. C. Soule—Fall Opening.
Mrs. M. Carter—Dressmaking.
Mrs. J. H. Parker—Dressmaking.
City of Woburn—Evening School.
Kimball Mf'g Co.—Window Lock.

— Yesterday was a lovely fall day.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— Mr. James H. Carton is visiting in Vermont.

— The Rumford road races will take place tomorrow.

— Fred J. Munyon took his vacation at Northampton.

— The *Globe* says Levi Furbush is a candidate for Mayor!

— Miss Susan DeLoriea has been visiting friends at Stowe, Vt.

— Lawyer Bond expects to start soon on his annual hunt in Vermont.

— W. D. Conn is filling a lucrative position as machinist out in Arizona.

— George T. Connor's grand opening sale at new store today and tomorrow.

— The health of Jack McConnell, landlord of the Central House, is improving.

— Councilman Sweetser will be able to resume work next week if nothing happens.

— No business was transacted by the Common Council last Tuesday evening.

— Mr. George H. Lord has taken up his residence at 24 Auburn street, this city.

— City Auditor Jones's monthly statement, just issued, is an interesting document.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Academy Hill will spend the month of October in Chicago.

— Open electric cars are beginning to haul in their horns to make room for warmer ones.

— The Five Cents Savings Bank has declared a 3 1-2 percent dividend payable Oct. 1.

— "Carnival Days" will be given by the Woburn Workers on Tuesday evening, Oct. 12.

— Note the advertisement of a furnished sunny room to let. It is near the railroad station.

— Mrs. George A. A. Taylor has been entertaining Mrs. Barbara Day of Lewiston, Maine.

— Mr. Dalziel has nearly completed the enlargement of the Skinner Company's leather plant.

— J. Fred Richardson and John Fowle start today on a hunting trip through the Maine forests.

— The daughters of Mr. Barker, Miss Felch and Miss Sybil Shaw have returned to Smith College.

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING

AT LEATHE'S,
425 Main St., Woburn

— The Woburn Firemen's Relief Association will hold a concert and ball on the evening of Nov. 19.

— There was a delightful musicale at Editor Kenney's residence on Pleasant st. a few evenings since.

— The fall time table of the B. & M. Railroad, Southern Division, will go into operation next Sunday.

— Mr. Charles Munn has rented and moved into the E. D. Hayden house on Canal street, a very nice place.

— There was a bit of a diphtheria scare here last week but it has subsided. There was no occasion for alarm.

— City Clerk Finn accompanied the Massachusetts City Clerks Club to New Hampshire last Wednesday.

— The Johnsons continue to finish off stores on their Montvale avenue. It looks businesslike up that way.

— Mr. Josiah Leathe is selling good shoes very cheap. He has a fine stock. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

— There was quite a rainfall early last Sunday evening accompanied by thunder and lightning and a strong wind.

— On account of the absence at conventions of many of our local statesmen the town has seemed dull this week.

— The best dressed men in town, from top to toe, are those who buy their outfits at Hammond's clothing and hat store.

— The new headquarters of the Woburn Whist Club in G. A. R. building have been filled up and furnished in fine style.

— Bear in mind that every cup of coffee you drink leaves its mark. Use "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee" and build up your health.

— Mr. William R. McIntosh took up his residence at Winchester yesterday and enters on his duties as Chief of Police there today.

— Mr. Thomas G. Merriam has bought of Dr. John M. Harlow the building now occupied by him on Main street near the railroad crossing.

— Those who attended Miss Lang's concert of last winter will be pleased to learn that she is arranging for one to be given Friday evening, Nov. 12.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Mrs. Flora C. Nichols of this city and Mrs. Stillman Nichols of Winchester have been visiting in York State and enjoying a trip on the Hudson.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout will soon move to another store, the contemplated improvements by the owner, Mr. L. W. Fowle, compelling the change.

— Waite, the Rutland firebug, has engaged to defend him Lawyer Heckbert of Portland, who is a Woburn boy, and whose father and family reside here.

— Clarence Littlefield, Superintendent of the Barker Lumber Company's plant, Mrs. Littlefield, and Maud, the violin artist, went to Unity, Maine, last week.

— A woman, late for a train Tuesday, finding the car gates on the station side closed, undertook to pass around the rear end of the train and got quite badly hurt.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout returned Saturday with one of Nason's White Mountains excursion parties. The party was a large one and a very enjoyable one.

— A heavy frost visited this section last Monday night which cut vegetation down savagely. We have had some very cold weather this week for the time of year.

— Mr. Alva S. Wood will poll considerably more than a party vote in Woburn next November, and Mr. Grimes will do the same in Reading. Both deserve it.

— While on his way to the Frye surprise party Tuesday evening, Mr. Alvah Buckman was taken ill and could not attend it. He was confined to his house the next day.

— Miss Elizabeth M. Brown, formerly a teacher in the Woburn High School and one of the most accomplished of the pedagogic profession, is a teacher in the Concord High School.

— Mr. Elwyn G. Preston has rented the Mr. Charles G. Lund residence on Academy Hill, one of the finest in the city, and will reside there when he gets settled down to domestic life.

— Rev. Dr. March will preach the sermon at the observance of "Old Peoples' Day" at 10.30 next Sunday forenoon, Oct. 3, at the First Congregational church. Music appropriate to the occasion will be furnished. Elderly people are looking forward to it with interest.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
Is the original Sarsaparilla, the standard of the world. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record:
50 Years of Cures

— Last week Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson went on a trip of pleasure to the South. Gettysburg was one of the spots included in their itiniary, likewise Washington.

— The dwelling which Mr. T. J. Feeney advertises to rent his furnace heat, hot and cold winter, bathroom with tub, and other modern conveniences. He has put the rent very low.

— The Boston Branch, Fitz & Stanley proprietors, advertise fruit jars and jelly tumblers in any quantity and size desired, and cheap. The Boston Branch is well named "The Old Reliable."

— One or two of Mr. John Maxwell's nice houses on Academy Hill are for rent. They are in the best of order, and will be rented cheap. Callers will find the keys at Mrs. Smith's, next door.

— Frank A. Locke—that name is a household word where one has a piano —Why? because the piano has been tuned so satisfactorily since he has had charge of it. Try him—office at Moore & Parker's.

— Ham & Co., who are doing a large business in hay, grain, etc., will retain their present office and the depot storehouse after taking possession of the grainmill which they have leased of Dr. Harlow.

— Mr. John McConologue has taken up with the business of chimney cleaner and is doing well at it. He is an artist, and people who want their chimneys cleaned out can do no better than to give him the job.

— The Highland Orchestra of Woburn is prepared to furnish music for weddings, receptions, evening parties, and other social functions. John C. Andrews, agent, 62 Prospect street, Woburn, Mass.—3w.

— The employees of Mr. Amos Cummings stoutly contend that the display windows of his store were never so handsome and attractive as now, and we do not feel like disputing them. It is artistic and brilliant.

— Nature is beginning to assume a most decided autumn appearance. The foliage on the trees and shrubbery has put on their gay fall garb and many leaves have fallen to the ground. Most assurdly winter is close at hand.

— Mr. Alonzo Young offers his fine residence for sale or rent. He has held it for sale, but will rent it, if the right parties apply. It is a large handsome place, close to the business centre of the city, and every way desirable.

— Rev. Dr. D. C. Greene of Arlington, one of the American Board's first missionaries to Japan, delivered an able discourse at the Orthodox church last Sunday. Rev. Mr. Scudder, the Pastor, preached at the Baptist church.

— Those, if any, who neglect to pay in their 1897 taxes to Collector Maguire, or his able and accomplished Deputy, Mrs. Phillips, on or before Oct. 15, instant, will be charged interest at the rate of six percent. Just think of that!

— The Scandinavian Lutherern Society expect to hold religious services in their new church on Montvale ave. next Sunday although Mr. George E. Brown, the builder of it, informs us that it is not yet completed. He expects to finish it in pretty short order now.

— The Committee of Arrangements on the part of the students for the reception of President McKinley and party at Williams College last Tuesday were Phillip M. Brown, 98, of Woburn, and James B. Pratt, 98. We suspect "Phil" did his part up brown.

— The Woburn Equal Suffrage League will hold its first meeting after the summer vacation in Y. M. C. A. parlors Monday evening, October 4th, at 7.30 P. M. Members are earnestly requested to be present and all others are cordially invited.—A. M. R., Sec.

— Mr. William J. Fletcher, proprietor of a variety store on Main st., an unfortunate victim of strong drink, attempted suicide by hanging in the city jail about 1 o'clock last Tuesday morning. He was cut down just in season to prevent the accomplishment of his design.

— Last week Mr. Phineas G. Hanson of Cambridge st. attended the Rochester, N. H., Fair and Cattle Show. He also visited at Parsonsfield 30 miles beyond Rochester and just over the Maine boundary in York county. He enjoyed the Fair and trip very much.

— Having made arrangements with one of the best skirtmakers in Boston, Mr. Connor will make no additional charge for making dress skirts to order during his opening sales Oct. 1 and 2. You will want to see his silk lined skirts. Remember! new place and number, 335 Main street, Webster's old store.

— After 30 years of continuous occupation of his home on Chestnut street Mr. Michael McKay has, with his family, moved into the new house built and recently finished by him close by the old one, which is now for rent. The new home is an up to date one, with all modern improvements, and pleasantly located.

— We advertise today the New Automatic Sash Lock sold by Holdridge, the hardware dealer in this city. The merits of this new lock has been thoroughly tested and found to be the best. To prevent windows from rattling it is the boss. In the same card is an advertisement of the Ball Bearing Drawer Slide, an invention of great utility. Try them.

— Mrs. J. H. Parker makes a business announcement in this issue of the JOURNAL to which attention is directed. As a dressmaker she easily stands at the head of the craft and for years has enjoyed the patronage of the most fashionable and wealthiest people in this city. Her host of old patrons will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Parker is at their service once more.

— Mr. Freeman D. Blake started on his annual autumnal business trip through the South last Monday, but not before getting a clean bill from the State Board of Health. This was deemed prudent, as Southern town and city authorities have a habit just now of overhauling strangers to see whether they came from healthy localities or not. Mr. Blake proposed to give New Orleans and Mobile the cold shoulder this trip on account of the yellow fever there.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY.

We are to-day, and have been for years, the largest carpet establishment in New England.
What does that mean to YOU—the customer?
It means that we give you your choice from the largest *assortment*, including a great array of private patterns, exclusively our own, and to be obtained nowhere else.
It means the *lowest* possible *price* and the *highest* possible *quality*.
It means that a big, strong, reliable firm stands behind every transaction—a firm, too, which has become big and strong because of years of square dealing with people just like YOU.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!
S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop.
Choicest Blended Formosa Oolong Tea.
Packed in ½ and 1 lb. Fancy decorated Tin Cans.
The Best Package Tea in this City.
Prices: 30c. per half lb. 60c. per lb.
For Sale by FITZ & STANLEY.
Boston Branch Store.

Fall Opening
1897
Wednesday and Thursday,
OCT. 6 & 7.
Trimmed Hats and Bonnets
For Autumn and Winter.
J. C. SOULE. 347 Main St

REMOVAL!
Mrs. Annie M. Soule-Lewis,
Piano-Forte Teacher,
Will be at her New Music Rooms.
No. 2 Bennett Street,
Fridays and Saturdays, commencing October 1st. Electric Bell and Speaking Tube at entrance.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION,
MONDAY, Oct. 4, 1897.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 27, to Oct. 4.
Miss Bancroft respectfully calls public attention to the advantages of her method for developing piano technique. Under this system of muscular training greater speed, more strength and better general technical developement are *guarenteed*, in much less time than can be obtained from other methods.
Children progress rapidly with less practice. Advanced pupils are enabled to play with greater brilliancy and style, overcoming technical difficulties with ease and grace. This method does not tend to *undo* work acomplished through other methods, but is rather, a benefit to pupils taught under any system. Address
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

— Mr. Amos Cummings finds a plenty to do these days at his well filled and popular store and isn't grumbling a bit. His millinery department has all the trade it can attend to. Filled with new fall goods of the latest styles the rooms are very attractive and with an expert superintendant, Mrs. Allen, it might well be supposed that business would be good there.

— Mr. Dennis D. Begley was a member of the committee on permanent organization at the Democratic State Convention last Tuesday. We searched in vain for the name of another Woburn Democrat on any of the committees, except that of Lawyer Curran on that appointed to select a State Committee at Large in place of the ticket presented by the then present one.

— Lawyer Albert F. Converse was a member of the J. H. Nason White Mountains Excursion party from Boston last Tuesday morning and will return with it tomorrow. The itiniary included all the principal points of interest in the Mountains with headquarters at one of the best hotels there. There were about 40 people in the party, which was joined at Portsmouth, N. H., by Hon. Nathaniel Hobbs, who has been Judge of Probate of York County, Maine, more than 30 years, an wife, and other estimable Down Easters.

Cures Talk

"Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising. Many of these cures are marvelous. They have won the confidence of the people; have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and have made necessary for its manufacture the greatest laboratory on earth. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made—cures of scrofula, salt rheum and eczema, cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and weak nerves, cures of dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, catarrh and malaria.

Such Cures as This Prove Merit.

"My little nephew was a plump and healthy baby until a year and a half old, then sores broke out behind his ears and spread rapidly over his head, hands and body. A physician said the trouble was scrofula humor in the blood. The child became one complete sore. We had to restrain his hands to keep him from scratching the sores. We were induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time he had more life. He improved rapidly, his skin became entirely clear of sores and he is now a healthy child." MRS. FLORENCE ANDREWS, Clearfield, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

— Mrs. Phinney of Warren st. is very sure that there is no boulevard or drive on the uppercrust side of Boston that surpasses in loveliness the Parkway between Winchester and West Medford along the banks of Mystic Lakes, made by the Metropolitan Park Commission. Why can't Woburn have the Circle Boulevard which would include a delightful road around Horn Pond?

— The Star Lecture Course will open at the M. E. church on Thursday evening, Oct. 14. Each lecture is to be richly illustrated by pictures of noted scenes in foreign lands taken by the lecturer, Rev. Mr. Packard, pastor of the M. E. church. Everyone believes the Course will be highly entertaining and a potent educational agency. It should be handsomely patronized.

— J. W. Hammond & Co. advertise hats this week in great shape. They have the goods to do it on. We don't hesitate a moment to say that at Hammond's is now the largest, best and most stylish lot of hats ever offered for sale at a Woburn store. Boston can't beat it in variety and mode, and as to prices they are lower than ever before. Every man of taste buys his hat at Hammond's.

— Mr. George Buchanan of Church ave. returned from the West last Sunday night after an absence of several weeks in Colorado and elsewhere in the Rocky Mountains. His visit out there was in the interest of the Buchanan Consolidated Mining Company of which he is President, and the condition of the property, it is understood, he found to be satisfactory. Mr. Buchanan enjoyed the trip.

— The Burdett Business College of Boston is appreciated by Woburn people. The Burdetts are residents of this city, as is also Mr. Frank B. Richardson, Business Manager of the College. The following of this city are students there: Florence E. Brown, C. Bertrand Strout, Bert G. Richards, Harry W. DeLoriea, Albert E. Simonds, H. J. Looney, Edith Tufts, Mary A. Maloney, Nellie M. Devlin, A. Everett Brown, Lyle C. Corbett, Maud E. H Burdett, Katharine E. Carr, Nellie F. Carroll, Miss M. A. Murdock, John P. Shields.

— John H. Pray Sons & Co., 658 Washington street, Boston, are the leading carpet dealers in New England. Their lead is a long one. It is the oldest and much the largest carpet house in Boston, and age has added to its strength, and years widened the field of its operations. "Honest dealing" was the motto of its founder, always lived up to, and his successors have maintained it with the utmost fidelity. No suspicion ever attaches to purchases made at Pray's; their trademark is a guarantee that the goods are just what they are recommended to be; that they are worth the money paid for them; that the prices do not admit of successful competition. Well informed people, seeking the best at the lowest figures, always go to Pray's for it.

DRESS GOODS
Fall and Winter Styles.
Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at
POPULAR PRICE
Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.
367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of this city, member of the Woburn School Board, and for several years connected with the Boston *Herald* as reporter, and Miss Margaret J. Flynn of Winchester, will be united in marriage at St. Mary's church in Winchester next Thursday morning, Oct. 7, by Rev. Henry J. Madden, the pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Feeney will reside in the dwelling recently built by Mr. Feeney on Academy Hill, this city.

— That section of the College, or Fowle, Block west of the brick building is to be raised the height of a story and a large store built in. We hear that the whole of the first story, or new store, is to be occupied by Mr. Edward Caldwell for a furniture depot and salesrooms. For business purposes there is no location in the city superior to it. Mr. Caldwell has a very extensive trade in household supplies and needs lots of elbow room to do it in. The change will improve the west end of the block.

— Mrs. C. Packard, the well and widely known and popular Woburn milliner, advertises in ths JOURNAL this week her annual fall opening of hats. bonnets, flowers, feathers, ribbons, and other seasonable goods for the ladies, and respectfully invites the public to attend the same and see for themselves. Mrs. Packard enjoys the reputation of turning out the very best and most stylish of work, and she says her stock and facilities for a maintenance of her reputation were never better than this fall.

— We wish to remark in connection with Miss Callahan's millinery opening next Monday and Tuesday that her head milliner, or superintendent of trimming, is Miss Thompson, who is well known in this community and all about here as an artist in her line without a superior in Boston or out of it. Ladies of taste always want Miss Thompson to trim their bonnets and hats. Miss Callahan has an elegant stock of the latest styles in millinery goods, as will be acknowledged when it comes to be seen at her opening.

— The first entertainment in the Star Course will be given at Lyceum Hall on Monday evening, Oct. 11. The opening sale of season tickets will be held at the box office, Lyceum Hall, at 7.30 this evening. It looks as though there might be a rush. Purchasers of season tickets by the payment of only one dollar extra can secure reserved seats for the Course of 10 entertainments, which is a privilege that people will largely avail themselves of. The Course is going to be one of the best ever given in Woburn.

— Mr. William R. McIntosh of this city has been appointed Winchester's Chief of Police. After Nelson he was Woburn's Chief for a number of years but resigned under Mayor Allen's administration on account of some criticisms on his official conduct which were misunderstood by him. He made a good Chief of the Woburn police and was well liked by everybody. There was really, as Mayor Allen said at the time, no reason for his resignation. Our Winchester neighbors will find Mr. McIntosh the right man in the right place. He has recently been an officer in the House of Correction at Cambridge.

— Now we know who it was that held up the electric car between Wilmington and Reading one evening last summer on which Mr. Fred Leslie and other Woburn people were riding, and we know also that it was not the colored man who was arrested and is now in jail awaiting trial. The highwayman was Wilbur Waite of Lynn, the Portland, Maine, firebug who has been on trial in that city this week for incendiarism. At least, he says he held up and robbed the car, and if true, that lets the negro out of the scrape. According to his confession made to Portland and Boston detectives Waite is a great scamp.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Fruit Jars
—AND—
Jelly Tumblers
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

— The Peoples' Sunday evenings at the First Congregational Church will begin again next Sunday at 7 o'clock, in the main audience room. Mr. Mason B. McKay will be the soloist. Miss Minnie R. Cutting of Winchester, violincellist, will play. Mr. Scudder will preach. Seats free.

— The 85th anniversary of Hon. John Cumming's birthday will be celebrated on an elaborate scale on Oct. 19. Invitations have been extended to a large number of people in Woburn and throughout the Commonwealth. The celebration will be held at his elegant mansion in Cummingsville, and will no doubt call together many distinguished people. Probably no man in this city can boast of so wide a circle of business and political friends as Mr. Cummings. At one time he was the largest leather manufacturer in the State; for many years he has been President of Shawmut Bank of Boston and intimate with great financiers; while his social connections are of the best class. These facts mean a brilliant celebration.

Old People.

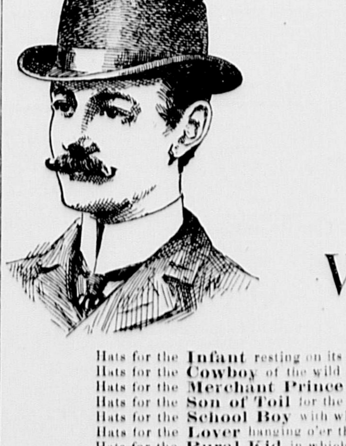
Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at Parker's Drugstore

250,000 Circulation in New England.

BOSTON, Sept. 28—If any of the old journalists of 40 or 50 years ago had been told that a Boston newspaper would ever reach 250,000 circulation they would have considered the originator of the statement a lunatic. Yet these magnificent figures have been reached by *The Boston Sunday Globe*. This great circulation has been secured because the people find that *The Boston Sunday Globe* gives them not only the best resume of the latest news, local and general, but a high-grade comic color supplement, a collection of choice stories, the latest fashions and the striking features of a first-class magazine—all for only 5 cents a Sunday. Do you take *The Boston Sunday Globe* regularly? If not try it at once.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.



HATS FOR THE WORLD.

Hats for the **Infant** resting on its mother's breast,
Hats for the **Cowboy** of the wild and wooly west,
Hats for the **Merchant Prince** in style to take the lead,
Hats for the **Son of Toil** for the service guaranteed,
Hats for the **School Boy** with which to "tag" his mate,
Hats for the **Lover** hanging o'er the gate,
Hats for the **Rural Kid** in which to hunt the eggs,
Hats for the **Bashful Boy** to twist around his legs,
Hats for the **Pastor** and the flock he has in charge,
Hats for the **Pin Head** and those who wear them large,
Hats for the **Crank** who never can be hushed,
Hats for the **Dude** we'd like to see crushed,
Hats for the **Smart Young Man** who knows a thing or two,
Hats for **All The World** including **Yankee Doodle Do.**

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

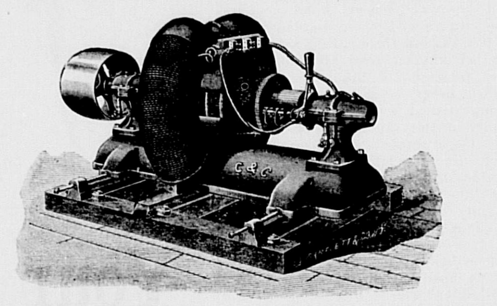
COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

MOTORS AND DYNAMOS.



Armatures and Fields for both Motors and Dynamo rewound. If your Dynamo or Motor is too small, drop me a line and I will exchange for one of larger unit. Manhattan arc lamps for sale (to run on 110 Volt circuit); incandescent lamps with a guarenteed average life of 600 hours; write for prices. Isolated plants installed. I have as good an assortment of first class second hand apparatus as can be found: also can quote you prices on new machines which will insure a sale every time if you are really in the market.

GEO. A. BLAISDELL,
Electrical Engineer and Contractor,
15 Federal Street, Room 303, BOSTON, MASS.
Repair Shop 27 Beach St. Long Distance Tel. 2318 "Boston."

FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Don't Make a Mistake

Webster's old store, Oct. 1. There is where
GEO. T. CONNOR,
will be found.

Montvale.

Mr. John Knox Marshall of Brookline, mentioned in the following article from the Boston *Advertiser* of Sept. 27, is Superintendent of the Baeder, Adamson & Co. Glue Works in this village, and a gentleman very highly esteemed by the Company, the employees, and the community. He is also President of the United States Glue Manufacturers Association. I thought that a publication of the affair in the JOURNAL would gratify his many friends, so I send it to you:

The Bethany Sunday School always has a warm reception for its beloved Superintendent, J. K. Marshall, upon his return after one of his many journeys, which in late years are frequent. He was the founder of the School more than 20 years ago, and has always taken the deepest interest in its welfare, and has been the Superintendent from its opening.

Mr. Marshall has just returned from a trip to Europe, and at the meeting of the School this afternoon an interesting programme had been prepared, having a two-fold object, a greeting for their Superintendent and presentation of plans for the School work during the coming months. Addresses were made by the Superintendent, Mr. Marshall, Rev. Dr. Foster of the American Sunday School Union, Rev. Dr. Thomas of the Harvard church, Mr. Ramsey and others. Mrs. Lidstrom-Boynton sang several beautiful selections, and as on former occasions when she has visited the school, she was heartily welcomed.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Marshall had several hundred European coins distributed among those present as souvenirs.

The Boston *Herald* of Sept. 27, published the following account of the reunion:

Yesterday was "Reunion Sunday" to the Sunday School children of the Bethany building and St. Mark's M. E. Church, Brookline. The day possessed a special significance to the children of the latter school, being the occasion of the return of their Superintendent, Mr. John Knox Marshall, who was the founder of the institution, and has been for 20 years its Superintendent.

Mr. Marshall gave a very interesting account of his journey in England, Germany, Scotland and Holland to the little ones, and spoke of the tremendous congregations that listened to the Rev. Reuen Thomas, D. D., their pastor, at the City Temple in London in the hot days of August. He also told of his visit in Scotland to the home of John Knox. A feature of the exercises was the presentation by Mr. Marshall of a copper coin brought from England to every one present. Dr. Foster of the American Sunday School Union, Messrs. A. S. Lovett and Ramsay and the Rev. Reuen Thomas also addressed the gathering. Mr. Hedvig-Lidstrom Boynton gave two vocal solos.

Centennial Celebration.

A postoffice was first established at Woburn, Massachusetts, on October 3, 1797, just one hundred years ago next Sunday.

It would seem almost incredible that this town was 155 years old before it had a postoffice, but the records do not show that the inhabitants were not just as happy and contented during that period as they are now with a fine office, a popular and efficient postmaster, a lot of clerks and carriers, and a dozen mails to and from Boston every day.

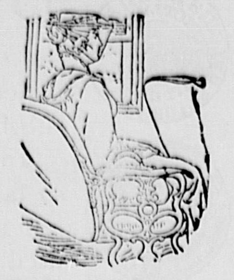
Postmaster Hagerty, Judge Converse, Alvah Buckman, Representative A. S. Wood, and others interested, propose to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Woburn postoffice tomorrow in an appropriate manner. It is meet that they should do so. The names of the postmasters with the dates of their appointments are here given:

Ichabod Parker, Oc. 3, 1797.
John Wade, May 6, 1811.
Berj. Wood, 2d, Feb. 2, 1816.
Bowen Buckman, April 26, 1830.
William Woodberry, June 6, 1849.
A. E. Thompson, July 1, 1853.
Nathan Wyman, May 27, 1861.
W. T. Grammer, Dec. 20, 1882.
Lawrence Reade, Feb. 22, 1887.
A. B. Wyman, Jan. 19, 1891.
T. F. Hagerty, Feb. 6, 1895.

Mr. Hagerty has obtained this list under the hand and seal of the Postoffice Department, Washington.

Tomorrow afternoon the office will be decorated, portraits of some of the former incumbents will be on view, and there is to be an exhibition of old office furniture, letters, and other things of interest.

The affair was well conceived and will probably attract a large number of people. Pupils in our schools should attend and learn something of the history of their town. Others should be curious to note the rise and progress of the Woburn postoffice. They can see it tomorrow.



WORTH COMING MILES FOR!
— OUR —
Ideal Hair Tonic.

It promotes growth, cleanses the scalp thoroughly and cures dandruff. Try a bottle. It only cost $1.00. Once tried is always used.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Local Notes.

— Last Wednesday the First Congregational Church voted to change its prayer meeting from Wednesday to Friday evening.

— The Woburn and Waltham football teams will play a game on the St. Charles baseball grounds at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

— Mrs. M. Carter has a business card in this paper which the ladies should read. She is an experienced dressmaker and up with the times.

— Miss Soule has just returned from New York and has on display a beautiful line of millinery novelties and styles, such as they are wearing there.

— The Ladies Charitable Society of the Unitarian church will hold their first meeting of the season Thursday p. m. Oct. 7. A five o'clock tea will be served.

— Mr. Wallace F. Williams, salesman at Mr. A. Buckman's shoe store, closed a delightful vacation season last Saturday, and is once more doing business at the old stand. Cattle Shows were one of the species of amusement he indulged in while away, with which, he being something of a yeoman himself, he was considerably diverted.

— Prof. N. T. Worthley, Jr., Graduate Optician, having returned from his regular professional visits and examinations of the schools and Academies in Maine, will be at his office in this city, Capt. L. E. Hanson's jewelry store, on Thursday, Oct. 7, prompt and early. Patrons are respectfully invited to meet him there on that day.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisement of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent Cough Remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form.—*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

The Source of Tragedy.

Every modern student of sociology agrees that the most potent and universal source of crime is indulgence in the use of intoxicants. The habit brings sorrow and distress to families, induces insanity and fills the columns of the newspaper press with the horrible details of murder and suicide, the victims and the perpetrators all too frequently being members of the same household, who would be bound together by the ties of love and kinship but for the rum blight, which withers the moral sense and brings the frenzy of hote and hasty homicide. Now, dear friends, are you doing right in not trying to influence some of your friends or neighbors to be cured of this terrible curse—the craving for liquor? Many are telling the wonderful story of rescue, and how they have been restored to their normal condition of body and mind from the curse of the liquor and morphine habits, while under Dr. Springer's Gold Cure treatment. Call on or address, Bay State Sanitarium Co., 404 Main st., Woburn, Mass.

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. THORNTON. This celebrated remedy is for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Coughs, Cold, and Consumption in its early stages are immediately relieved and quickly cured by Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, an absolutely safe remedy for all throat and lung affections. 10c. and 35c.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

ST. JOHN'S BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Walter Gay. Christian Endeavor at 6 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Friday evening, Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: Practical Religion, with Report of the National Conference. Sunday School at 12 M. Thursday, Oct. 7, first meeting of the season of the Ladies Charitable Society.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. E. S. Holloway, followed by Communion. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—16th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., Celebration of Old Peoples' Day. Sermon by Dr. March. Orchestra and Special Music. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. First Peoples' Sunday evening at 7 P. M. Thursday, Junior Endeavor at 4.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 22, by Joseph Keegan, Hugh Dorrington and Margaret Connors, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 24, by Charles R. Rosenquist, Justice of the Peace, Stephen C. Moreland and Laura Laurrison, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 26, by Rev. Walter Gay, Charles W. Winder and Hattie Woolfolk, both of N. Y.

In Bedford, Sept. 22, by Rev. John F. Gleason, J. Grafton Murdock, of Woburn, and Olive P. Webber of Bedford.

In Winchester, Sept. 26, by Rev. Hugh Cleary, Felix J. Carr of Woburn, and Mary A. Connors of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 23, Nellie, daughter of John and Sophia Newinski, aged 2 months, 6 days.

In this city, Sept. 29, Isabella Lynn, aged 80 years.

A Surprise Party.

Mr. Nathan W. Frye of No. 14 Lowell street, this city, was 75 years old last Tuesday, and some of his many good friends concluded that it would be proper and right to take due notice of it. The idea originated with the Church Committee of the First Congregational Society composed of Pastor Doremus Scudder; Superintendent of the Sunday School, Frank E. Cotton; Church Treasurer, John W. Fox; Clerk, Joseph G. Pollard; Fred J. Brown, Albert B. Dimick, William A. Prior, C. Willard Smith; the Deacons, Abijah Thompson, Edward E. Thompson, Arthur B. Wyman, Everett P. Fox, Alvah Buckman, Charles E. Richardson, Oliver F. Bryant, Joseph G. Pollard; and Deaconesses, Madams Jessie A. Brown, Minerva R. Bryant, Maria C. Cotton, Mary E. Conn, Misses Clara M. Fox and Mary Theobald.

The idea met with instant and unanimous approval, and it was resolved to carry it out in the form of a Surprise Party for Mr. Frye, from whom the matter was to be kept a profound secret. His family did remarkably well to keep it from him.

Early on Tuesday evening the foregoing people, with the wives of those blessed with them, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. William Beggs, and a few family connections, repaired to the residence of Mr. Frye, and to his utter astonishment opened the ball. Not a breath of the affair had reached his ear, and it was to him a veritable Surprise Party.

In behalf of the Committee Rev. Dr. March, in a few happy remarks (the Doctor is always perfectly at home on such occasions), presented Mr. Frye with an elegant Banquet Lamp; and Rev. Doremas Scudder, in a felicitious manner, in behalf of the company, gave him a beautiful French Clock. The presents were gratefully received, and the generosity of the givers neatly acknowledged by Mr. Frye.

There were refreshments of ice-cream, cake and other good things, after which a very pleasant season of social intercourse was enjoyed by all present.

Those who believe chronic diarrhœa to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz.: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhœa ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that effected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhœa. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

North Woburn.

Miss Cora Kenty has entered Boston University.

The Rumford Bicycle race will be held tomorrow afternoon.

Mr. Marshall Tidd has returned from a pleasant visit in New Hampshire.

A large new building is being put up where the old buildings of the N. W. S. R. formerly were.

Mr. Rufus Poole and wife have returned from Concord River where they have been camping for some time.

Mr. Thomas Collins has been spending his vacation with his brother Mr. Frank Collins at Waterbury, Conn.

Mr. Walter Poole and his wife arrived home from a very pleasant vacation in New Hampshire last Saturday.

On Tuesday evening a number of people gathered at No. Cong. church for the purpose of forming a musical club. It is the intention of the organization to give concerts in the near future the proceeds to go toward buying a new organ for the church.

Mr. Irick Peters is building a new hot house next to his present one. His pinks always find a ready sale to the best florists in Boston on account of their large size and handsome appearance This is gained by the particular care which he gives to his flowers, and has built him up a large and successful trade.

Mr. W. G. Fuller has had the building which was formerly Mr. Reed's paintshop moved over onto School st., where he will build it over into a bakery. He has sold his shop and North Woburn trade to an out of town baker who will carry on the business there, while Mr. Fuller will bake for him and continue to run his out of town routes.

Last Friday evening at North Congregational Church a musical entertainment was held, a large and appreciative audience attending. The programme consisted of an autoharp solo Miss Bessie Clement, banjo solos by Mr. A. W. Walls and Samuel Merrill, selections on the piano by Misses Leila and Clara Tilton, and singing by a number of those present; also piano by Miss Louise Dickerman, and other good features. In all, an excellent programme was given, that contributed by the Misses Tilton being particularly praiseworthy.

The North Woburn Athletic Association hope to be able to secure quarters somewhere very soon for the winter's work which they hope to put in. Mr. Samuel Merrill will be around with a subscription paper this week probably and it is hoped that all will put their name down for a generous sum as it give the boys a good start and help along an institution that is much needed in North Woburn. If some of the people who are forever kicking because the boys hang around the streets evenings would put their hands down deep in their pockets and take out the wherewith to give them something better to take up their attention, it would not only be a much more Christian-like way of doing, but would also help establish an institution which would be a great benefit to the community.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

Chauncey Olcott made a hit during the first week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre, people having been turned away from the doors at every performance. He is a great favorite and in "Sweet Inniscarra" he has decidedly the best play in which he has ever appeared. The thread of the plot is a love story, interesting at all times, pure and sweet, the interest is exceedingly well sustained, and the dialogue is rich in humor. The scenery is very beautiful, "The Glen of Destiny" being one of the handsomest wooded scenes ever given the public. Mr. Pitou, the author of the play, is noted for the elegance and correctness of all his productions, and he adds to his reputation by the splendid manner in which "Sweet Inniscarra" is staged. Mr. Olcott is a very fascinating comedian, magnetic to a great degree. Mr. Olcott began the last week of his engagement Monday night, and none should miss the opportunity of seeing him. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

THE TREMONT.

Manager Schoeffel of the Tremont Theatre has met with ususual success in securing attractions for the coming season. A notable production to be given at this popular theatre in the near future will be that of Mrs. Fiske, in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," a dramatization of Thomas Hardy's powerful novel of that name. The Boston *Transcript*, which had a special review of Mrs. Fiske's production of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," said this of the great personation of Tess: In the part of Tess, the opportunity that Mrs. Fiske has craved and deserved has finally come. In general conception, her Tess followed with fine truth and unity the character Mr. Hardy has drawn, and the lines in and out of the novel that he indicated to her. She avoided both superfluity and sterility of detail. Every stroke from the strongest to the brightest carried its due significance. Her mental capacity to analyze a character to its core has never been more evident. Her temperamental capacity to embody and reveal it has gained new force. Her head is no longer too much the master of her heart. The execution was worthy of the conception. Her play of feature, in significance, power and swiftness of translation, is comparable with LaDuse's herself. Her voice reflects the mood of the moment, and her words, her gestures reveal and emphasize. She knows the worth of repose, reserve, silence. She has attained a human verity that makes the stock theatrical devices pale and hollow. Above all, in the scene of Clare's return and the murder of Alec, she revealed a power that held her audience in dry silence. No English-speaking actress, unless it be Mrs. Campbell, could have played such a scene with such mastery of chosen resource, such just restraint, such verity, such piercing power. It is with Eleanora Duse and Gabrielle Rejane that Mrs. Fiske must be counted now.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Free Evening School.

The School will open on
MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1897,
IN THE
HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, MAIN STREET,
And will be in session on
MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY of each week, from 7.15 to 9.15 P. M.

Instruction will be given in reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, freehand and mechanical drawing, stenography, and typewriting.

All persons desiring to attend this school are requested to hand their names to the Superintendent of Schools on or before October 9.

The superintendent will receive applications at his office each school day from 7 to 8 P. M.

Act of 1887, Chapter 433.
An Act relating to the employment of Minors who cannot read or write in the English language.

SECTION 2. Every person who regularly employs or permits to be employed, a minor fourteen years of age or over, who cannot read and write in the English language, provided such minor has been, since reaching the age of fourteen, for one year continuously, a resident of the city or town of this Commonwealth, wherein public evening schools are maintained, and is not a regular attendant of a day or evening school, shall, for every offense, forfeit not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars, for the use of the evening schools of such city or town.

Per order of the Committee.
THOMAS EMERSON, Secretary.
Woburn, September 29, 1897.

Mrs. J. H. PARKER
— WILL —
Resume Business
OCTOBER 4, 1897.

Miss Florence S. Porter,
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION,
92 Pleasant Street,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

PROFESSIONAL Dressmaking!
Ladies will do well to consult
Mrs. M. CARTER
No. 6 Bennett St.
concerning their Fall and Winter Dresses

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

To Let.
Large Sunny Furnished Room
On Pleasant street, To Let at a reasonable rent.
Apply at JOURNAL OFFICE.

Millinery Opening!

Miss Callahan

announces her Opening of all the latest designs in Fall and Winter Millinery

Monday and Tuesday,
OCT. 4 & 5.
No Cards.

STAR
Lecture Course!

POPULAR,
INSTRUCTIVE,
ENTERTAINING.

The managers of the Star Lecture Course take pleasure in offering the people of Woburn six magnificently Illustrated Lectures showing the world's masterpieces in Art and Architecture; its historic Monuments; sublimest scenery of lakes, mountains and waterfalls; its varied national costumes, peoles, etc., covering the widest range of material, and filled with thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of fifty cents a ticket for the entire course of six lectures. They will be given in the

Methodist Episcopal Church,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

and will include the following topics, viz:
Thursday, Oct. 14. Rome, the Eternal City.
Thursday, Oct. 21. Egypt, the Land of the Pharaohs.
Thursday, Oct. 28. Constantinople, the Queen City of the East.
Thursday, Nov. 4. Life Among the Alps.
Thursday, Nov. 11. Paris the Magnificent.
Thursday, Nov. 18. Ben Hur, with Quartet Selections.

Course Tickets will be on sale at Copeland & Bowser's, Legg's Photographic Parlor, Call's Printing office.

These lectures are to be delivered in the Methodist church by Rev. I. H. Packard, who has had large experience and great success as a lecturer, has visited and thoroughly studied the places and objects described and selected the pictures in the localities to which they pertain.

From Geo. D. Lindsay, D. D. President and Superintendant of Instruction: The chief attraction of some illustrated lectures consists in the pictures thrown upon the screen, but Mr. Packard's words are as vivid as his pictures; and while the latter are clear and beautiful, the lecture without them is a masterpiece of descriptive eloquence.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, October 1, 1897**, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 2d, will draw interest from October 1st, 1897.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.
Woburn, Sept. 23, 1897.

MILLINERY
OPENING!

Thursday & Friday,
OCT. 7 and 8.

Fashion's Fancies for Fall and Winter, 1897.

Trimmed Bonnets and Hats

and a display of that which is most fashionabld in materials, colorings, and methods of trimming by our own skilled artists.

Mrs. C. PACKARD,
411 Main cor. Walnut St.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.

A. T. YOUNG.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

$15 a Month.

TO LET—Half of a double house on southerly brow of Academy Hill; seven rooms, sewing room; bath room; open plumbing; hot and cold water; firstclass furnace.
Apply at JOURNAL OFFICE.

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

NOTICE.

Sarah A. Edgecomb having left my bed and board without my consent, I hereby notify all persons that from and after this date I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract, or pay any bills that may be due.

CHARLES W. EDGECOMB.
Woburn, Sept. 23, 1897.

LOST!

Sunday the 19th, Hand-bag, containing Ladies' Watch and Pocketbook. If returned to Central House liberal reward will be paid.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE
Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with provisions of Chap. 271, Acts of 1894, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the STATE ELECTION, on the

Evenings of Oct. 8, 9, 11 and 12, at 7 o'clock;

And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on October 13.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of October 13.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1895, Chap. 61, Sect. 1.—Every male applicant for registration shall present a certificate from the assessors, or a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, showing that he has been assessed for a poll tax as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, and the same shall be received by a registrar as prima facie evidence of such residence.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.
Woburn, Sept. 14, 1897.

— 1897-8. —
WOBURN
Star Course.

10 Entertainments for $1.00.

The Managers of the Woburn Star Course would respectfully offer to the people of Woburn the finest course ever given in the city and at the lowest price per concert. The Course will be given on Monday evenings, from October to March, in Lyceum Hall. The Course will include the following talent:

Monday, Oct. 11. Woburn Band and Orchestra 30 men; and Hoyt L. Conary, Humorist.
Monday, Oct. 25. The Samuel R. Kelley, Tableaux'D'Art, 14 people. Leading novelty of the season.
Monday, Nov. 8. The Unity Concert Company. Mons. Alfred DeSeve, Violin Virtuoso; E. M. Spears, Tenor, six years with the Temples; Miss Elvie E. Burnett, Reader; Miss Jessie M Downer, Pianiste.
Monday, Nov. 22. Novelty evening. Maynard and Coffin, Blind Musicians; and Prof. W. E. Floyd, Magician.
Monday, Dec. 6. Capt. Jack Crawford. The Poet Scout.
Monday, Dec. 20. Charles T. Grilley, Reciter; a popular Woburn favorite; Bertha C. Smith, Zither Queen.
Monday, Jan. 17. The Euterpe Mandolin, Banjo and Harp Club; also introducing over 100 Swiss Bells. A programme of marvelous variety and popularity.
Monday, Feb. 7. The Tufts College Glee Club, 20 men.
Monday, Feb. 28. Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick Reader, the unapproachable Elocutionists of the platform; Wulf Fries, 'Cellist; Helen Winslow Potter, Soprano; Maud Paradis, Pianist.
Monday, March 14. The Ollie Torbett Concert Company, Miss Ollie Torbett, Violiniste; and the far famed Lutteman Quintette of Stockholm Sweden.

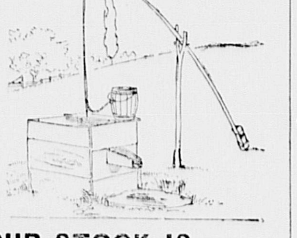
Prices will be as folllows:—Admission to the Course of 10 Entertainments, **$1.00.** Now on sale by canvassers and at Brooks's Drugstore—number limited to seating capacity of Hall.
Reserved seats for the course of 10 Entertainments, additional, $1.00.
Choice, Friday, October 1, 7.30 P. M., at Lyceum Hall, first in line, first choice of seats. Not over ten seats to any one person in line.
Single Admission 25 cts. Single Reserved, 35 cts.
G. L. FOLSOM & CO., Managers, 361 Main St., Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John McCarthy and Bridget F. McCarthy, his wife, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, dated October 25, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2232, Page 128, for breach of conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on **Monday, Oct. 11, 1897**, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Richardson street, sixty-nine and five-tenths feet; easterly by land now or formerly of Riley, eighty-six and five-tenths feet; southerly by land now or formerly of Sheehan, seventy-two and five-tenths feet; westerly by land of Mary Maguire, eighty-six and three-tenths feet.

The sale will be made subject to any out-standing tax deed, and to all unpaid taxes assessed to the premises, and one hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee,
By Edward E. Thompson, Treasurer.
J. W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, August 27, 1897.



OUR STOCK IS WELL UP

And overflowing with good things. It will please and satisfy the most skeptical. Come and see

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street, - - WOBURN

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

To Rent.

A House with two separate tenements to let to desirable families at 12 Lawrence street, Woburn. References required.
Keys may be found next door.
Address Miss L. A. GOULD, 39 North Bennett street, Boston; or Mrs. W. P. SARGEFT, 83 Cedar Park, Melrose, Mass.

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

FOR SALE
— OR —
TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

INVESTMENT.

Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.

JOHN I. MUNROE,
415 Main Street

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.
ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

C. C. STONE & Co.
Meats and Vegetables.
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Everything First-class.
Meat, Sweet and Inviting.
Always on Hand.
The cleanest, freshest, sweetest Fish, Oysters, Clams and Poultry in the Woburn market.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

Employment Office.
Mrs. Nellie F. Gooding,
No. 9 Montvale Ave., Woburn

Help desiring situations, or Employers wanting Help, will find it to their advantage to call at the above address, and consult with Mrs. Gooding.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Mrs. Gooding conducts a firstclass Dining room and keeps for sale the best of Confectionery, etc.

For Rent.
No. 650 Main Street.
House which can be used by one or two families. Also, barn if desired. Low rent to responsible tenants.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,
One minute to Station. All modern improvements. $22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Plumbing Garden Hose
There is only one best Range.
That is the Somerset Pallas.
Call and see it at
C. M. STROUT,
392 Main St.
Oil Stoves Seeds

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.
Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Have the Baby's Photos Taken
— AT THE —
NOWELL STUDIO,
396 Main Street, Woburn.
We give a Silver Plated Frame with each dozen of baby photos, until Oct. 1.

To Let.
The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.
W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.
A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

Are You The Man?
WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.

Pasters Wanted.
Russell Counter Co.

There is no sadder sight than that of the orphan-child bereft of the loving care of a mother. If women would but learn the vital importance of taking proper care of their health, and always look after the health and vigor of the organs distinctly feminine, the pitiful Sabbath day procession of motherless children that goes to the cemetery to "put flowers on ma-ma's grave" would be materially reduced in numbers. Too many women bring a child into the world at the sacrifice of their own life. This sad tragedy may be avoided by any women who will resort to the right remedy.

The usual dangers of maternity are banished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly and only on the important and delicate organs that bear the burdens of motherhood. It makes them healthy and strong, vigorous and elastic. It does away with the discomforts of the expectant period, insures the health of the newcomer, and makes its advent free from danger and almost free from pain. Over 90,000 have testified to its virtues. Druggists who offer substitutes are untrustworthy.

Mrs. William Vincent, of Sidnaw, Houghton Co., Mich., (care Birgland's Camp, Box B), writes: "When I first began to take your 'Favorite Prescription,' four years ago, I was suffering with local weakness and heart trouble. At times I could hardly endure the pain in my sides, quite low down, and had such a pain between my shoulders I could not sleep at night. Was just as tired in the morning as at night. At times there was a very sharp pain around my heart. When I would stoop over there was a dull aching just under the heart. My head ached and was continually sore to the touch. I took ten bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I can most truly say that as a result I never felt better in my life. I was more like a young girl than a mother of a family. The pain all left me, so I know that your medicines will do all that medicine can do."

A headache is a symptom of constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, promptly and permanently. They do not gripe. Druggists sell them.

LOVE TO THE END.

"A basket of flowers, my darling,"
The dear old man said to his wife,
"For one who has been for a lifetime
The joy and the pride of my life.

"They are not the flowers of our childhood
Or youth's tender roses of June,
But the beautiful blossoms of autumn,
With which our old hearts are in tune.

"The beauty, love, never has faded
For me since the first day we met,
Still softening a face full of kindness,
And one the world scarce can forget.

"This love is a true golden wedding—
Good gold, that is free from alloy.
Our fifty year voyage has brought fruitage,
Our tenderness, comfort and joy.

"Our bark has well nigh reached the harbor.
Our anchor lies ready to cast.
With hand clasped in hand, ever ready,
We'll love, still love on, to the last.

"A basket of flowers, my darling,"
He said, with his gray head cast down.
"Our dear little grandchildren clamor
To weave you a fair bridal crown."
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder in New York Ledger.

A WEAK WOMAN.

"Tonight at 10, near the boathouse. Passage booked, Australia. Jack."

The woman crushed the slip of paper in her hand and went on talking and laughing with her friends. It was a lovely autumn day. The door of young Mrs. Hylton's pretty riverside house stood open. The river sparkled as it swept along at the foot of the lawn. The splash of oars sounded pleasantly to the ear.

"It ought to be an immense success, Marie—the first dance you are giving since your marriage."

"Yes, and, oh, I hope it will!" And as Mrs. Hylton spoke she held the paper tighter in her little hand. She longed to make her escape to read it through again, and she had so much to do and so much to think about. The sun kissed the soft curls that clustered about her head, her eyes were bright and her cheeks glowed with excitement. She laughed and seemed ridiculously happy, the others thought.

When at last she managed to leave her friends, she hurried up the wide staircase to her own room. On her way she passed the study. The door was half open, and she could see her husband was writing. She smiled and withdrew, and he would have given anything to have seen that tender smile from his young wife, but his head was bent over his work and his mind was busy.

When Marie reached her own room, she folded out the paper and read the words again: "Tonight at 10, near the boathouse. Passage booked, Australia. Jack."

For a moment she wavered. Then she thought of a certain dark head bent over its work down stairs, and in another moment the paper was held over the fire and burned. But even then she was not quite sure in her own mind.

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Her thoughts flew back to a night just two years before, on her twenty-first birthday—the night that Jack Stuart bade her goodby before sailing to the Cape.

"And if I should marry some one else while you are away?" she said then.

"I should come back and claim you just the same. You love me, therefore no mere marriage laws could stand in the way. But of course if you loved another I should then have no right to you."

"I will never do that, Jack. I will always love you."

"Then why talk of marrying some one else, little one?"

"Oh, I don't know! You see, you are so poor, and mother does not like you and—oh, I can be so easily led! I shall fear for myself dreadfully when you are gone."

"You must be strong. The time will soon pass, and two years is not a lifetime, although it will be two years of misery to me if, as you say, I cannot trust you."

"But I shall always love you, Jack. That at least can never change."

"And with that I must be satisfied. I know what a weak little soul you are. I know that I could trot you off to church this very moment if I liked, but I am too poor to do so. You must try to be firm over your stepmother, child, until I return. Don't let her lead you. And now one last goodby. Remember, I shall claim you if you marry, so long as your heart is still mine, and one look into your face would be enough to tell me, and I would then book your passage and mine to Australia or somewhere without a word from you, and then come and lead you away. And you would come if you were not happy, would you not?"

His cheek was pressed against her own, he held her closer in his arms.

"Oh, Jack, you know I would—you know me so much better than I know myself!"

• • • • • • • • •

Marie blushed as she thought of that night two years ago. She had loved him so passionately, but she would not admit to herself that she loved him now every whit as much as she did then.

She crossed the room and unlocked a small desk, turning over old girlish letters and papers until she came across the photograph she wanted. It was a handsome, clever face, young, vigorous and manly.

"Jack!" she murmured, and in a moment of madness she raised the photograph to her lips. "For the last time, Jack—the very last time! I am going to tear you up now, and tear you out of my heart too. I shall not meet you tonight."

She then tore the photograph into tiny atoms and threw them on the fire, and then, bravely brushing a few tears from her eyes, she left the room. As she passed the study door she looked in again. Her husband was still writing. He did not look up, so she went softly in and knelt down by the side of his chair in her own pretty way and nestled her head against his knee.

George put down his pen and looked at her. He did not smile. He was a sincere, hard worker and had not much time for frivolities.

After his marriage he had intended to devote only half his time to his work in order to enjoy more leisure with his wife, but it was not long before he found that his marriage had been a mistake. Yet he did not for one moment regret it, for he loved his young wife with all his honest heart. The mistake was that he had failed to make her happy, and it was a source of great grief to him.

He knew nothing of the old lover, of the letters to Marie from the Cape, which lie unopened in her mother's box. He knew nothing of the mother's persuasive entreaties. He thought Marie loved him. He was not to know it was only his grave eyes and gentle manner that had fascinated her for a moment, that his fame had won her admiration, and that anger in her lover's long silence, for she never knew that her stepmother had seized the letters, tempted her to marry him. George did not know all that, and he wondered how it was that he had failed to make her happy.

"What is it, Marie?" he said softly, as he looked down on the bowed head.

"Oh, George, you are such a good old husband," the girl said, "and we have not spoken to each other all day, and this is my birthday!"

He raised the curly head and looked into her face, but she would not look at him, so he pressed her head gently against his shoulder and looked gravely down at the sweet profile.

"And, George," she went on, "I am going to love you more—oh, much more than I have ever loved you before!"

He kissed her tenderly. Neither spoke much. Tea was brought into the library, but they did not seem to notice it or to remember the dance that was to be given that night.

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The dance was in full swing. Jack Stuart was there, looking as handsome and manly as ever. He did not approach Marie or ask her to dance with him, but when he formally took her hand on entering she thought he looked at her reproachfully. He had seen her driving in the morning, he said. It was then that he noticed how unhappy she looked, for it was almost as soon as she returned that the note was put into her hand. So that he must surely love her still.

So Marie consoled herself as she watched him dancing with other women and looking into other women's eyes. Of course it was all done to ward off suspicion, yet in spite of Marie's animated conversation, in spite of the attention she gave to each of her partners, her eyes followed her lover everywhere.

She noticed every bend of the handsome head, every expression of the frank face that never once turned in her direction. Every action of his served to remind her how much she loved him.

He looked unconcernedly happy. Marie might have been the veriest stranger to him. Instead of two long years it might have been only the day before that he had left her. No one would have believed that she had ever been in his arms, that he had uttered passionate words of love to her. It maddened her. If he had pleaded with her, reproached her, danced with her or even looked at her, it would have helped her to resist him, to remember George and to keep those brave resolutions she had made. She loved him and he simply ignored her, and she was jealous—madly jealous. She had so much to tell him, so much to ask him. Yes, she would meet him. She was in his hands; he should lead her away.

Of course his apparent neglect was to ward off suspicion. He loved her, or he would not have sent her the note. She had very little to pack, just a small bag. She could buy anything else she wanted afterward.

George came up to her while she was deep in thought. She started, turned pale and then laughed. But she did not know whether she was laughing or crying.

"You look ill, child," he said gently. "I wish this affair was over. You are excited and hysterical. I noticed it also this afternoon. Tomorrow I must take you away for a change."

"Yes, George, I am not well. There is a big lump in my throat, and I do not feel as though I quite know what I am doing. If I should do anything dreadful tonight, you will understand—you will know that I could not help myself, won't you?"

George took her hand in his and felt the pulse. "You are feverish, dear. Go up stairs and lie down for half an hour. Tomorrow I will take you away."

When Marie reached her room, she locked the door. Then she hurriedly opened a small portmanteau and threw in a few things.

Of course she would not go with Jack. She would just put a few things together for fun. George was so good, she could not possibly leave him. She would go to the boathouse and meet Jack. Of course there could be no harm in that. But she would not go with him. In the meantime she would just fill her portmanteau.

When she had finished, it wanted just five minutes to 10. She locked the bag in readiness and then hid it under the bed. Then she took a long, dark cloak, and, throwing it around her, hurried down stairs through the servants' hall and on to the lawn, and in a few seconds she reached the boathouse.

It was a lovely night. The glorious harvest moon was shining in all its splendor and lit up the silent river, making it look like a winding sheet of silver.

Marie leaned against the boathouse. Her white dress was completely hidden, only the little white satin shoes peeped from beneath the dark cloak.

Perhaps she really would go away with him, if he led her away that very night. But if he asked her to meet him at the docks tomorrow she felt she could not—she could not leave George quite of her own accord, with no strong will to help her.

At last she saw him coming toward her. He had thrown on a light coat, as the autumn evening was chilly, so she could see him long before he drew near.

"How wicked to care for him so much!" thought Marie. And she put her hands to her burning face in very shame.

She trembled as he took her hands in his.

"So you are married?" he said.

The girl turned pale and lowered her head.

"I could not help it, Jack, and—you never wrote."

"I wrote every week to you. But there. We must not quarrel, Marie. I am going away tomorrow and have come to say goodby."

"You are going away—and without me?" Marie raised her big eyes to his for a moment and then lowering them again: "Yes, yes, I understand, Jack. Goodby."

She seemed to sway a little, and Jack was compelled to put his arm around her. His touch thrilled her, all her scruples vanished.

"Take me with you, oh, take me with you, Jack!" she sobbed. "I cannot bear it!"

Jack held her for one brief moment tightly in his arms, and then he released her, and his firm, resolute face looked sterner than ever.

"Listen to me, Marie. When I spoke of such a thing two years ago, I was only a boy. I am ashamed to think that then I had no sense of honor. But now it is different. Think of your husband."

She did not speak, and Jack saw that her face was white.

"You are very delicate," he said compassionately as he wrapped the loose cloak tightly around her. "I must not keep you. It was only to say goodby. I felt I could not leave England again without doing so, and it would have been absurd to have spoken to you in front of all those people. We could only have spoken of commonplace things. I could say so much to you now but—I dare not."

"It is just as well," said Marie, trying to lift her head bravely. "Goodby."

As Jack disappeared Marie made her way into the house. On the stairs she met her husband. He looked shocked at her appearance.

"George," she said fretfully, "where have you been all this time? I want you so much?"

And as George put his arm around her she continued, half sobbing on his shoulder, "You know that I meant all I said this afternoon—every word of it."—St. Paul's.

Jelly Making In Autumn.

The three autumn jellies advisable for housekeepers to make are quince, grape and wild plum—the last named being finer for game than any jelly made. The method of making, after the juice is procured, is the same for all. Measure the juice and boil for 20 minutes; add a pint of granulated sugar, which has been heated in the oven, for each pint of the juice, and as soon as it is thoroughly dissolved skim and fill into tumblers, each having in it a silver spoon to prevent cracking. Jelly so made will never fail.

To procure the quince juice, just cover the parings and cores left from the preserved fruit, from which all stems and defective parts have been left out, with cold water; boil until soft, mash and drain. An equal weight of tart apples may be added and cooked with the parings.

The point in grape jelly is to have the grapes at their best stage, which is just when they are red, before turning purple. Ripe grapes, of course, can be made into jelly, but it is not nearly so fine in flavor or color. Stem the grapes, add a pint of water to 6 quarts, heat slowly, mashing them, and boil gently until all the juice is freed; strain. Wild grapes make a fine jelly.

The wild plums must be covered with cold water, brought to a boil, cooked to a soft mass and strained.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

Early Attempts to Reach the Pole.

At the close of the middle ages, when the deficiency of knowledge of the earth was great, avarice and the quest for the goods of the south led men into the northern ice. They sought to reach India by the shortest possible routes, where they would not meet rivals and enemies. This was the object of Magellan circumnavigation. The "Ceterum Censeo" of James Lancaster asserted that the way to India was north around America. India was the object of the polar navigators Cabot in the fifteenth, Frobisher and Davis in the sixteenth and Hudson and Baffin in the seventeenth centuries to name only a few of the most famous. It is astonishing what these daring British and Dutch sailors risked, suffered and gained.

They did not, indeed, reach India but we all know of Hudson bay, Davis strait and Lancaster sound. As we owe to the men of the stone age, who lived before all history, one of the most important possessions of man, the great paths they marked out upon the earth across streams, over mountains and through wilderness and plain, which are still the routes of today's highways, so these older arctic navigators mapped out the courses of their successors.—George Gerland in Popular Science Monthly.

MRS. PETERSON'S STORY.

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.

The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.—Mrs. Joseph Peterson, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

Fear In Animals.

Back in prehistoric times our ancestors probably knew fear as a constant feeling. They fought to defend their lives and homes from one another. With the beginning of agriculture and the domestication of animals, fighting ceased to be the chief object of existence, gentler feelings had a chance to grow, and fear was not so common a state of mind. But we are not in the condition of savage tribes. We do not live in fear ourselves, and we understand that the animals we have domesticated must be treated with uniform kindness. The horse is exceedingly nervous. While cattle do not appear so nervous, any dairyman will tell you that the utmost gentleness is necessary in caring for them. We can reason away most of our fears. Neither the wild nor the domestic animals can do so much. The one way to teach an animal to conquer fear is to let him feel that he may trust us. It is the true and only way, for it leads to love, and "perfect love casteth out fear."—Our Animal Friends.

The "Eastern Sho'."

Ex-Senator Gibson of Maryland is from the "eastern sho'," the "garden spot of earth, according to the belief of some, but unhappily this belief is not shared by all who live or have lived there, as the following story, which Senator Gibson smilingly listened to the other evening, is good evidence. An old man was sworn in court as a witness. "How old are you?" asked the counsel. "Fifteen, sir," responded the witness. "Fifteen?" queried the counsel incredulously. "I protest, your honor. This witness must be simple. He looks 60." "How old are you, sir?" asked the judge sternly. "I'm 65, yer honor," answered the man humbly, "but I never counts the 50 years I lived over on the eastern sho'."—New York Tribune.

Japanese Gardening.

The Japanese have the art of dwarfing trees to mere shrubs and of cultivating plants in a similar way. The people take great delight in their miniature gardens, which require a special gardener to keep them down to desired limits. The author of "On Short Leave to Japan" writes: "A Japanese garden is generally about ten yards square, and in this small space is found a park and demesne, with lake, summer house, temples, trees, all complete, and all in keeping with the dimensions available. The lake is four feet long and full of small goldfish. On the border stands a pine tree, exactly 18 inches high and 50 years old. Beneath its shade is a temple carved out of one piece of stone the size of a brick. On a lofty crag of some 2½ feet stands a fine maple tree, perfect in form and shape, 15 years old and 12 inches high. We bought three of these miniature trees later—a maple, a pine and a bamboo clump—each about 15 years old and 18 inches to 2 feet high, growing in shallow dishes. We were told of a complete garden contained in a shallow two dozen wine case. Everything was complete, down to the fish in the lake, a sheet of water only a few inches square and the footbridges over the watercourses. Teahouses there were, and numerous trees of various kinds, each about 6 inches high. Old as the hills these, but full of vitality, and yet never growing bigger."

Smart Boy.

"Paw, there's nothin solid in a fog, is there?"

"Of course there isn't."

"I thought not. There ain't no sense in this paper sayin, 'The steamer ran against an iceberg in the fog,' is there, paw?"

"Why—er—oh, he's gone. I'll have to lick that boy some day."—Chicago Tribune.

BET ON FIRE ENGINES.

These Actors Had Lots of Sport and Blocked Broadway Besides.

They were actors, and at 14 minutes after 10 o'clock Tuesday morning they were strolling down Broadway toward "Dead Man's Curve." It was raining dismally, and the Rialto was shrouded in gloom and dampness, but to the actors it was full of sunshine and ready money and new fall engagements, and as they strolled leisurely and with long, solemn strides down the thoroughfare it was evident that the ghost had walked recently.

Just as they reached Sixteenth street a fat policeman puffed hurriedly up from the middle of the block, and, twisting open the door of the little red box on the lamppost, pulled the hook inside and turned in an alarm of fire. The two players stopped and watched the operation with placid interest. Suddenly the actor with the gray streaks in his hair jerked his watch from his waistcoat pocket.

"I'll bet you the first engine does or does not reach this crossing within four minutes. Which is it? Does it or doesn't it? Quick! Take your choice."

"Anything in the way of a fire machine?" demanded the actor with the reddish locks.

"Anything from a chief's wagon to a water tower. Which is it?"

"It does."

"For $10 it doesn't!"

"It's a go."

Both strollers reached down in their pockets, each pulled forth a $10 bill and handed it to the open mouthed copper. "You hold the stakes," commanded the senior bettor, "and also get your watch out. One minute is gone already," he announced. "Officer, if no fire engine passes this crossing here in three minutes, you give me the $20. If one does, the money goes to my friend."

Two actors and one fat policeman standing with watches in hand before an open firebox do not take all day to draw a crowd in Broadway. Before the second hands had passed half round the dials two messenger boys, one street cleaner and a dozen ordinary pedestrians had joined the group.

"What's the trouble?" inquired one of those anxious faced men in spectacles who are always on the spot when there is calamity brewing. "What's the matter here?"

"Dere seeing how long de cop can hold his breath," explained one of the messenger boys.

"He's stringin yer," corrected his freckle faced confrere. "Dey's seein how long 'is wite wings can keep from work."

"One minute and a half," announced the senior bettor. "You've got just 90 seconds left."

"De cop's good fer a week," declared the first A. D. T., and in his excitement the copper forgot to swing his club at him. Another quarter of a minute ticked itself away and the crowd had swollen until it encompassed all sides of the firebox and ran over into the street.

"They have got to sprint or you lose," said the policeman.

"It's a century run," announced the man with the pipestem legs. "I remember reading about it. They finish right here on this corner."

"Thirty seconds left," cried the first actor.

"Here they come!" yelled his friend.

And far across the square could be heard the clang of a fire engine and the feverish jingling of a battalion chief's cart.

"It's a hoss race now," chuckled the fat policeman. "You've just 14 seconds to win or lose the ten spots."

The crowd, without knowing why any more than any crowds do, had caught the excitement of the two actors and half the men had watches in their hands and were snapping their fingers wildly.

"Here dey come!" screamed the freckle faced messenger, and out of the mist plunged three gray horses, their bodies far extended and jumping toward the crossing for every ounce that was in them, the huge steam fire engine rocking and reeling behind them. As if conspiring against the man who had dared to bet against the department, the chief's cart rounded into the square from Fourth avenue, and, joining the big sputtering and screeching steam chariot, raced neck and neck through the broad street.

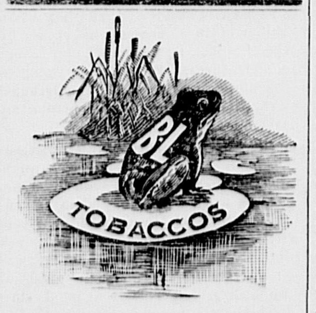
"Come on, now! Come on! Hit 'em up! I've got you!" yelled the redhaired player.

"Just two seconds more," said the senior bettor.

"Here they are! You win!" And the fat policeman, forgetting that he was one of the finest, waved his club hysterically as the hoofs of the chief's brown horse clattered over the imaginary line just 3 minutes and 59 seconds after the bet had been made.

"Give the money to my friend," said the actor with the gray locks. "We will go over now and interview the drink juggler across the square."—New York Press.

A law of the state of Massachusetts prohibits towns from offering more than $500 as a reward for the arrest and conviction of a murderer.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 3.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxi, 1-15—Memory Verses, 12-14—Golden Text, Acts xxi, 13—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1-3. "And when it came to pass that we were parted from them we sailed unto Syria and landed at Tyre, for there the ship was to unlade her burden." This is a summary of these three verses, quoting from the R. V. He was hasting if it were possible to be at Jerusalem by the day of Pentecost (chapter xx, 16), but as they were dependent upon the possibility of finding a vessel about to sail in the direction in which they wished to journey, and upon favorable winds, it would not seem to us much like making haste.

4. "And finding disciples, we tarried there seven days, who said to Paul through the Spirit that he should not go up to Jerusalem." The Gospel had reached and been received by some in this city, and so the travelers and the residents were at once friends, for there is no bond like the blood of Christ. His redeemed ones are all citizens of heaven, but pilgrims and strangers here (Phil. iii, 20, R. V.; I Pet. ii, 11). But here is a strange message to Paul which makes us think of chapter xvi, 6, 7, when the Spirit suffered him not to go into Asia or Bithynia. In that case he was obedient. Let us see how he acts now.

5. "And when we had accomplished those days we departed and went our way, * * * and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed." The Spirit had not said to stop at Tyre, nor to proceed no farther, so it was all right to move on. How touching this parting scene! Men, women and children accompany Paul and his companions out of the city, and all kneel on the shore in prayer. So in chapter xx, 36, before leaving the elders of Ephesus he kneeled down and prayed with them all.

6. "And when we had taken our leave one of another we took ship, and they returned home again." These believers at Tyre may have been part of the result of the visit of our Lord (Math. xv, 21-28), or perhaps through the preaching of those who were scattered at Stephen's death (Acts viii, 4). There is just one thing for disciples to be doing, whether at home or abroad, and that is to walk worthy of our calling and show ourselves approved unto God (I Thess. ii, 12; II Tim. ii, 15).

7. "And when we had finished our voyage from Tyre we came to Ptolamais and saluted the brethren and abode with them one day." Brief but blessed visits of men of God and foretastes of the eternal fellowship of the future. There would be but one topic of conversation, the kingdom of God and the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts xxviii, 31), but one book, the Scriptures, and doubtless much prayer. The believers would be encouraged to be steadfast and to do all in their power to give the gospel to others.

8. "We entered into the house of Philip, the evangelist, which was one of the seven, and abode with him." Leaving Ptolemais, they came to Cæsarea, which seems to be Philip's home. The last we heard of him was preaching in the cities from Azotus to Cæsarea after he had led the treasurer of Queen Candace to Christ (Acts viii, 40). He is still known as a bearer of glad tidings and was doubtless continually at it. Why should not every believer be in some large sense an evangelist, an embassador for Christ?

9. "And the same man had four daughters, virgins, which did prophecy." Daughters as well as sons are included in the promise of the gift of the Spirit (Joel ii, 28; Acts ii, 17). In the Old Testament Miriam, Deborah and Huldah and in the New the women whom He sent from the sepulcher and Priscilla and others are notable examples of women whom He used as His messengers.

10, 11. "Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle and shall deliver him into the hands of the gentiles." Thus testified a prophet named Agabus, who came down from Judæa, and being with these disciples took Paul's girdle and significantly bound his own hands and feet with the same. Thus for the second time Paul is warned not to go up to Jerusalem, and it is the Holy Spirit who tells him not to go.

12. "And when we heard these things both we and they of that place besought him not to go up to Jerusalem." Now it is possible for a man to stand alone with God and be all right, and it is possible for a man to think he is standing with God and be standing with himself.

13. "Then Paul answered, What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." This is certainly a right attitude of soul for a believer, and the only right attitude—to be ready for life or death, prosperity or adversity, if only God is glorified thereby—but my perplexity here is to know what was the heartbreaking part of this affair to Paul. Was he so set upon getting to Jerusalem at this particular time that his heart would break if he did not accomplish it, or was he so set upon doing the will of God that his heart would break if he failed to do it? If the latter, then why not accept the voice of the Spirit at Tyre and Cæsarea and be satisfied to be subject to the Spirit in this matter? Is not perfect submission to the will of God the highest mission on earth? As one has said:

Is not His will the wisest; is not His way the best?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest?

14. "And when he would not be persuaded we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done." Both Paul and Barnabas could not be right in the matter of John Mark (Acts xv, 37-41), and both parties cannot be right in this case, but the brethren yield to Paul and appeal to God. It is good to say, "Thy will be done," but it is better to do it without resistance. It is good to say, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good," but it is better to be wholly in His hand that He may unhindered do what seemeth Him good. The after developments and the years of waiting as a prisoner (Acts xxiv, 27) all seem to indicate that this going to Jerusalem at this time was of Paul and not of God.

15. "And after those days we took up our carriages [R. V., our baggage] and went up to Jerusalem." The Lord will neither fail nor forsake His people, even though they do not see His will clearly, provided they really want to honor Him, and Paul certainly wanted to magnify Christ, even unto dying for Him. See therefore the gracious visits and messages of the Lord to His servant in his sore troubles in Acts xxiii, 11; xxvii, 23-25. May we ever hear His blessed "Be of good cheer, fear not," and be able truthfully to say, "Whose I am and whom I serve." May our only aim be to please Him, never wanting to be at Jerusalem or elsewhere unless He wants us there.

Fresh Air For a Bed Fast Patient.

"As all the world knows, there is no more perfect means of ventilation than an open fire," writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland, telling how to nurse the sick, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is continuous and attended with no danger of draft. A more equable temperature is obtained with wood than with coal, and the thermometer should be frequently consulted in a sickroom. As fresh air is the best tonic it is said that a window may be opened at the top on a sunny day, no matter how ill the patient be, if in the opening a wooden frame covered with flannel is fitted. The air strained through the woolen material is deprived of all power to harm. An umbrella covered with a shawl makes a good screen when the windows are open, the patient being sheltered under it as if in a tent. A folding clotheshorse may also be utilized as a screen frame. As a person lying on his back is deprived of the protection of his eyelids from the light the blinds and curtains should be adjusted with regard to that fact. A room a little shaded is more restful to a person in illness, but if a patch of sunshine can be let in somewhere in the room it makes a cheery spot for him to turn to if so minded. The Italian proverb says, 'Where the sun does not enter the doctor does.'"

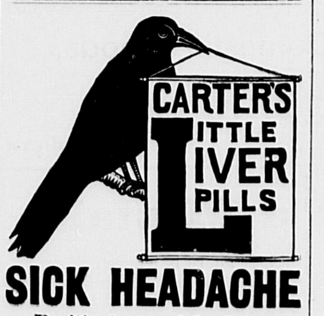
Honest Sweden.

In Sweden a crime is an event. Theft particularly is very rare. Honesty is the fundamental quality of the race, is naturally recognized and officially counted upon. In this regard the Stockholmers show a confident carelessness which is always a surprise to strangers and causes them some uneasiness. In the theaters and concert halls there are large cloakrooms, where hats and furs are left without the smallest safeguard. The performance over, each one again takes possession of his effects, and an accident never occurs. The inhabitants are accustomed to expect a reciprocal probity in the transactions of everyday life. Upon most of the tramways in Stockholm conductors have been dispensed with. The passenger himself deposits his 10 ore in a little till placed at the end of the vehicle, behind the driver. It is patriarchal—and economical

If everyone knew
The superior quality
Of Hood's Pills,
Their gentle, easy
Action, their prompt effect upon
The torpid liver and inactive bowels,
It would be only a short time when
They would be used to the exclusion
Of every other kind. Hood's Pills
Are the only Pills to take
With Hood's Sarsaparilla,
The One True Blood Purifier.

"He," sobbed the verdant bride, "does not love me any more."

"You are lucky," said the seasoned matron, "if he does not love you any less."



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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLVII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1897. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 44.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

JUNE 27, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.02, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.19, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.37, 7.55, 9.15, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.47, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45 6.25, 7.05, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.40, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.21, 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.25, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.02, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.19, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 7.55, 8.15, 9.39, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 2.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.33, 5.00, 6.03, 6.24, 6.33, 6.52, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent

W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

G. W. WINSLOW, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6. , and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m , and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Feb. 10, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.00 M., 1.00, 1.30 then every 30 minutes until 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, 9.33, 10.33, 11.33 A. M., 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, 9.55, 10.55, 11.55 A. M., 12.25 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CAVRIER, Div. Supt.

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241 Main St., Woburn

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THURSDAY, Oct. 7, 1897,

From 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

TWO THINGS Worth Considering.

STAR PEPSIN GUM. 2 packages for 5 cents.
OUR TOOTH POWDER. Large bottle 25 cents.

The former a popular novelty, the latter one of our many standard preparations.

PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.

The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

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By Frank A. Locke,

EXPERT PIANO and ORGAN TUNER and REPAIRER. 24 years practical experience. Boston Office, Hallett & Davis Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont St. Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's Periodical Store, 375 Main Street. Prices: Squares, $2.00; Uprights $2.50; Grands, $3.00. Refers to any person in Woburn who has a piano.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cahnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan

MARKET

Has a Big Stock of

Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.

Prices Very Low.

Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.

J. DURWARD, JR.

FOREST HOOPER,

PLUMBER,

Walnut St., Woburn.

Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.

Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

. Patronage respectfully solicited.

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C. E. COOPER & CO.,

Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers

Room 5, Mechanics' Building.

415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.

C. E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

THE KISS IN COURT.

A lawyer met a pretty miss
While he was walking out one day
And stole from her a honeyed kiss,
Which was not just the proper way.

At once a case of tort was brought
Which legal rules could not deny.
The lawyer held no justice ought
So frail a suit as that to try.

The action, when it got in court,
Met with a jury lenient,
And many a quillet and retort
Day after day on it was spent.

The lawyer claimed no maiden should
So much rare loveliness display.
A kiss like this, he understood,
Was flotsam on the state's highway.

The maiden said her rosy lips
No easement were for him to use,
Though they all others might eclipse.
His answer was somewhat abstruse.

And thus progressed the argument
Concerning kisser and kissee,
When to the jury it was sent,
Who failed entirely to agree.

But, sent into their room again,
They gave their voice to the defense
And found the girl in fault for plain
"Contributory negligence."

—Harper's Bazar.

THE LIE JOE TOLD.

Down in the southern part of Baylor county, Tex., you may still hear old settlers make occasional references to the Savages, or the Savage brothers, as they sometimes call them. This does not refer to the time when the Indians were in the country, although that time is by no means so far distant as to be beyond the memory of living man, nor does it imply anything especially wild and ferocious about the character of the men in question. It merely goes back to the first half of the eighties, when two brothers of that name were among the prominent inhabitants of that sparsely settled district. In some countries events of that period would be considered comparatively modern, but in western Texas they are ranked as strictly ancient history.

It seems, from a careful survey of the facts in the case, that neither of the brothers was really a bad man at heart, notwithstanding the fact that a great many people who ought to know are strongly inclined to think otherwise. It is certain that one of them was as true a man as ever trod the soil of Texas, or any other state, for that matter. All who knew him agree that the final year of his life, at any rate, was a year of such courage and self sacrificing heroism as one reads of in books, but seldom looks for in real life. The people of west Texas are not much prone to hero worship, and whenever they agree that a man of their acquaintance is above the average of humanity there is very likely to be some basis for the belief Judging merely from physical appearances, one would have had little trouble in deciding which of the two men would have been more likely to prove of heroic mold. Bill, the younger, was a man of magnificent physique, not unduly large, but with muscles of such herculean strength as perfect health and the free life of a western cowboy are apt to impart. He was light complexioned and is said to have possessed a vigorous, manly countenance, such as ought to have made him more successful in his love affairs than he really was. Joe, on the other hand, was as much a picture of weakness and deformity as his brother was of health and strength. He was not only a peaked faced, slender slip of a man, but he was a cripple as well When he was 5 years old and Bill only 8, a cyclone had struck the log house in which the boys and their parents were living.

The mother and father were killed, but when the neighbors came to look through the ruins of the cabin they found Joe crouched on the bed with his limbs spread out in such a manner as to protect his baby brother. A heavy log had fallen across his right foot and right wrist, crushing them both very badly, but Bill was still sleeping in absolute unconsciousness of the existence of any such disturbing affairs as cyclones. As a result of his injuries at the time Joe was clubfooted through the whole of his life, and his right forearm had a big knot on it and a crook that made his right hand turn out when it should have turned in. It is said that Joe was proud of his deformities rather than otherwise, presumably because they had been incurred in the defense of his baby brother, and that Bill was, for the most part, tenderly regardful of the brother who had sacrificed health and almost life for him.

Naturally enough, Bill was the more prosperous of the two. Before he was 30 he owned a considerable "bunch" of cattle and leased quite a body of land

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

in the eastern part of Baylor county as a ranch. Joe was his line rider, and in that capacity was enabled to do a great deal of such work as did not require any great amount of mere muscular strength. Everything worked smoothly with them until May Conley came to live with a married brother of hers who lived only a few miles from the Savage ranch. She was not a highly educated girl by any means, and it is doubtful if she was more than fairly intelligent, but she was pretty, and she was fickle—and that tells the whole story In this case Joe was the first victim. He met May at one of the big camp meetings that are common in that country in the fall of the year, and after that he was very pronounced in his attentions to her for several months. Then his attentions ceased as suddenly and abruptly as they had begun. People noticed this, and they also noticed that just about that time Bill began going to see her.

"Bill took it up just where Joe laid it down," remarked one cowboy to another during one of the intervals in a dance on one occasion.

"Naw, that ain't it," responded his friend. "I think Joe laid it down just where Bill took it up."

One day, as the two brothers and one or two others were engaged in branding some of Bill's yearlings, the subject was brought up.

"Sure enough, Joe, whatever made you quit goin to see that Conley gal so sudden?" asked Jim Smith, one of the helpers, in a jocular way.

"I stopped so's to give Bill a chance," said Joe, with what was evidently a forced attempt at gayety.

"Shucks!" ejaculated his brother. "You needn't a-stopped for that. If I couldn't beat you, I'd better quit!"

There was just the least bit of contemptuous emphasis on that word "you," and Joe noticed it. A slightly shamed, pained look came over his poor, thin face as he faltered:

"W-well, I didn't keer much for her, no way. I was just a-foolin from the first."

My deliberate opinion is that this statement was a lie. It is my opinion, furthermore, that in this single, ungrammatical, mispronounced, mutilated lie there were loftiness of thought and purity of purpose such as an angel in heaven might well aspire to. Bill did not take any such view of the matter, though, for he only looked up and retorted angrily:

"My opinion of anybody that would go foolin round a woman when he didn't care nothin for her is that he ain't much of a man."

"He's pretty small potatoes—he shore is," put in Tom Jackson, the fourth man at the branding. Nobody noticed the remark particularly at the time, but subsequent events caused them to think a great deal about it later on.

"I'm surprised at you, Joe," said Bill

The ghost of a forced smile hovered piteously on Joe's lips for a moment, but he merely rubbed his forehead with the knot on his wrist in the nervous way peculiar to him on such occasions and said nothing.

Aside from one or two little incidents like this—which are hardly worth counting as exceptions—Bill's courtship was an illustration of the fact that, notwithstanding a certain very eminent authority to the contrary, the course of true love does occasionally run smooth—for awhile. In this case it ran smooth down to the very day set for the wedding. The ceremony was to be performed at what was known as Plum Creek schoolhouse, and early in the morning Bill went with a number of his friends to get ready for the festivities. In some countries it might not be considered as a part of the groom's duties to make these preparations, but in Texas it is etiquette for anybody to do anything, provided there is not some one else to do it.

The ceremony was to take place at 10 o'clock. Perhaps half an hour before that time Joe and his friend Jim Smith were riding through the timber which always abounds around creek bottoms in Texas, and were much astonished when, at a sudden bend in the trail, they came across the supposed prospective bride. She was on horseback and unaccompanied.

"Hello!" exclaimed Joe in surprise "Are you lost?"

"Yes," answered May with a nervous laugh. "I never was as glad to see anybody in my life. This here creek bottom timber's so thick a wildcat would mighty nigh get lost in it, let alone a woman."

"I should think that you and Bill had been to Plum Creek schoolhouse often enough to know the way by this time?"

"I ain't a-goin to Plum Creek," said May, with a foolish giggle.

"What! Ain't you goin to git married?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bill's at the schoolhouse now a-waitin for you."

May tossed her head and then giggled again.

"I ain't a-waitin for him none," she said. "I might as well tell you now as any time—I'm goin to be married to Tom Jackson this morning at Round Timbers. I've lost my way there, and I want you to tell me how to go."

At the mention of Jackson's name Joe's face hardened for a moment. He was the man who had been so quick to take Bill's part in the quarrel with his brother. Then Joe began to reason with May as to her conduct, but a very few moments sufficed to show him the futility of the attempt. Promptly changing his plans, he gave her a detailed account of the way to Round Timbers.

"Say," interrupted Jim Smith, who had listened in profound astonishment to the whole conversation, "you're mistaken about"—

"No, I ain't," retorted Joe. "The trail's been changed lately. That's all right, May. Come on, Jim."

"I still think you were mistaken about that trail," said Jim as the two men rode on together.

"No, I wasn't mistaken," said Joe "I just lied, that was all. I did it for Bill's sake. If May goes the way I sent her, she'll not get to Round Timbers this mornin'."

After they had ridden a few moments in silence Joe began again.

"Jim, old fellow, for God's sake don't let on that you've seen or heard nothing this morning! It'll be plenty tough on Bill anyway."

"I shore won't," said Jim.

There was quite a crowd assembled around the door of the little log schoolhouse when these two men rode up The groom was there, and so was the preacher; so also were the people. The house was decorated within and without with flowers and leaves and other ornaments more or less appropriate to the occasion. However, there was one ornament generally considered necessary on wedding occasions which was still missing—namely, the bride.

"Seen anything of May lately?" asked Bill, stepping to the front as the newcomers rode up. There was just a trace of anxiety in his voice as he spoke.

"Naw," answered Joe promptly. His face looked perfectly unconcerned as he spoke, but in a very few moments a cloud began to rest upon it. I suspect, though, that instead of grieving over the lie he had told—as of course he should have been—he was merely wondering how he might spare Bill the mortification which a public discovery of the real facts in regard to May might occasion. He was now sitting with one leg thrown over the horn of his saddle.

Suddenly his face lighted up with its old sickly smile, and, in a voice that trembled a little in spite of the bravado he tried to throw into it, he began:

"Say, Bill, that was the devil of a lie I told you about May just now. I saw her not over half an hour ago."

"You did, did you? When will she be here?"

"She won't be here at all."

Bill's face grew stern and white.

"Why won't she?" he demanded.

"Because I directed her in the wrong road. Jim tried to tell her right, and I wouldn't let him. Ain't that so, Jim?"

Jim nodded grimly. With faces that now began to grow drawn and anxious, the spectators glanced from one speaker to the other in turn. Bill's face was fairly livid with rage, and his voice trembled with the awfulness of repressed fury as he asked the next question:

"What did you do it for?"

The expectant silence that followed was deathlike, but even then Joe's voice was hardly audible as he answered with the same sickly smile still hovering about his white lips:

"Because I useter court her myself and you cut me out!"

Before the words were fairly out of his mouth Bill sprang at him with the fury of a wild beast. With all the force of his mighty arm he struck, and the blow descended upon the arm—the crippled, knotted arm—which Joe had interposed to ward it off. Some say it descended upon the very knot itself. He fell from his pony as if he had been shot, and lay for several moments on the turf where he had fallen.

"Which way did you send her?" asked Bill in the same awful tones he had used before.

"I won't tell," gasped Joe.

"Then get up off that ground."

Joe meekly obeyed.

"Get on your pony—no, I see it's got away from you. Then saddle up mine yonder and go after May and bring her back at once, sir! Do you hear?"

Joe meekly took the huge Texas saddle in his left hand and carried it to where the pony stood grazing, tied by a long rope to a tree. His right arm hung limp by his side. After some ineffectual efforts to throw the saddle on with his left arm he gave up the attempt

"I can't get the thing on," he said.

"Use your right arm, sir!" called his brother.

"I think you've broke his game arm Bill," said Jim Smith.

"It's a lie!" shouted Joe. "That arm's as good as it ever was."

To prove the truth of this assertion he made a mighty effort and managed to lift his arm to his shoulder, though the wrist still dangled loosely from his elbow. Even then he could not restrain his face from wincing and his teeth from clinching with the pain. Dropping the saddle, he turned abruptly and limped off into the woods without a word.

Jim Smith afterward said that only his solemn promise to Joe kept him from telling the whole truth at this juncture just as he knew it to be, and that he had to grit his teeth hard and say cuss words under his breath to do it then. As to the rest of the crowd, it must be remembered that they knew nothing but Joe's own statement about the matter and that consequently they all sympathized with Bill. After some moments of condolence and consultation with the crowd, Bill, with some four or five others, started out to find Joe.

"Get that rope off your saddle there and bring it along," said he to one of them.

"You ain't goin to string him up, are you, Bill?" was the rather anxious reply.

"No. Just want to skeer him a little Come on."

In a very short time they found the man they were looking for.

"Are you ready to tell where May is or to go after her?" Bill demanded.

"N-no," faltered Joe, with a distrustful glance at the little group of attendants.

Again his brother sprang at him. This time he threw him to the ground and held him there with his grasp firm upon his throat

"Don't, Bill, old fellow, for God's sake!" gasped Joe as his brother somewhat relaxed the grip on his throat. "I didn't mean no harm by it—honest, I didn't. I won't do it no more. What are you goin to do with that rope, Bill? You're not goin to kill your poor, no account brother, are you, old boy?"

Without a word Bill and his attendants continued wrapping the rope around Joe. Then they stood him up beside a tree and tied him to it so that his clubfoot touched the ground, while the other, the strong one, was doubled back in the coil of rope.

"Now, you ungrateful whelp," said Bill, as he started to leave, "I'll be back in 30 minutes to see if you're ready to tell me."

"Didn't he kiss your hand while you were tyin him?" asked some one as they walked away.

"Dogged if I know," said Bill. "Did he?"

Hardly had they left when Jim Smith came up and at once began to untie the ropes.

"Don't!" said Joe. "Bill will be back in a few minutes. Just unslip this loop here. Thank you! The strain was on my right arm, and it hurt because it was sore. Jim, this is hard—but I guess I can stand it, for Bill's sake. I ain't hurtin so much now, though, as I was It's mostly all a joke. Bill was allers a powerful fellow to joke. I wisht you'd go tell him when he comes back I say please not to bring anybody else with him."

At the appointed time Bill saddled his pony and rode off to where Joe was

"I'll take the hoss so that if Joe's ready by now he can start out after May and bring her back. I rather guess he's ready by now too. Maybe we'll get to eat a weddin dinner today yet—only a little late, of course."

After some time had elapsed and neither brother had "showed up," as the phrase goes in Texas, Jim Smith walked to the place where he had left Joe There the poor fellow was, still tied to the tree—but dead! The 30 minutes' strain had been too much for his crippled leg to bear, and it had gradually given way, and this had allowed the poor fellow to choke to death. Of course Jim lost no time in rousing the quasi wedding guests and in telling the real facts about May. It is not the first instance in the history of the world when a man has had the truth told about him too late to do him any good. A pursuing party was out after Bill at once, but all to no avail. Some say he committed suicide shortly afterward in San Antonio; others, that he is still alive in New Mexico; still others, that he is today in the insane asylum at Terrell. I do not know what the truth about it is Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jackson still live in Cottie county, Tex. Jim Smith is the man who first told me this story. Joe Savage is buried on the banks of Plum creek, and on his wooden headboard you can still decipher the inscription, "He Loved Mutch."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Our I's and.... ....Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn, who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for "Curebook" It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Plucking the Innocent.

"No," said the soap fakir to a group of people that had gathered around him, "there is no use talking to me about the innocence of the countryman. He may buy a gold brick occasionally or sign a blank check and lose his farm, but as a rule he can take care of himself just as well as the next one and generally a little better. If I knew as much as some farmers, I wouldn't be in this business, and you can gamble on that.

"Why, say, do you know what happened to me the last time I was down in the country? I got pinched, that's what I done. I got my satchel out in front of the hotel in a little town about 30 miles out east here and began to do a few tricks to draw a crowd.

"After I'd made an egg disappear and pulled a few knots open for them I says: 'Now, gentlemen, I'm going to show you a trick that nobody else on earth has ever attempted. You see my hat here? Well, we'll imagine for the time being that it's a flowerpot. Out of this hat I'm going to make a bush grow up, and when I've done that I'll make every leaf on it turn into a $5 note.'

"What? Did I do it? Of course I did! But, say, do you know what come of it? Blamed if they didn't arrest me and fine me $15 for raising bills, which the justice of the peace said was 'contrary to the statoots made and provided.'

"Well, I sort of had a hankering to know whether they done it in good faith or just because they thought I was easy picking, and what do you think I found out? Why, the people of that town hadn't paid any taxes for eight years. They'd actually been running things by plucking just such innocent fellows as me.

"Now, gentlemen, there's a $1 bill in one of these little packages. Who will give me 10 cents for the first choice?"—Cleveland Leader.

AYER'S HYGIENIC CEREAL COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.

REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.

A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.

Prepared by M. S. AYER of Boston.
A Vegetarian for many years.

Price, 20 Cents per Pound.

For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."

M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.

Literary Notices.

Some of the papers in the October number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, which is a fine one, are: Spanish John, ill.; The Field of Sleep, a poem; Autumn Leaves; The Golfers conquest of America, 22 ill.; Kilauea, the Home of Pele, 12 ill.; Love's Beggar; Mrs. Upton's Device, 2 ill.; The Great Stone of Sardis, 8 ill.; The Century's Progress in Chemistry, 8 portraits; The Kentuckians, ill.; A Strange Tale of Gheel, 2 ill.; The Future of Railroad Investments; Editor's Study, Editor's Drawer, etc.

*.*HARPER'S is sold by the New England News Company, 44-20 Franklin street, Boston, and by Sparrow Horton at the Woburn Bookstore.

The opening article of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for October describes the rounding up of a great wild elephant herd in Siam, and the choosing out and bringing under control of such members of the herd as are required for the royal elephant stables. It is a spectacle the like of which is to be seen nowhere else in the world, and it attracts great crowds of people from all parts of the kingdom. The article is very interestingly illustrated from photographs taken by the author. Another notable article is Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell's account of how he and his associate, Mr. A. S. Hunt, found the lately recovered manuscript of the Sayings of Christ. Illustrations from photographs by the author add much to the interest of the article. More than notable is a series of life masks of Jefferson, John Adams, Lafayette, Charles Carroll, and Madison, never before published, and until now scarcely known to exist. They were taken about 1825 by the sculptor J. H. I. Browere, who had his own secret process. The story of the circumstances under which they were taken, and of the hiding of them away by the sculptor and their close concealment ever since, is a most curious and romantic one. Other features of the number are a description of the process, moral rather than physical, by which, in the late war, bodies of raw troops were made into actual soldiers; a series of picturesque comparisons exhibiting the various points of greatness in Greater New York; and some excellent short stories by Octave Thanet, Stephen Crane, and others. The S. S. McClure Co.

"For five weeks I lived on cold water, so to speak," writes a man who suffered terribly from indigestion.

He could hardly keep anything on his stomach. What stayed, wasn't properly digested and gave him terrible pangs.

This is not an uncommon case. Dyspeptics don't get enough nourishment. They are generally thin and weak.

They may eat enough, but they don't digest enough. Much of what they eat turns into poison. If this keeps on there's no telling *what* disease they may get next.

That's why it is best to take Shaker Digestive Cordial, *as soon as symptoms of indigestion appear.*

It cures all the evils of indigestion, and prevents the evils which indigestion causes.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

The thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine in England was celebrated, recently, on the Isle of Thanet.

Dr. H. B. Guppy has returned from a stay of twenty-three days on the summit of Mauna Loa, the famous Hawaiian volcano.

A woman has presented to the Church of the Strangers, New York City, land and buildings representing all her savings for twelve years.

Groton, Mass., Sept. 20, 1897.—Three years ago I suffered dreadfully with weakness, and at times it was difficult for me to breathe. I determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the first bottle was not gone before I felt a decided improvement. When I had taken three bottles I was completely cured. Blanche H. Young, Box 102.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

The salmon catch in the Fraser River and in Alaska waters is reported the largest in the history of the Northwest.

The yellow fever detention camp has been located at Fontainebleau, Miss.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 1897.

WORKING FINELY.

The Charter Committee held an interesting meeting last Monday evening anent city election affairs and made good progress. Hon. George F. Bean, Chairman of the Committee, presided.

The principal difference of opinion disclosed by the remarks made by individuals was as to how much authority had been invested in the Committee by the action of the Republican and Democratic City Committees, in other words, whether the nomination of the seven Ward Aldermen, not at large, was meant to be included in such action. The question was argued at some length, in a fraternal spirit, and was finally decided adversely to the contention that the authority delegated to the Committee covered the right to make such nomination. So it was left for each party to nominate the Ward Aldermen or not as they might see fit, and for the Charter Committee to nominate all candidates who the new charter provides shall be elected at large.

On motion of George W. Norris, Esq., the following Committee were appointed to prepare a set of rules and plan of action for government and guide in carrying out the important work entrusted to the Committee: George W Norris, Francis P. Curran, John W Johnson, Edwin F. Wyer, George E Fowle, William Beggs. This committee were requested to report at an early day.

A very encouraging spirit prevailed in the meeting, and good is sure to come from it.

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.

The Woburn and Reading Republican delegates to the 28th Middlesex Representative District convention met at the Headquarters of the Woburn Ward and City Committee on Tuesday evening, Oct. 5, and proceeded to the transaction of business.

It was a harmonious gathering and enthusiastic withal.

Alva S. Wood and James Wilson Grimes, Esquires, were unanimously nominated to represent the District in the House of the next General Court.

That they will be elected in November is as certain as anything can be.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican Middlesex County convention was held at Lowell last Tuesday. It was large but rather tame, as nearly all the business had been previously done and only awaited ratification by the delegates.

There was a sharp fight over a candidate for County Commissioner which was won on the fourth ballot by Samuel O. Upham of Waltham.

☞ Because Hon. Joshua B. Holden of Boston is of Woburn origin and still has a warm spot in his heart for the old town the JOURNAL delights in learning of his success in political, business and social life, and to make public record of that feeling. On the score of personal merit, and as a reward of good work in the present State Senate from the 9th Boston District, Mr. Holden was renominated for re-election by acclamation at the Senatorial convention held last Monday, for which honor, so freely and cordially bestowed, he returned thanks in his customary happy vein. His election will come in November as a matter of course.

☞ The Democratic City Committee at a meeting held last week voted, with but one weak opposing voice, to instruct the Democratic members of the Charter Committee to co-operate with the Republican members in the proposed movement for a non-partisan city election. They did well!

☞ The gentleman whose name is heard oftenest in connection with the office of Mayor is that of John W. Johnson, Esq. Things seem to be drifting his way. It is needless to say that he would make a strong citizens candidate and an ideal Mayor.

☞ The Republican Club of Massachusetts will give their annual Dinner Party at Music Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 20. Distinguished speakers will deliver orations.

☞ The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company celebrated the 260th anniversary of their organization last Monday by a trip to Buffalo, N. Y.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Abbott St.—Lost.
Journal—For Sale.
City—Voting Places.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
City—Lexington St. Railway.
Mr. L. A. Grammer—Notice.
Woburn Star Course—Concert.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— Read the advertisement of purse lost in this paper.

— Among the repairs at Ramsdell's leather factory is a large new boiler.

— The Star Course opens at Lyceum Hall next Monday evening, Oct. 11.

— James McDonald, the piano tuner, is full of orders and work this fall.

— The Madigan Associates will give a grand concert and ball on the evening of Nov. 5.

— Letter Carrier William H. Matlews has been dangerously ill and has not yet fully recovered.

— The new tanning plant of the James Skinner Company started up in good shape last Monday.

— Supt. Emerson reports the number of pupils in our schools at 2,720, which is 41 more than last year.

— The proprietor of the JOURNAL has a boiler and engine to sell. They can be examined at the JOURNAL office.

— Mrs. Nellie Goodings dining room and restaurant is well patronized and deserves to be, for it is firstclass.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the Pleasant st. artist, has been suffering from an attack of malaria this week.

— Miss Hattie C. Blake of Abbot street is visiting her uncle, Mr. George Blake, on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

— Robert Stewart, 10 years old, was run down by a careless or wicked bicycle rider last Friday and seriously injured.

— Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Carter are rejoicing in the addition of a son to their family. He was born last Monday. Shake!

— The Policemen's grand annual rifle shoot took place yesterday. It was a brilliant affair so far as marksmanship was concerned.

— Rev. Walter Gay, pastor of St. John Baptist Church, and Mrs. Gay welcomed a son into the family last Friday morning, Oct. 1.

— Mr. Ned Shea has rented the new house built by Mr. T. J. Feeney on Warren street, and with his family will soon move into it.

— If anybody in this town happens to miss the Star Course he or she will be sorry for it. It opens at Lyceum Hall next Monday evening.

— Charles H. Colgate has been appointed to a position in the office of the Prison Commission of the State. His duties will be at the Capitol.

— Our old friend, Mr. Marshall Tidd, returned to his home in North Woburn last Saturday from a delightful visit in New Hampshire.

— Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church ave. returned from New York City last Saturday evening. He was there a week and enjoyed it very much.

— Mrs. L. A. Grammer has a notice in this paper of interest to ladies. She needs no recommendation being too well known here to require one.

— The Euterpe Mondolin, Banjo, and Harp Club are known and very popular all over New England. At Lyceum Hall next Monday evening.

— You may knock about the world over and you will not find the equal of the "Knockabout" Suit for boys, sold by Hammond & Son. Five dollars.

— Last week Mr. and Mrs. Waldo E. Buck of Worcester visited relatives and friends in this city, their former home, and received a cordial welcome.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Hammond & Son's card this week suggests a spelling match. Well, it will be quite a spell before you beat the "Knockabout" Suit for boys. Five dollars.

— Mishawum Lodge, No. 61, A. O. U. W., will give an entertainment and dance at their Hall next Wednesday evening, Oct. 13. A collation will be served.

— Charles T. O'Brien of Church ave. has resumed his studies at Boston College. His health is perfectly restored and he will now finish his College course.

— Mrs. Irish, wife of the Manager of the country produce rooms on the corner of Main street and Montvale ave., will soon visit her old home at Biddeford, Maine.

— Worthley, the expert optician and specialist of same, will make a regular visit to this city on Oct. 21. His headquarters will be at Capt. Hanson's jewelry store as usual.

— Charles L. Norten, S. B. of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will deliver a lecture on the Rays of Roentgen before the Woman's Club on Dec. 17 in the evening.

— C. C. Stone & Co. conduct a first class provision market and enjoy a large patronage. They keep everything in the meat, vegetable and fruit line that anyone could wish.

— No organization stands higher among lovers of fine music than the Euterpe Mandolin, Banjo, and Harp Club, who will open the Star Course at Lyceum Hall next Monday evening.

— Mr. Hoyt L. Conary of Boston, the star reader, will appear at Lyceum Hall next Monday evening in the Star Course with the Euterpe Mandolin, Banjo and Harp Club. He is great.

— Salvation Army expect a great time on Thursday, Oct. 14, 1897. Major and Mrs. Morton of New England Division will deliver their farewell address and swear in some recruits. Tickets 10c.

— The Highland Orchestra of Woburn is prepared to furnish music for weddings, receptions, evening parties, and other social functions. John C. Andrews, agent, 62 Prospect street, Woburn, Mass.—3w.

— Mrs. M. Carter of 6 Bennett st., Artistic Dressmakes, is in New York City posting herself on the latest styles and preparing to give the ladies of Woburn the very hight of the fashions in her line, in which she is an expert.

— At the annual election of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in Boston last Saturday Mr. P. G. Hanson of this city was made a member of the Standing Committee on Vegetables. Mr. Francis H. Appleton was chosen President.

— Peter Anderson, who lately returned from Cuba, 23 years old, is a brother of Mrs. P. Carlson of No. 1 Sherman Place and of Mr. Anderson, a salesman in Mr. P. Carlson's shoe store. He has given up the idea of going back to Cuba just now, his family being very much opposed to it, but thinks he will return when the weather gets colder. He won't though if his sister can prevent it.

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING

AT LEATHE'S,

425 Main St., Woburn

— Mrs. Helen C. Hanson returned on Oct. 1 from a three month's sojourn at Uxbridge, her native place, to her pleasant home, No. 6 Eastern ave. She spent some time with the Woburn colony at North Scituate during the hot weather.

— The slight change in the arrival and departure of trains from the Woburn Centre station on the B. & M. line includes the removal of the 9.18 through train to Boston. This is in accordance with the usual fall and winter arrangement.

— We can assure the public that Miss Lang's concert to be given on Friday evening Nov. 12, will be of more than ordinary interest. A fine array of talent has been secured, and there is every reason to predict that the concert will be a success.

— Mr. Fred Gowing's practice as a magnetic healer is increasing right along. Nothing works more satisfactory in nervous diseases, rheumatism and debility, than the use of electricity, or animal magnetism, many cases of which Mr. Gowing has cured.

— Dr. Frank W. Graves, Surgeon, and Sergt. A. L. Richardson, accompanied the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on their visit to Syracuse and Buffalo last Monday. They returned yesterday. About 300 of the Company went on the trip.

— According to the Woburn JOURNAL, a gentleman visiting that city last week wanted to buy a Bible, and after ransacking the whole city, gave it up. This is humiliating, but we wonder if the gentleman would have done any better in Norwood?—*Norwood Bee.*

— Good health is largely due to the selection of food and drink which best supply the various principles needed. That is why you should use "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee" as it contains all the elements needed to nourish the body.

— Miss Nellie J. McCarthy, Secretary of the Board of Examiners, announces an examination by the Civil Service Commissioners of applicants for clerk and carriers at the Woburn postoffice at 9 a. m., Dec. 4, 1897. Blanks can be procured of Miss McCarthy.

— Miss Mary E. Reeves, the well-known dressmaker in Mechanics Building, returned a few days ago from London, England, in perfect health. She was ill and went back home some time ago to rest and recuperate. These brought health on their wings and she has come back to stay.

— It was the National Bank, of course, that declared a 3 1-2 per cent dividend instead of the Savings Bank. We have been reminded of the error about 2,000 times since Oct. 1, which proves that advertising pays, or at least that people read the papers, and that answered our purpose.

— There will be four races at Woburn Cycle Park, Saturday, Oct. 9, at 3 p. m. There will be: 1-mile open; 2-mile handicap; 1-mile lap, and a match race between J. B. Edmonds and Thos. Smith of Woburn. The prizes have been on exhibition in Hanson's jewelry window this week.

— Dr. H. G. Blake and his brother Warren N. Blake are enjoying their annual hunt in Vermont. They drove up several days ago in their team and must have had a good time going. The Blakes and Lawyer Bond never miss a month's shooting in the Green Mountain State in the season for it.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout has moved into the rooms in Dow Block corner of Main street and Church ave. formerly occupied by the postoffice, a good location and ample accommodations, and cordially invites his customers and friends to call and see him in his new quarters. He has secured a fine business place.

— The services next Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. I. H. Packard, pastor, will be in charge of the Epworth League, who have made arrangements for the conveyance of aged people to and from the church free of charge. For the benefit and edification of these the services are to be held.

— The Woburn Y. M. C. A. Football team have issued the following schedule of games: Oct. 9, Faulkner Grammer School of Malden; 16, Malden High School; 23, Stoneham High School; all at Woburn. Oct. 30, Charlestown High School at Charlestown; Nov. 20, Concord High School at Concord.

— The second Peoples Sunday evening at the First Congregational Church at 7 P. M. next Sunday will have as its general topic: "Count the Cost." Miss Maude Littlefield will play the violin and Miss Jennie Trecartin will be the soloist. The congregation will be led by Chorus B, and Mr. Scudder will preach. Last Sunday a large audience entered heartily into the service. Seats free. Everyone invited, especially those who do not usually attend church.

Pousse Pâté...

And why not a pie-pusher as well as a coffee-pusher? It's far more necessary. Do you suffer with dyspepsia? Ayer's Cathartic Pills will cure you. Take a

PILL AFTER PIE.

— The purchase of tickets to the Star Lecture Course by Rev. Mr. Packard, to open on Thursday evening, Oct. 14, at the Methodist church, should not be delayed. From present appearances the demand for tickets will be largely in excess of the supply, and everybody knows what that means for the loiterers.

— The Managers have made arrangements with Mr. William W. Crosby of this city, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to deliver a series of lectures this fall and winter on mechanics and kindred themes before the Textile School recently established at Lowell, for which he is perfectly competent.

— Mr. Richard Carton, passenger Conductor on the B. & M. Railroad company's trains, is taking his annual vacation. He hung up his uniform and punch the middle of last week and started Monday, with his wife, for Niagara Falls, a voyage down the Hudson, a visit to New York City, and elsewhere as the notion takes him. His outing is limited to two weeks.

— At the annual meeting of the Lyceum Hall Association held last Tuesday, the following Directors were elected: John Johnson, Parker L. Converse, Phineas G. Hanson, Charles A. Burdett, Winthrop Hammond. Subsequently the following officers were chosen: President, John Johnson; Clerk and Treasurer, W. Hammond; Auditor, C. A. Burdett.

— Mr. Charles F. French, brother of Policeman Austin France, called on us Tuesday morning, and we were glad to see him looking and feeling so well. He arrived here at his old home from the Soldiers Home at Marion, Indiana, on Monday, and was glad to meet his old friends again. He went there last just after Memorial Day, 1896, and this is his first visit to Woburn since. The morning report on the day he left gave the number of Veterans at the home as 1972. Veteran French will remain here several months, perhaps a year.

— Rev. Fr. Keegan, Rector of St. Charles church, and his two sisters were on the Montreal Express that met with such a serious smashup near the West Medford station last Friday evening. With the exception of a few scratches they escaped uninjured, for which they had reason to thank Providence. The train was running 45 or 50 miles an hour when the accident happened, three cars left the iron and were overturned, and it was a wonder that many people were not killed. Of the 20 or so injured only one or two were seriously hurt.

— Rev. William Carey Barrows, late pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city and a prominent member of "the cloth" in his denomination, has concluded to strike tent in Woburn and settle in Somerville. He and his family, we regret to say, will leave here for their new home next week. He has rented a nice house No. 187 School st., Winter Hill, Somerville, and hopes to be well settled in it inside of a fortnight. Mr. Barrows and family have a host of friends here who will learn with sorrow their determination to go elsewhere to live.

— Legg, the photographic artist, than whom no better wields a camera, has quite recently taken a fine picture of the present residence of Mr. W. A. Dow, 132 Pleasant st. and placed it on exhibition. The house was built by General Abijah Thompson many years ago and was the home of himself and family during a considerable portion of his active and successful life. The most noticeable feature in Mr. Legg's picture are the flowers on the lawn which are brought out with remarkable accuracy and distinctness, as is also the shrubbery near the house. The buildings and grounds make an exceedingly attractive scene.

— We saw, with extreme delight, quite a little army of wheelers, young men and maidens, leave the Common last Tuesday afternoon, a delicious day, for the new Winchester Parkway, located on the banks of Mystic Lakes between Winchester and West Medford, which every day just now is attracting hundreds of lovers of the beautiful in nature and art. The Parkway is a splendid piece of road, elegant for wheelers, and delightful for a drive. There were a couple of score or so in the party of young cyclists who we saw merrily depart from our Common for Winchester's pride on Tuesday afternoon, and the sight was enough to make old heads feel just a bit envious.

— On Wednesday of this week Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gowing of Wilmington started via the the Canadian Pacific route for California, their objective point being Long Beach, Mr. Hiram Fiske, Mrs. Gowing's father, being a resident of that place. Mr. Fisk resided in No. Woburn some 60 years and celebrates his 90th birthday the 15th of this month. Mr. Augustus Bennett and wife, and Mrs. John Downing and son, Ellsworth, all from No. Woburn, also live there. Mrs. Downing and Mrs. Bennett are daughters of Mr. Fisk. Mr. and Mrs. Gowing take with them the best wishes of a host of friends. Mr. Gowing is father of Mr. Fred Gowing of this city, Leader of Gowing's well known orchestra.

— Mr. Amos Cummings, proprietor of the leading milinery establishment in this city, advertises to hold a grand milinery opening on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14 and 15, to which the ladies of Woburn and surrounding towns are respectfully invited. He will have something very beautiful and stylish in bonnets, hats and trimmings to show them, and flatters himself that those who attend his fall opening will congratulate themselves on having done so. At Mr. Cumming's popular milinery parlors all bonnets and hats are home trimmed, and not Boston trimmed, Mrs. Allen, an artist, being the trimmer, the advantages of which need not be pointed out to our ladies. Please keep in mind the date of the opening, Oct. 14, 15.

— Monday morning last Cashier Day of the National Bank permitted our reporter to look at some nuggets of gold, 7 in number, worth about $15, presented to him last week by Mr. Dinsmore whose article on gold mining at Klondyke published in the Boston *Journal* on Oct. 1 interested so many people. The nuggets were a sample of a big bagful which Mr. Dinsmore exhibited, gathered on the Klondyke gold fields, and had the appearance of being pure metal. Mr. Dinsmore, who is a Lewiston, Maine, man, has been in the Alaska country several years and has done well. He expects to return next spring. One of the last persons he shook hands with on leaving Alaska was Mr. Myron A. Day, brother of the Cashier, who he left hale, hearty and happy.

— Owing to a misunderstanding with the Woburn Brass Band the managers of the Woburn Star Course have been obliged to make a change in the order of talent and will open the Course on Monday next, October 11, as advertised, with the Euterpe Mandolin, Banjo, and Harp Club. This Club is the most "up to date" in the variety and quality of their music of any in the concert field. They have more than thirty dates in the leading courses of New England at the present time, which is more than all the other clubs of a similar nature have. They will also introduce 100 Swiss bells. They will be assisted by the popular and well known humorists, Hoyt L. Conary; and taking it all in all they will furnish a programme of variety which cannot be excelled and will be sure to please all who attend.

— Last Tuesday afternoon we were priviledged to examine an invoice of wares recently received by Messrs. Copeland & Bowser and now on exhibition in their art room with which we were pleased. The wares, manufactured in Ohio, beautiful in design and finish, are for the culture and preservation of indoor plants, and consist of a great variety of patterns, many of them real works of art. The colors are as various as the shapes, and there are none that are not exquisite. Pedestals of different heights and sizes are furnished to hold some of the plant bowls, others are made to rest on tables or stands, and a room furnished with any of them and their contents would be amply decorated for a festival or wedding occasion. It was as pretty a sight as we have laid eyes on for many a day.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY.

We are to-day, and have been for years, the largest carpet establishment in New England.

What does that mean to YOU—the customer?

It means that we give you your choice from the largest *assortment*, including a great array of private patterns, exclusively our own, and to be obtained nowhere else.

It means the *lowest* possible *price* and the *highest* possible *quality*.

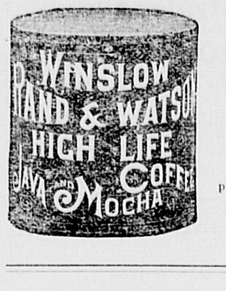
It means that a big, strong, reliable firm stands behind every transaction—a firm, too, which has become big and strong because of years of square dealing with people just like YOU.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.



Winslow, Rand & Watson
High Life Coffee
This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2-lb. TIN CANS; and
NECTAR JAVA COFFEE
packed in 3-lb. Square Tins, are the finest Coffee on the market.
For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

REMOVAL!
Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS,
Music Rooms,
No. 2 Bennett Street,
Class or Private Lessons.
Courses include Harmony and Musical Form.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION,
MONDAY, Oct. 4, 1897.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 27, to Oct. 4.

Miss Bancroft respectfully calls public attention to the advantages of her method for developing piano technique. Under this system of muscular training greater speed, more strength and better general technical developement are *guarenteed*, in much less time than can be obtained from other methods.

Children progress rapidly with less practice. Advanced pupils are enabled to play with greater brilliancy and style, overcoming technical difficulties with ease and grace. This method does not tend to *undo* work acomplished through other methods, but is rather, a benefit to pupils taught under any system. Address

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than any other proprietary medicine. This is because it possesses greater medicinal merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that

Tells the Story.

All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy Hood's Sarsaparilla almost to the exclusion of all others.

Customers Want Hood's.

"We order Hood's Sarsaparilla in large quantities and it is the only blood purifier which a druggist can buy in large quantities without risk. It is selling very rapidly and customers who buy it once are sure to call for Hood's the next time. We believe Hood's Sarsaparilla must possess true merit in order to retain its popularity. Its sales exceed all similar preparations and its praises are often heard." L. SOMMER & SON, Springfield, Illinois.

Thousands of druggists say the same.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

— Mr. C. A. White of 18 Central st., this city, is canvassing for subscriptions to a new and very valuable work called "The Encyclopedia Dictionary," published New England Newspaper Syndicate, and is meeting with excellent success. We would say to the public who may not know him, that Mr. White is a perfectly reliable gentleman and will carry out in letter and spirit every bargain made with subscribers. The work is in 12 large, handsome volumes; it is an Encyclopedia, Dictionary, Gazetteer and Atlas combined; and for all practical purposes a whole library of itself. There are 100 colored illustrations and many up to date maps. It contains an immense fund of history, biography, geography, art, science, and exhaustive papers on every live subject of the day, making its place in the library indispensible. Mr. White ought to secure many subscribers in Woburn.

— The centennial celebration of the founding of a postoffice in Woburn held at the postoffice last Saturday with Mr. Hagerty, P. M., general manager, was a great success. The exhibition was unique and interesting. During the day and evening hundreds of people stopped to view the old time articles displayed in the large windows of the office by whom all kinds of remarks were made. There were portraits of the 11 incumbents of the office since Oct. 3, 1797; the old letter boxes with the names of many of the occupants; commissions; ancient letters, a large collection of Civil War stamps; and many other articles, all strange to modern eyes and curious as souvenirs of former days in the postal line. The collections occupied both of the Pleasant street windows and were surrounded and decorated in the best of taste with American Flags and other adornments. The idea of the celebration was a good one, and it was admirably carried out.

— The Woburn Electric Light and Power Company are making arrangements furnish their plant with an entire new outfit with all modern improvements, which has become a prime necessity if the Company expect to do business. The plant has been in a miserable condition for years, a constant source of trouble and vexation to its patrons, and the new outfit will not get along a minute too soon. The management of the valuable property has fallen into better and more honest hands, and we opine that when the contemplated outfit is put in, which, we hear, will be very soon, customers will have no farther cause for complaint. The company furnish public and private lighting for Woburn, Winchester, and, we believe, Stoneham; several of the street railways with electricity; numerous manufactories in all three of the towns with power; and this business, which is now large, can be greatly extended and increased when the contemplated improvements are made. To do a large and lucrative business the plant of this Company is unexcelled.

— Mr. Robert B. Eaton and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary E. Eaton, of No. 687 Main st., started last Tuesday for Webster county, Nebraska, for a visit of 5 or 6 weeks. Their route was by the way of Chicago and Omaha. Mr. Eaton is quite a landed proprietor in that State, having been for several years the owner of several farms in its best agricultural section, and it is partly to look after them that he makes his present trip. Like all other Western States Nebraska has been under the weather for some time, but a better day has dawned on her, and this year, in the way of big crops, she carries the banner, thanks to the success of the Republicans, the Dingley tariff, and the consequent advent of more prosperous times. Mr. Eaton, one of Woburn's best and most highly esteemed citizens, will be, we are glad to know, largely benefitted by the favorable turn of affairs in Nebraska. We trust he and Mrs. Eaton will have a safe and pleasant visit to the West.

Change of Route.

It is reported that the street railway management is seriously considering the project of running a new line from Perry's Corner Wilmington, to Woburn. In this case that portion of the Reading and Lowell track between Perry's Corner and Reading would be discontinued. Col. Woodward has been approached on the subject and does not deny that such a move is under consideration. Woburn people are very anxious to see this done as it would divert travel from from Lowell, Billerica and Wilmington to Woburn. The patronage of the Reading and Lowell road, except on pleasant days in the summer, is understood to be rather light, and if the change is made the Company could probably count on an increase in traffic between Woburn and Lowell. The change in track location would make the route between Wakefield and Reading and Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell somewhat roundabout, but the line would probably be a more profitable one for the company.—*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

The Woburn JOURNAL has been instant in season and out of season in its advocacy of an electric road from North Woburn to Wilmington and it is gratified to discover that Col. Woodward and his Company have at least adopted its view of the case. Reading and Wilmington have no mutual interests on which an electric line could rely for patronage to a supporting extent, while Woburn and Wilmington have always been on close business and social terms and both sorely need the building of the gap as prosposed by Col. Woodward to weld the interests growing out of such relations permanently and advantageously.

The filling in of the gap would prove highly beneficial not only to Woburn and Wilmington but it would make the line between North Woburn and Medford the best paying one of any that centres in this city, more particularly as it would give a straight direct electric route between Woburn and Lowell, which Col. Woodward cannot but see is a desideratum.

Evening School.

The Evening School in this city, of several years standing, has, from the benefits that have been derived from it, established its right not only to exist but to the favor and liberal support of the school authorities and the public.

If the city were compelled to give up either the High School or the Evening School we should say retain the latter and let the former slide.

The Evening School will open next Monday evening under promising auspices. At the meeting held last week by the School Board it was voted that it be opened on Oct. 11; that sessions be held Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday from 7.15 to 9.15, and that those pupils whose attendance in previous years was less than 10 evenings shall be required to deposit $1 as guarantee for their constant and punctual attendance; that if any pupil is absent four consecutive evenings the name shall be stricken from the roll and he shall not be readmitted to the School unless there is furnished a reason for such absence satisfactory to the Principal and Superintendent. The following were elected as teachers: Edward H. Lounsbury, Principal; Miss Mary G. Kenney, Stenography and Typewriting; Miss Aileen C. Doyle and Miss Catherine M. McDonough, Common English branches. The Evening School Committee was given power to fix salaries and appoint additional teachers if they are needed.

Campaign News.

The State and local campaigns this fall give promise of interest hardly secondary to that of the Presidential contest of a year ago. All parties feel the importance of hard work, and will put forth strenuous exertion to gain ballots. The battle of silver and gold will be continued, involving the future of the Democratic Party. Local contests there are in abundance, too, the effects of which may not be very far-reaching, but yet possessing a peculiar and strong interest.

It is a question of importance to every person where may be had the best reports of political events and the progress of the campaigns. It is a question, however, that is easily settled, for the Boston *Journal* meets all requirements, however exacting. This is one of the departments of a newspaper in which the *Journal* has always excelled, and this year it is to be stronger than ever before. The work of one of the best cartoon artists in the country will daily add brightness to the news. The news reports will be impartial, fair, reliable and comprehensive, and no one, whether Republican, silver Democrat or gold Democrat, can afford to be without the *Journal* this fall.

DRESS GOODS
Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE
Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.
367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Fruit Jars
—AND—
Jelly Tumblers

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Bowling Teams.

The following gentlemen compose the 7 Bowling Teams of Towanda Club. The season will open this evening with games on the Club's alleys on Main street:

Team 1	Team 2	Team 3
Atwood	Dr. Caulfield	Hanson
Knowlton	Buxton	J F Richardson
Kimball	Marion	Nichols
Cramphorn	Curtis	Brigham
Fowle	Dr. Bartlett	Willoughby

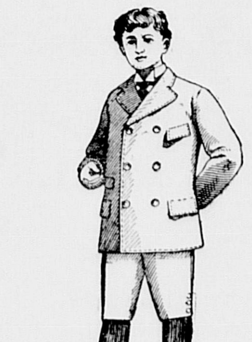
Team 4	Team 5	Team 6
Prior	Sawyer	Lord
Parker	Buchanan	Hovey
Smith	Buss	Stevenson
Murdock	Grant	Lowell
Martyn	Hinckley	Estabrook

Team 7
Young
Taylor
Converse
Trull
A L Richardson

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. THORNTON. This celebrated remedy is for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

The best way to silence gossip is to keep still yourself and not listen to anybody else.



K-orrect
N-obby
O-riginal
C-heap
K-omely
A-ttractive
B-est
O-nly
U-nparalelled
T-asty

The "KNOCKABOUT" Suits for Boys at

$5

is the bargain of the Century.

And "there are others" in the line of Boys' Suits $2 to $10.

Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters
Lyceum Building WOBURN

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

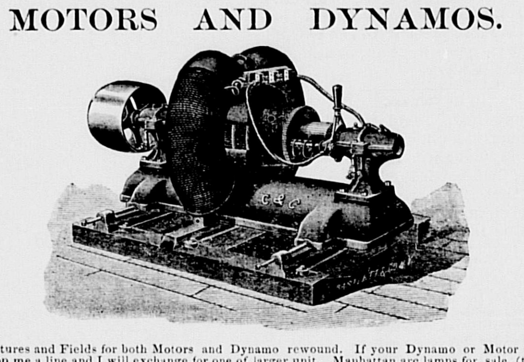
A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 4—3.

MOTORS AND DYNAMOS.



Armatures and Fields for both Motors and Dynamo rewound. If your Dynamo or Motor is too small, drop me a line and I will exchange for one of larger unit. Manhattan arc lamps for sale (to run on 110 Volt circuit); incandescent lamps with a guarenteed average life of 600 hours; write for prices. Isolated plants installed. I have as good an assortment of first class second hand apparatus as can be found: also can quote you prices on new machines which will insure a sale every time if you are really in the market.

GEO. A. BLAISDELL,
Electrical Engineer and Contractor,
15 Federal Street, Room 303, BOSTON, MASS
Repair Shop 27 Beach St. Long Distance Tel. 2318 "Boston."

FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

Don't Make a Mistake

Webster's old store, Oct. 1. There is where

GEO. T. CONNOR,

will be found.

Feeney—Flynn.

At St. Mary's church in Winchester, on Thursday morning, October 7, 1897, Mr. THOMAS J. FEENEY of No. 53 Warren street, Woburn, and Miss MARGARET J. FLYNN of No. 33 Swanton street, Winchester, were united in marriage by Rev. Henry J. Madden, Rector of St. Mary's, in due and regular form.

John P. Feeney, Esq., Mayor of Woburn, a brother of the Groom, officiated as Groomsman; and Miss Josephine Bowler was the Bride's Maid of Honor.

The ceremonies were witnessed by a large number of the families and friends of the bride and groom from Woburn, Winchester, Boston and other places.

At the close of the services at the church the bridal party and friends repaired to the home of the bride where an elegant wedding breakfast was served and greatly enjoyed. The rooms were prettily decorated, the beauty of them being heightened by the holiday raiment in which the guests were garbed. There were many warm congratulations, good wishes, and rice a plenty when the newly wedded pair, immediately after the breakfast, set out on their wedding trip.

It was announced that the bridal tour would include a survey of the Berkshire Hills, a visit at Albany, N. Y., a sail down the Hudson (the Rhine of America), and a tarry of several days in New York City, the whole to cover about a fortnight.

The bride and groom were the grateful recipients of more costly, beautiful and useful wedding presents than we have space to enumerate. Tables were covered with solid silver articles, fine chinaware, elegant cutlery, and household utensils. Mayor Feeney presented the groom with a very handsome sideboard; there were many choice pictures, pieces of statuary, and books. Among the rich and valuable presents those most highly prized came from Hon. Rufus R. Wade, Chief of the Massachusetts District Police, and a few of his subordinates and consisted of a costly silver mounted carving set, a case of solid silver teaspoons, and some large beautifully wrought solid silver spoons. Chief Wade, who is a warm friend of Mr. Feeney, is a generous hearted gentleman and never halts for expense when friendship is in the balance. His was a gift that will be highly prized. The tables at the bride's home were laden equally heavy with beautiful tokens of love and esteem from her large circle of friends.

At the close of the wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Feeney will settle down in their future home, the new residence lately built on Warren street by Mr. F.

The JOURNAL tenders its congratulations.

We make 400,000,000 tin cans a year.

Preston—Brown.

The marriage of Mr. ELWYN GREELEY PRESTON and Miss EMILY HUNTER BROWN, both of Woburn, was solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown, No. 1 Lexington street in this city by Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritas of the First Congregational church of Woburn, at 5.30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, October 6, 1897.

The wedding was private, only the families and a few chosen friends of the bride and groom being present to witness the ceremonies and congratulate the couple on their happy choice of partners.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown's handsomely furnished parlors were modestly but tastily ornamented in flowers and leaves for the occasion, but there was no attempt at show or ostentation.

A lunch followed the wedding ceremonies, and when that was finished Mr. and Mrs. Preston took a carriage for the railroad station when they set out on a bridal tour bearing with them the best wishes of their friends and families.

Mr. Preston, as is well known, is a gentleman of eminent social standing in Woburn. He has many friends not only here but in Boston where he fills the important position of Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, the leading business association of the city, and enjoys its confidence and respect in a marked degree.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown, a prominent and influential family of this city, and a young lady of rare qualities. She is a graduate of Wellesley College, Class 1896, talented and highly accomplished, and has always enjoyed the love and esteem of a large circle of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston will make their home at No. 40 Warren street, this city, until recently the residence of Mr. Charles G. Lund and family. They will be "At Home" on Tuesdays after December first next.

They will please accept the benedictions of the JOURNAL.

The Ideal Panacea.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgus, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a Minister of the Methopist Episcopal Church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this Ideal Cough Remedy now. Trial Bottles Free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

WORTH COMING MILES FOR!

— OUR —

Ideal Hair Tonic.

It promotes growth, cleanses the scalp thoroughly and cures dandruff. Try a bottle. It only cost $1.00. Once tried is always used.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

An Elephant.

Last Tuesday morning Mr. Waterman Brown, the venerable gateman at the Church Avenue Railroad Crossing, now almost 80 years old, famous as the historian of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and also as a local chronicler, received a small box, neatly sealed with red wax and tied in ribbons, and on opening it found to his intense surprise a solid silver elephant mounted on a silver crescent, and arranged with a pin to fasten it to the lappel of his waistcoat—he never wears an outside coat. In the box was also a note, of which the following is a copy. No name was signed to it, but it was unmistakably written by a woman:

"Boston, Oct. 4, 1897.

Mr. Waterman Brown: Dear Sir. Knowing your fondness for the Elephant, and having seen you wear a scarfpin with the above named animal engraved upon it, I thought the enclosed pin might please you, as the miniature Elephant seems to be a very good model of the mighty animal. Hoping to see you wearing the pin if I should visit your city again,

I am most Truly a
Friend of the Elephant
and Mr. Waterman Brown."

Mr. Brown was of course greatly delighted over the receipt of the beautiful and appropriate present, but puzzled beyond measure over the question of who the fair giver could possibly be. It evidently came from a lady and a large hearted one, at that.

The Source of Tragedy.

Every modern student of sociology agrees that the most potent and universal source of crime is indulgence in the use of intoxicants. The habit brings sorrow and distress to families, induces insanity and fills the columns of the newspaper press with the horrible details of murder and suicide, the victims and the perpetrators all too frequently being members of the same household, who would be bound together by the ties of love and kinship but for the rum blight, which withers the moral sense and brings the frenzy of hote and hasty homicide. Now, dear friends, are you doing right in not trying to influence some of your friends or neighbors to be cured of this terrible curse—the craving for liquor? Many are telling the wonderful story of rescue, and how they have been restored to their normal condition of body and mind from the curse of the liquor and morphine habits, while under Dr. Springer's Gold Cure treatment. Call on or address, Bay State Sanitarium Co., 404 Main st., Woburn, Mass.

The Food Fair.

The third triennial Boston Food Fair opened last Monday at Mechanics Building with tremendous eclat, and never was better weather vouchsafed for such a grand occasion. The formal ceremonies were preceded by a parade through the streets of Boston of 1000 Grocers, all in gay holiday trim, led by a squad of Boston's "finest," and cheered with splendid martial music.

Governor Wolcott and other distinguished gentlemen made opening addresses, and the sweetest music ever heard in Boston filled every nook and corner of the mammouth Mechanics Building from pit to dome. It was a great day for the grocers of Boston and all New England.

The Fair itself is simply indiscribable. It is by all odds the largest and best ever given by the Grocers Association, and one ought not to think of taking less than several days to see it. In variety of exhibits it is phenominal, almost exhaustless. The industries going on are numerous and novel. Polite people stand ready all the time to show and explain everything to visitors. The great Halls are beautifully decorated throughout.

Then the concerts! They are given by the best bands in the country, and are worth much more than the admission fee to the Fair.

Those who believe chronic diarrhœa to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz.: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhœa ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that effected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhœa. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Mountain Climb of Life." Sunday School at 12 M.

ST. JOHN'S BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Walter Gay. Christian Endeavor at 6 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Friday evening, Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Norman N. Bishop acting pastor at North Easton. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7.30. Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. 2nd Peoples' Sunday evening at 7 P. M. Thursday, Junior Endeavor at 4.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "The Silvery Age." Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. Public Service at 7 P. M. Subject: "Why be a Christian?" Tuesday, Class Meeting. Thursday, Lecture on Rome. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—17th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
The Rev. Arthur Peaslee of Cambridge will celebrate Holy Communion.
Music by the Vested Choir.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 6, by Rev. Daniel March, Elwyn G. Preston and Emily H. Brown, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 28, by Rev. James Gilday, Daniel Reddy and Abbie O'Toole, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 30, by Rev. James Gilday, Thomas R. Kean of Keene, N. H., and Margaret A. Keating of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 6, by Rev. James Doherty, Joseph T. Whelan, of Winchester, and Mary E. Kelley of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 29, Annie M. Corrigan, aged 30 years.

In this city, Oct. 1, David S., son of Charles and Adeline Smith, aged 3 years, 6 months, 22 days.

In this city, Oct. 1, Rufus Poole, aged 92 years, 6 month, 21 days.

In this city, Oct. 1, Granville Parks, aged 57 years, 7 months.

In this city, Oct. 2, Edith J., daughter of Daniel and Jane Waters, aged 9 years, 1 month, 5 days.

In this city, Oct. 5, Susan A., wife of John Robbins, aged 78 years, 6 months, 5 days.

Old Peoples' Day.

We do not know whether the practice of setting apart one Sunday in the year for the especial purpose of imparting spiritual light and consolation to men and women who have reached or passed three score years and ten of life here below is peculiar to the First Congregational church of Woburn or not. Probably not. We suppose it has the sanction of everybody, else the custom would not be kept up and in a flourishing condition.

This year October 3 was chosen as the Sunday on which the "Old People" should be arranged in the front pews of the church to be preached and sung and played on stringed and wind instruments to, and the whole performance was highly edifying and a gratifying success.

The weather was just right to enable the "Old People" to appear out in force without danger to their best clothes, which went to show that the good Lord had them in special charge, which was really the meat of Rev. Dr. March's sermon.

Autumn leaves with a few bouquets of flowers set the church off in fine style. It has seldom looked more inviting.

Rev. Dr. March, himself an octogenarian, preached an admirable sermon. He always does that. But he is an ardent lover of the "Old Peoples Day" and services, and takes great pleasure in performing his part in them. The sermon was comforting to those for whom it was prepared. He showed that old age is not by any means the worst of the ills that mortal flesh is heir to. Nothing is more beautiful than the sight of a person growing old (we mean, to advanced age) gracefully. Age has its compensations. Rightly viewed and properly considered, it is the glory of life. Mellowed by sunshine and rounded by the frictions experienced, with the heart and eye fixed on something better beyond, love for all mankind, and faith in the future, the mind under such circumstances views the swiftly passing years with pleasure rather than with dread and gloom.

It was indeed a sermon for the day and occasion; it was a good thing to hear it. The Doctor put his thoughts into a hymn too; it was a poetical condensation of the sermon, called "Even to Old Age;" Is. 46: 4, and beautifully sung to the good old tune of "Duke Street."

O not alone in life's green spring
Is heaven around us bright and clear,
And hovering angels on the wing
To guide and guard when danger's near.

And not alone in manhood's prime
Is strength from God most freely given
To bear the ills and shocks of time,
And onward press in peace to heaven.

When age comes on with weight of years,
The pilgrim band is gently led;
New hopes arise to calm all fears,
And glory crowns the hoary head.

The Shepherd leads his ransomed flock,
He bears the feeblest in his arm;
By living springs and shadowing rock
They rest in peace and fear no harm.

The pastor, Dr. Scudder, participated in the exercises in his usual whole hearted, earnest and acceptable manner. Organist Daniel N. Hood was at his best, and the stated Quartet sang charmingly.

The Order of Exercises consisted of: Prelude, "Meditations"; Doxology, "Praise God," etc.; Lord's Prayer; Choir Anthem; Call to Worship; Hymn, "Auld Lang Syne"; Scripture Reading; Bass Solo, "Abide with me"; Pastoral Prayer; Response; Offertory, "Ave Maria"; Original Hymn by Daniel March, D. D., "Even to Old Age"; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. March; Choir, "Rock of ages," etc.; Prayer; Hymn; Postlude; Benediction.

The music by the Orchestra was a crowning feature of the celebration. It was simply delightful. It consisted of: E. A. Lewis, Conductor; Ch. Keach, H. Beyer, T. O'Brien, Iver Poulson, Violins; William W. Crosby, Louis H. Dow, Cornets; J. C. Bond, Jonn Poulson, Celli; John Cole Andrews, Clarionet; S. F. Hartshorn, Flute; James M. Kimball, Saxaphone; Arthur McQuestin, Trombone; Leonard B. Buchanan, Bass.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison of Worthington, Ind., "Sun," writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for Constipation and Sick Headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2025 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her, and felt tirad and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her her health and renewed her strength. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Get a bottle at Gordon Parker's.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

The next attraction at the Columbia will be the powerful English domestic drama, "Shall We Forgive Her," which comes here from its successful run at the Fourteenth St. Theatre, New York, next week. The play is by Frank Harvey, the English author, and it comes to this country with the prestige of a successful career of two years at the Adelphi Theatre, London, where "Secret Service" was recently played, and later in all the large cities of England, Ireland and Scotland, where it is still being played with great success. The American production is made by Manager Jacob Litt, and a very elaborate scenic investiture is promised. The piece has created a very favorable impression in New York and could have remained at the Fourteenth St. Theatre indefinitely, but the time could not be extended owing to previous bookings arranged for by both theatre and attraction. The leading role will be assumed by that talented emotional actress, Miss Marie Wainwright, and the cast will be one of the strongest ever seen in a popular price theatre.

North Woburn.

Miss Harriet McKinstry has been at the White Mountains the past two weeks.

Mr. Arthur Tidd visited his mother this week. Mr. Hartford Beaumont was his guest.

Mr. Granville Parks, who recently went South on account of poor health, died on Friday.

Mr. Louis Linscott and Mr. Karl Parks will reside in Boston this winter. On Marlborough street, too!

Mr. Frank Clarke and wife will conduct the exhibit of the Whitman Grocery Co. at the Boston Food Fair this month.

Dr. H. M. Bradley, resident physician Riverside Hospital, New York City, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Babcock this week.

The morning service at North Congregational church was devoted to the old folks. A very fitting and pleasing discourse was given by Mr. Tilton.

Judging from the display of plants in the windows of the Rumford Schoolhouse, the minds of the younger mortals are not the only things cultivated there.

The Ladies Society of the North Congregational church hold a social Friday evening Oct. 8. The entertainment will be chiffy musical. A small admission fee will be charged.

It is reported that the janitor of the Rumford Schoolhouse had quite a hair raise Monday. When he entered the building in the morning he found evidence of somebody's being there before him. Matches were strewn about, teachers desks rifled, and other small articles missing.

The third annual Road Race of the Rumford Cycle Club was held on Saturday, October 2. The course was ten miles over the same road as last year. The first three men who finished were disqualified for "culling." This brought McNear of Winchester to first place. J. Young and Buckman of Woburn finished well.

Mr. Rufus Poole, who died in this village last week, was the oldest person in Woburn and one of the best known. He had always lived here in the enjoyment of a large circle of friends and the love of a numerous family. No man in this section was more highly respected. His integrity was never questioned. His uprightness of character was worthy of emulation by all. His were not "fairweather friends," but honest and enduring. His funeral was largely attended, and many a tear fell on his bier as he was laid away.

Ministers, Public Speakers, Singers, and every one using their voice will find Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam an indispensable preventive. It immediately stops that dry, husky feeling and cures every form of cough or cold. 10c. and 35c.

Burlington.

Mr. H. S. Marion and Mr. George Gilman returned on Tuesday from a trip to the White Mountains.

Mrs. Duroy S. Foster and family have moved into the house formerly owned by the Bennett family at the centre.

Rev. and Mrs. Alex. McDonald and son, who have been visiting Mrs. McDonald's father, Mr. T. I. Reed, returned to their home in Waterford, Maine, on Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Walker and daughter returned from Hillsboro, N. H. on Monday, having been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Himan Brockway during the past two weeks.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisement of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent Cough Remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form.—*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

You can't eat your cake and have your cake, but the way for the business man to have money is to spend money liberally in advertising.

David Martin, of Philadelphia, was appointed Secretary of State of Pennsylvania by Governor Hastings.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

Returning Klondike explorers say that prices for food there are almost prohibitive.

A man is seldom made happy by the receipt of a tax-bill; and yet it reminds him how much property he has.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Speak kindly to the red-headed man. It's safer.

CITY OF WOBURN.

LEXINGTON, MASS, Oct. 1, 1897.

To the Honorable the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:

We, the undersigned, being a majority of the Directors of the Lexington Street Railway Company, an association formed under Chapter 113 of the Public Statutes for the purpose of constructing and operating a street railway, hereby respectfully petition for a location of the tracks of said railway in the City of Woburn, with the necessary turnouts, curves, switches, and sidings, together with the right to make such surface and underground alterations of the streets and highways of said city and to erect and maintain such poles, structures and wires therein as may be necessary for the operation of the cars of said Company by electricity as a motive power, through the following streets of said city, namely:—

Commencing on Lexington street at the boundary line between Lexington and Woburn; thence through Lexington street to Cambridge street; thence through Cambridge street to Bedford street; thence through Bedford street to Burlington street; thence through Burlington street to Pleasant street; thence through Pleasant street to a point on said street near to and westerly of the station or depot of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

Also, from Pleasant street, at its junction with North Warren street, through North Warren street to Harrison Avenue; thence through Harrison Avenue to Winn street; and thence through Winn street to its junction with Main street.

ALFRED PIERCE,
LEONARD A. SAVILLE,
WALTER H. PEIRCE,
O. M. GOVE,
CHARLES CUMMINGS,
ROBERT B. TABER,
A majority of the Directors.

City of Woburn—In Board of Aldermen, Oct. 7, 1897. Upon the foregoing petition, It is hereby ordered, that fourteen day's notice be given by the petitioners to all parties interested, that this Board will on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of October, 1897, at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition, when any parties who object thereto, may appear and be heard. Said notice to be given by publication, at expense of petitioners, of a copy of said petition, and this order thereon, in the Woburn *News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

Passed. JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.
A true copy. Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, October 7, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1893, Chapter 417, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday, the second day of November, A. D., 1897,

in the following places, namely:
Ward One,—Dow's Block, 312 Main Street.
Ward Two,—Fifield Hall, Fowle Street.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The Polls will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon**, and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Councillor, Secretary, Treasurer and Receiver-General, Auditor, Attorney-General, Senator, and Two Representatives to the General Court, County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, Southern District.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and Aldermen.
ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael H. Graham of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Edward W. Hudson, dated January 1, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2254, Page 219, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on **Monday, the first day of November, 1897**, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle street about seventy and one-half feet; southwesterly by land of Albert A. Ferrin about sixty-six feet; northwesterly by land now or formerly of Theophilus King about seventy and one-half feet; northeasterly by land of Thomas Salmon about sixty-four feet.

The sale will be made subject to taxes for the years 1896 and 1897.

Two hundred dollars will be required of purchaser at the sale.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, October 6, 1897.

Woburn Star Course

10 Entertainments for $1.00.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, October 11.

The famous and well-known Euterpe, Mandolin, Banjo and Harp Club. Also, introducing 100 Swiss Bells. They will be assisted by

HOYT L. CONARY,
The popular and up to date HUMORIST.

Evening Tickets, 25c.
Resesved " 35c.
Doors open at 7. Concert at 8.

Mrs. J. H. PARKER
— WILL —
Resume Business
OCTOBER 4, 1897.

Miss Florence S. Porter,
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.
92 Pleasant Street,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

ARTISTIC
Dressmaking!
Ladies will do well to consult
Mrs. M. CARTER
No. 6 Bennett St.
concerning their Fall and Winter Dresses

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

NOTICE!
Skirts Cut and Made

Worn and ones renovated, sleeves remodled. All kinds of sewing. Prices reasonable.
Also, Tenement To Let.
Mrs. L. A. GRAMMER
148 Salem St.
Electric cars pass the door.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
A. T. YOUNG.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

To Rent.

A House with two separate tenements to let to desirable families at 12 Lawrence street, Woburn. References required.
Keys may be found next door.
Address Miss L. A. GOULD, 39 North Bennett street, Boston; or MRS. W. P. SARGENT, 83 Cedar Park, Melrose, Mass.

To Let.

Large Sunny Furnished Room
On Pleasant street, To Let at a reasonable rent.
Apply at JOURNAL OFFICE.

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

Steam Boiler and Engine For Sale

Call and examine them at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

LOST!

A PURSE containing a small amount of money, on Thursday evening, Sept. 23, somewhere between Charles street and Abbott street, this city. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at
No. 13 Abbott St., Woburn.

NOTICE.

Sarah A. Edgecomb having left my bed and board without my consent, I hereby notify all persons that from and after this date I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract, or pay any bills that may be due.
CHARLES W. EDGECOMB.
Woburn, Sept. 23, 1897.

LOST!

Sunday the 19th, Hand-bag, containing Ladies' Watch and Pocketbook. If returned to Central House liberal reward will be paid.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Free Evening School.

The School will open on
MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1897,
IN THE
HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, MAIN STREET,
And will be in session on
MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY of each week, from
7.15 to 9.15 P. M.

Instruction will be given in reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, free-hand and mechanical drawing, stenography, and typewriting.

All persons desiring to attend this school are requested to hand their names to the Superintendent of Schools on or before October 9.

The superintendent will receive applications at his office each school day from 7 to 8 P. M.

Act of 1887, Chapter 433.

An Act relating to the employment of Minors who cannot read or write in the English language.

SECTION 2. Every person who regularly employs or permits to be employed, a minor fourteen years of age or over, who cannot read and write in the English language, provided such minor has been, since reaching the age of fourteen, for one year continuously, a resident of the city or town of this Commonwealth, wherein public evening schools are maintained, and is not a regular attendant of a day or evening school, shall, for every offense, forfeit not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars, for the use of the evening schools of such city or town.

Per order of the Committee.
THOMAS EMERSON, Secretary.
Woburn, September 29, 1897.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE
Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with provisions of Chap. 271, Acts of 1894, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the STATE ELECTION, on the

Evenings of Oct. 8, 9, 11 and 12, at 7 o'clock;

And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on October 13.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of October 13.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1895, Chap. 61, Sect. 1.—Every male applicant for registration shall present a certificate from the assessors, or a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, showing that he has been assessed for a poll tax as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, and the same shall be received by a registrar as prima facie evidence of such residence.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.
Woburn, Sept. 14, 1897.

STAR Lecture Course!

POPULAR,
INSTRUCTIVE,
ENTERTAINING.

The managers of the Star Lecture Course take pleasure in offering the people of Woburn six magnificently Illustrated Lectures showing the world's masterpieces in Art and Architecture; its historic Monuments; sublimest scenery of lakes, mountains and waterfalls; its varied national costumes, peoles, etc., covering the widest range of material, and filled with thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of fifty cents a ticket for the entire course of six lectures. They will be given in the

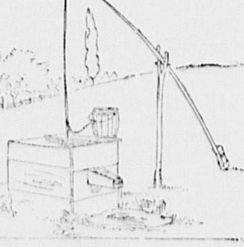
Methodist Episcopal Church,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

and will include the following topics, viz:
Thursday, Oct. 14. Rome, the Eternal City.
Thursday, Oct. 21. Egypt, the Land of the Pharaohs.
Thursday, Oct. 28. Constantinople, the Queen City of the East.
Thursday, Nov. 4. Life Among the Alps.
Thursday, Nov. 11. Paris the Magnificent.
Thursday, Nov. 18. Ben Hur, with Quartet Selections.

Course Tickets will be on sale at Copeland & Bowser's, Legg's Photograghic Parlor, Call's Printing office.

These lectures are to be delivered in the Methodist church by Rev. I. H. Packard, who has had large experience and great success as a lecturer, has visited and thoroughly studied the places and objects described and selected the pictures in the localities to which they pertain.

From Geo. D. Lindsay, D. D. President and Superintendant of Instruction: The chief attraction of some illustrated lectures consists in the pictures thrown upon the screen, but Mr. Packard's words are as vivid as his pictures; and while the latter are clear and beautiful, the lecture without them is a masterpiece of descriptive eloquence.



OUR STOCK IS WELL UP

And overflowing with good things. It will please and satisfy the most skeptical. Come and see

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street, - - WOBURN

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week. Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

FOR SALE
— OR —
TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

INVESTMENT.

Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE,
415 Main Street

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.
ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

C. C. STONE & Co.

Meats and Vegetables.
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When a young couple runs away to get married half the world says: "How Romantic!" the other half says: "How silly!" But you can't tell either way until the "honey-moon" is over. When this young couple get settled down to the regular hum-drum of life, they'll manage all right and find solid happiness in any case, if they have good hearts and sound health. All depends on that.

It's wonderful how much health has to do with married happiness. Sickness affects the temper. You can't be happy nor make others happy if you're ailing. When you find yourself irritable, easily worried, beginning to "run-down" it's because your blood is getting poor. You need richer blood and more of it. Your blood-making organs need to be vitalized by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It imparts new power to produce an abundance of the healthy, red corpuscles, and gives you a fresh supply of pure, rich blood. It's a blood-creator; it is for everyone whose blood is impure or in a poor, "run-down" condition. It prevents the germs of disease from getting a hold on your system. Even after disease is settled on you, it is driven out by the blood-creating properties of the "Discovery." It is a perfect cure for general and nervous debility, catarrh, malaria, eczema, erysipelas, scrofula and every form of blood-disease. It isn't called a consumption-cure but even consumption,—which has its roots in the blood—is driven out by the "Golden Medical Discovery" if taken in time. The "Discovery" is the prescription of one of the most eminent physicians and medical writers in this country.

IRISH IVY.

Ivy of Ireland in my garden grows
Beside the foxglove that the wild bee knows,
More dear to me than lavender or rose.

Gray moths about me flit, and gold wasps hum.
The bees salute it softly as they come.
The east wind loiters by it and is dumb

Or whispers very lightly of green rings,
The hollow raths, the fairy people springs
And buried days when Boholaun had wings

And rode amid the unforgotten Shee.
Or the west wind comes laughing from the sea
And tells the youngest leaves of days to be,

When Erin's grievous wound is healed and she
Shall lift her gracious head and, smiling, see
Her children coming crowned about her knee.

Ivy of Ireland, is the promise clear?
You climb toward the light 'twixt hope and fear,
But would to God the day we wait were here!

—From "Under Quicken Boughs," by Nora Hopper.

WITCH AND I.

Witch and I had a quarrel. Who is it that says that it takes two to make a quarrel? Whoever it is makes a mistake. It took only one to make our quarrel, and that was my precious Aunty Betsy Jane. Witch has a temper; so have I. She wasn't christened Witch. God fathers and mothers have much to answer for; still I never heard of their giving Witch as a baptismal name to a Christian child. No, her name is Julia Felicia, which is simply absurd. Fancy a little, dark eyed, bewitching five feet nothing having a name like that!

My name is John, and John I'm always called. Had I been christened Robert or Thomas I should have been called by either of those plain, sensible names. There is nothing for the imagination to catch hold of in my face or figure. I'm not 6 feet in my stockings. I'm only 5 feet 10. I haven't "crisp golden hair" and a "tawny beard." No, my eyes, hair and beard are brown, and for the rest I have nondescript features and good teeth. Moreover, as I said before, I have a temper, a vile one, and in all things, apart from my profession, am a born fool.

It was over a game of tennis that Aunt Betsy Jane made us quarrel. Witch didn't play up, and I "slated" her. I've "slated" Witch ever since I've known her, and I've known her since she was 10, so she ought to have got used to it. For the matter of that, she wouldn't have bothered her head about it if it hadn't been for my beloved aunt. Witch slates me ferociously sometimes, but it never makes any difference.

Well, it was at one of Mrs. Dougal's "at homes" that the row began. Witch, Miss White, Dougal and I were playing tennis. Dougal and Miss White were against us. As a rule, Witch licks the other girl into fits, but on this occasion, for some reason or the other, she missed nearly every ball. I was annoyed, and I expressed myself perhaps a little more strongly than I ought to have done, but I'm sure I said nothing one whit stronger than I've said scores of times without any offense being taken. Be that as it may, Witch refused to play any more and sat down by Aunt Betsy Jane.

I am a doctor, and soon after that some one called me away. It was a bad case, and I didn't get home till midnight. In the dining room some cold meat and beer were waiting for me; so was a note from Witch. I ate a mouthful and drank a glass of beer. Then I opened the note. For a moment I felt as if I had a knife in my heart. It was such a cruel stab. Witch—my little Witch—would have nothing more to do with me. My conduct at Mrs. Dougal's had proved to her that she no longer possessed my respect, and without respect love was not likely to last long, etc. She ended by saying that she would have returned my ring, but could not remove it from her finger, but that she would get the jeweler to cut it off tomorrow. I smiled a grim smile at the last sentence. I had no intention of allowing that ring to be cut off.

The lovely effusion puzzled me altogether. It wasn't in Witch's usual style. Naturally a note of that kind coming from her would have run in this way: "John, I hate and detest you and hope you'll keep out of my sight forever," or something like it. Well, I went to bed. I was such an ass that I never slept a wink all night. But I made up my mind what I would do. I got up early and made a good breakfast. Then I went into the surgery, saw my assistant, talked over the cases and told him I should be away all day. After that I went to town, straight to Witch's father's office. He hadn't arrived, but his people knew me and showed me into his private room. He and I are great friends—always have been. So it was quite natural for me to go to him for advice, or rather to talk over things. When he came in, he seemed rather surprised at seeing me, but after we had shaken hands he looked over his letters, gave some directions to his clerk, and then, turning to me, said, "Now, John!"

"Can you spare me half an hour, sir?"

"As far as I know. Go ahead."

"Well, I'm making £500 a year and my practice is increasing."

"That's good."

"Don't you think Witch and I might marry on that?"

"Certainly."

"You have no objection to our marrying next month, if she consents?"

"None. I have no wish that she should marry at all, but, if she must marry, I'd rather she married you than any one else."

"Thank you, sir, for saying that. Thank you very much!" said I gratefully, seizing his hand and wringing it hard.

"Just so," said he, removing it from my grasp and looking anxiously at it.

"But why this fervor?"

I put Witch's precious epistle in front of him. He read it twice through attentively, put it down and, looking calmly at me, said:

"Very interesting, but scarcely to be regarded as a prelude to very speedy matrimony, I should think."

"Ah, but it is, sir. A girl doesn't write a note like that and have done with it. No, she continues to write them. I shall probably get a similar note once a month now, and that will be very tiring. I give you my word that I did not sleep a wink all last night. The practice won't stand that sort of thing long, you know," said I earnestly.

"You seem to have an accurate knowledge of women and their ways," he remarked dryly.

I allowed that speech to pass without comment. Comment seemed superfluous.

"If I might ask, I should like to know whom you consider in fault in this little misunderstanding?" he asked.

"I am, sir. It stands to reason. I should not be so anxious if she were in fault." And then I explained the whole matter, finishing up with, "I can't remember exactly what I called her; but, whatever it was, I didn't mean it."

"I am not able to refresh your memory as to what you said on that occasion, but I can tell you what I have heard you call her myself," said Mr. Druitt quietly, and then he told me.

His tone was a revelation to me. Not that I'd call Witch anything worse than "little fool," but I realized what it must have sounded like to the hearers and to him, her father. I don't know how I looked, but I felt mean, cheap, worthless—utterly so. I began to stumble out apologies. He waved his hand.

"All right," he said, "but you see your language is at times forcible."

He is a wise man, so he said no more. He showed his wisdom therein, for I went at once to see Witch in a very contrite frame of mind. I was ready to make a mat of myself and let my darling trample on me if it should so please her, or to do any other extravagant thing, such was the depth of my humility. Still, as I journeyed Putneyward I pondered as to who could have stirred up the strife between us. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that Witch had seated herself beside Aunt Betsy Jane and that Aunt Betsy Jane was her godmother, and therefore licensed to interfere. I am not going to explain how Aunt Betsy Jane came to be Witch's godmother. I am not a lady novelist, and therefore don't think it necessary to explain everything. It has nothing to do with this story. Besides I was only 6 years old when she was christened and wasn't consulted as to her sponsors. To be sure, it must have been Aunt Betsy Jane who suggested the letter.

When I arrived at the Cedars, it was about 12 o'clock. If all went well, peace would reign between Witch and myself in an hour, and, if so, I would take her off to Richmond, get a boat from Messum's, row up the river, come to anchor in a backwater I knew of between Richmond and Hampton and then make her name the day. But things didn't go well. They went exceedingly badly instead. When Amelia (Amelia is the Druitts' housemaid) opened the door and I inquired for Witch, she said gravely:

"Miss Druitt is not well, sir, but I'll tell her you're here."

Then she showed me into the dining room. This was ominous. In the Druitt's menage it is customary to see people who come on business—dressmakers, laundresses, servants seeking places—in the dining room before lunch. Amelia left me and went up stairs. I rapidly diagnosed the situation. I took out my pocketbook and wrote, "My darling, I shall wait in the old boat at the end of the lawn till you can see me," and then I signed it "John."

Amelia came back. "If you please, sir, Miss Druitt does not feel equal to seeing you today, but will write to you tonight."

"Exactly," said I quietly. "Can you give me an envelope? Thanks! Give that to Miss Druitt, please."

The maid left the room, and I went into the garden. At the bottom of the garden ran the river, and on the river, chained to a post, was an old boat. It was seldom used, as the spot was not picturesque, but it was secluded, hidden both from the house and from passing boats by thick, drooping willows. It was here that Witch and I had come to the conclusion that we could not live without each other. I sat down in the boat, feeling very wrathy with Witch and bitter against Aunt Betsy Jane. I would have given much to know if she was in the house at that moment. I thought out all I had heard of the days of her youth. I felt mean and spiteful. I bethought me of an old incident in her life wherein Aunt Betsy Jane had sailed very near the wind and had a narrow escape of social wreck. I ought to have forgotten it, but I am not heroic. Both morally and physically I am commonplace—that is to say, if I'm struck, I hit back, or try to. Would you believe it, I sat in that boat, except when I got up and stretched myself, till 8 o'clock? It was nearly dark, and when I heard the clock strike I swore to myself that if Witch did not appear before the chiming of the quarter I would row the old boat down to the bridge, give a boy sixpence to bring it back again, and—well, when Witch wanted me she might send for me. That was all.

It must have been very near the quarter when I saw stealing down the garden, her head and shoulders wrapped up in a white cloud, my Witch. A least I thought so at first, but I soon saw it wasn't. It was some one more kin and less kind. Nevertheless, as the form drew near, peering about in the dusk, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms and kissed her. She struggled, but I held her fast. She had no breath with which to utter a sound. She could only listen to my ardent—far more ardent than I ever bestowed on Witch—expressions of affection.

"My darling," I went on, "I know you would never have made such a little fool of yourself if it hadn't been for that malicious catamaran, Aunt Betsy Jane." The form within my arms struggled. I was holding her tightly, or my face might have suffered. "But I'll tell you a tale, dear, about her. I'm the only living soul that knows, now old nurse is dead." You couldn't hear the form breathe, so still was it. I went on: "Aunt Betsy Jane is 45 now"—the form wriggled. "About 25 years ago"—I could hear her heart beat. I relented. "No, Witch, I will not tell you that story. You have come to me, and I can afford to pity Aunt Betsy Jane. She was badly used when she was young, and she can't bear to see people happy now she is old."

The form muttered. I opened my arms. "Want to fetch something, dear? You shall; only come back at once, or I shall feel like telling that old tale about Aunt Betsy Jane."

She scuttled off to the house, and in a minute or two Witch came down the garden in a very dignified manner. I let her come right to the edge of the water and peer about. I knew she couldn't see me. Presently she said anxiously:

"John!" My heart jumped, but I didn't intend to give myself away, so I simply said, "Well!" But she didn't intend to give herself away either. She turned. Then I saw that I had my work cut out for me.

"Stay, Witch! I'm in the boat," I exclaimed in a tone of deepest entreaty as I scrambled on shore. She paused. I caught hold of her hand. "Witch," I cried reproachfully, "I've been waiting here for nearly eight hours, and I'm so faint I can hardly speak."

That fetched her. A woman will go cheerfully for hours without a crumb, do yards and yards of shopping on a halfpenny bun and think nothing of it, but let a man only say that he has missed his lunch, and she makes as much fuss over him as if he had suffered the martyrdom of St. Lawrence.

"You poor thing!" exclaimed my darling. "Come in at once and have something to eat."

"No, Witch," I said faintly, but firmly. "You must forgive me."

"Forgive you? Of course I forgive you. I didn't know you had been here all that time. Do come in at once, or you'll die, I know you will."

But I stuck to my guns, and I didn't go indoors until I had made Witch promise that we should be married that day month. Then I consented to go in and work a mighty havoc among the eatables.

Aunt Betsy Jane came to our wedding and made us a handsome present. Then she went to live with some friends in the north. I think the poor old soul had had some suspicion that I knew her story, and so tried to part me and Witch. She took my note from Amelia in the morning and kept it for that reason. My darling did not know I was in the boat until Aunt Betsy Jane came in from the garden and told her.

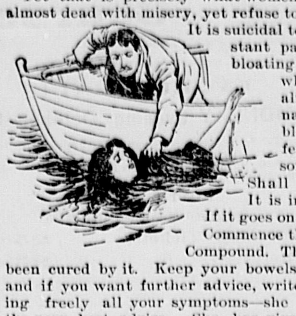
But I have never told my wife a word. It isn't wise to tell your wife all the little peccadillos of your friends and relatives.—Daughter.

NEGLECT IS SUICIDE.

Plain Words From Mrs. Pinkham, Corroborated by Mrs. Charles Dunmore, That Ought to Bring Suffering Women to Their Senses.

If you were drowning and friendly hands shoved a plank to you, and you refused it, you would be committing suicide!

Yet that is precisely what women are doing if they go about their homes almost dead with misery, yet refuse to grasp the kindly hand held out to them!



It is suicidal to go day after day with that dull, constant pain in the region of the womb and that bloating heat and tenderness of the abdomen, which make the weight of your clothes an almost intolerable burden to you. It is not natural to suffer so in merely emptying the bladder. Does not that special form of suffering tell you that there is inflammation somewhere?

Shall I tell you what it is?

It is inflammation of the womb!

If it goes on, polypus, or tumor, or cancer will set in. Commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of women in this condition have been cured by it. Keep your bowels open with Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and if you want further advice, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., stating freely all your symptoms—she stands ready and willing to give you the very best advice. She has given the helping hand to thousands suffering just like yourself, many of whom lived miles away from a physician. Her marvelous Vegetable Compound has cured many thousands of women. It can be found at any respectable drug store.

Mrs. Charles Dunmore, 102 Fremont St., Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., says: "I was in pain day and night; my doctor did not seem to help me. I could not seem to find any relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had inflammation of the womb, a bearing-down pain, and the whites very badly. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep at night. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for eight months, and am now all right. Before that I took morphine pills for my pain; that was a great mistake, for the relief was only momentary and the effect vile. I am so thankful to be relieved of my sufferings, for the pains I had were something terrible. I am, indeed, very grateful for the good Mrs. Pinkham's remedies have done me."

Chinese Figure Lanterns.

Chinese figure lanterns are easily made. The light in the lantern is a long and substantial candle, and the doors of the framework are filled with ground glass, oil paper, oil silk or other translucent material. Inside of the lantern and suspended over the flame as high up as possible is a little windmill at the end of whose arm are suspended many grotesque or pretty objects running all the way round the light.

These figures are cut from cardboard or are made of bamboo, silk, cotton and other materials. They represent horses, warriors, peasant women carrying loads upon their heads, fishes, dragons, serpents, griffins, knights on horseback, famous kings upon equally famous chargers, birds, butterflies and insects. Many are cut out of colored translucent material, so that the light goes through them and is tinged in the passage.

The moment the candle, or the gas, where that is employed, is lighted, the hot air ascending causes the windmill to revolve. This makes the figures travel in a circle around the flame, casting a shadow, dark, pale or colored, upon the translucent panes. By alternating the characters it may be beasts pursuing men, soldiers chasing an enemy or birds and animals in flight.

The effect is very pretty, and, as the fine thread or wire which suspends the figure casts almost no shadow, the appearance is very puzzling to an onlooker. The little figures are cut from metal stencils by women and children, who display considerable skill and taste in constructing them for this curious style of ornamentation.—New York Mail and Express.

Iron Working In Central Africa.

The working of iron is certainly the most advanced art in this region of Africa. The ore is mined, smelted and fashioned by the natives with great skill. Outside many of the villages stands the village smithy, merely a roof of shade boughs and grass supported by stakes. Here congregate the village gossips, who justify their presence by an occasional turn at the bellows. The tools are primitive, a rock for an anvil, a weighty stone for the sledge and pieces of iron bound to wooden handles for the finer shaping and ornamental work. The bellows consist of two goatskins, each furnished with an open mouth like a purse, and connected up by a piece of bamboo pipe to a narrow clay union nozzle about 9 inches long.

The blower sits on the ground, seizes the mouth of each skin in either hand, and raises and lowers them alternately, first with the mouth open and with a quick upward stroke to take in the air, then with the mouth closed and a tremulous downward pressure to force the blast. By this rude process a hot charcoal fire is maintained, and the work turned out is excellent for the primitive implements used—knives of great utility, and which take a good rough cutting edge; arrowheads and spears, many of them curiously barbed and twisted, and some showing a knowledge of the value of the "blood groove;" axes for battle and for general purposes, ornamented with linear patterns and beaded edges, and with the blades set at an acute angle to the shaft so that every ounce of power is transmitted in the direction of the blow.—Geographical Journal.

The Tattooed Burmese.

It took us nearly three days to pole up the Nantabet. The country being flat, there was absolutely nothing to look at but jungle; it was impossible to stand up in the boats without moving the mats, and the mats could not be moved so long as it rained. Round each boat runs a platform about a foot broad for the boatmen to pole from, and it was possible for us occasionally to stretch our legs by standing up on this platform. The boatmen were all Burmese, and they stood up to their work remarkably well. Poling a boat for an indefinite number of hours at a time is one of the few things this lazy race will voluntarily do well.

The physique of all the boatmen was excellent, as indeed the Burmese physique generally is, especially about the legs, which are shapely and provided—unlike the Indian leg—with calves. As most readers will know by this time, all Burmese men, without any exception whatever—unless it be the very latest neo-Burmese or fin de siecle young bloods of Rangoon—are tattooed in black or very dark blue from the waist down to the knee. The patterns are usually graceful, and the effect is by no means unpleasing. It looks as though the subject wore a very tight pair of drawers fitting close to the skin.—Fortnightly Review.

All of Them.

Three gentlemen whose names were More, Strange and Wright were at a tavern. Said the last:

"There is but one duffer in the company, and that's Strange."

"Yes," answered Strange, "here is one More."

"Aye," said More, "that's Wright."
—London Fun.

BORO BOEDOR.

A Great Buddhist Ruin In Java That Rivals the Pyramids.

Miss E. R. Scidmore has written for The Century an account of a visit to the Buddhist ruins in Java, under the title of "Prisoners of State at Boro Boedor." Miss Scidmore says of the great temple:

A gray ruin showed indistinctly on a hilltop, and, after a run through a long, arched avenue, we came out suddenly at the base of the hill temple. Instead of a mad, triumphant sweep around the great pyramid, the ponies balked, rooted themselves past any lashing or "Gr-r-ree-ing," and we got out and walked under the noonday sun, around the hoary high altar of Buddha, down an avenue of tall kanari trees, lined with statues, gargoyles and other such recha, or remains of ancient art, to the passagran or government resthouse.

The deep portico of the passagran commands an angle and two sides of the square temple, and from the mass of blackened and bleached stones the eye finally arranges and follows out the broken lines of the terraced pyramid, covered with such a wealth of ornament as no other one structure in the world presents. The first near view is almost disappointing. In the blur of details it is difficult to realize the vast proportions of this 12 century old structure—a pyramid the base platform of which is 500 feet square, the first terrace walls are 300 feet square, and the final dome rises to a height of 100 feet. Stripped of every kindly relief of vine and moss, every gap and ruined angle visible, there was something garish, raw and almost disordered at the first glance, almost as jarring as newness, and the hard black and white effect of the dark lichens on the gray trachyte made it look like a bad photograph of the pile.

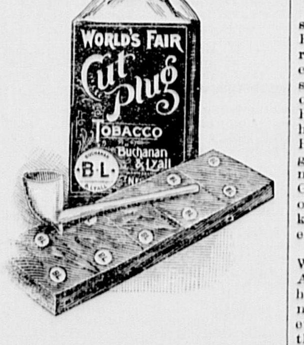
The temple stands on a broad platform and rises first in five square terraces, inclosing galleries or processional paths between their walls, which are covered on each side with bas-relief sculptures. If placed in single line, these bas-reliefs would extend for three miles. The terrace walls hold 436 niches or alcove chapels, where life size Buddhas sit serene upon lotus cushions. Staircases ascend in straight lines from each of the four sides, passing under stepped or pointed arches the keystones of which are elaborately carved masks, and rows of sockets in the jambs show where wood or metal doors once swung.

Above the square terraces are three circular terraces, where 72 latticed dagobas (reliquaries in the shape of the calyx or bud of the lotus) inclose each a seated image, 22 more Buddhas sitting in these inner, upper circles of Nirvana, facing a great dagoba, or final cupola, the exact function or purpose of which as key to the whole structure is still the puzzle of archæologists. This final shrine is 50 feet in diameter and either covered a relic of Buddha or a central well where the ashes of priests and princes were deposited, or is a form surviving from the tree temples of the earliest primitive cast when nature worship prevailed. The English engineers made an opening in the solid exterior and found an unfinished statue of Buddha on a platform over a deep well hole, and its head, half buried in debris, still smiles upon one from the deep cavern. A staircase has been constructed to the summit of this dagoba, and from it one looks down upon the whole structure as on a ground plan drawing and out over finely cultivated fields and thick palm groves to the matchless peaks and the nearer hills that inclose this fertile valley of the Boro Boedor—"the very finest view I ever saw," wrote Marianne North.

Three-fourths of the terrace chapels and the upper dagobas have crumbled; hundreds of statues are headless, armless, overturned, missing; tees, or finials, are gone from the bell roofs; terrace walls bulge, lean outward and have fallen in long stretches, and the circular platforms and the processional paths undulate as if earthquake waves were at the moment rocking the mass. No cement was used to hold the fitted stones together, and other Hindoo peculiarities of construction are the entire absence of a column, a pillar or an arch. Vegetation wrought great ruin during its buried centuries, but earthquakes and tropical rains are working now a slow but surer ruin that will leave little of Boro Boedor for the next century's wonder seekers, unless the walls are soon straightened and strongly braced.

Japanese Inlaid Work.

To imitate Japanese inlaid work get an ordinary cigar box, or any other box with a smooth wooden surface. Fasten on in pleasing and graceful forms variously shaped and colored leaves which have been subjected to a heavy pressure until perfectly flat and smooth the whole. After the surface has been so varnished and polished as to present a face as hard and smooth as glass it will appear as if the whole were one unbroken surface, which is the highest perfection of art in Japanese work.—New York Tribune.



A Pile of Comfort to a man who chews or smokes—it pleases the taste and satisfies—there's only one kind that's popular everywhere, that's

B-L

TOBACCOS

CONSIDER THE COST. Suppose the building is 60x25x20. It will require to paint it, 14 gals. ready-mixed paint at $1.25 per gal.—$17.50.

Or, four 25-lb. kegs of white lead, $6.00; five gals. pure linseed oil, $2.00; four cans tinting colors, 80 cts.; ½ pt. Japan dryer, 15 cts.; ½ pt. turpentine, 5 cts. Total, $9.00—**a saving of $8.50 in favor of Pure White Lead** without considering its greater durability. Examine the brand (see list).

FREE By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., BOSTON BRANCH,
Cor. Congress and Purchase Sts., Boston, Mass.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 10.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxii, 17-30—Memory Verses, 22-24—Golden Text, I Pet. iv, 16—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

17, 18. "Make haste and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning Me." In our last lesson Paul was on his way to Jerusalem in spite of the Spirit's warning that he should not go (chapter xxi, 4, 11, 12). He had not been many days in Jerusalem when the Jews of Asia laid hold of him in the temple, drew him out and would have killed him had he not been rescued by the chief captain with a band of soldiers and carried into the castle. He asked permission of the captain to speak to the people, and having obtained it he addressed them in Hebrew from the castle stairs. He described his former life and the manner of his conversion, and has now come to the Lord's message to him at Jerusalem. The child of God who is willing to be wholly the Lord's, may be sure of the Lord's guidance in all things, and if it should be necessary an angel from heaven or the Lord Himself will see to it.

19, 20. "And I said, Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on Thee." It is all right for us to confess to God all our sins, but it is not for us to argue or reason with Him when He commands us to do anything or go anywhere. He knows where and how He can make the most use of us. He knows who will receive testimony through this one or through that one, and it is for us to say, "Here am I, send me where Thou wilt and when Thou wilt."

21. "And He said unto me, Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the gentiles." We cannot expect the full blessing of the Lord unless we are ready for that work to which He has called us (Acts xiii, 2). May it not be that many ministers who cannot seem to find an open door at home are being called far hence to some of the millions who have never heard of Christ and cannot hear till some one shall tell them? Let each Christian ask, "Am I really willing and obedient and does my heart say honestly, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' "

22. "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live." That the same privileges should be set before uncircumcised gentiles as before circumcised Jews was to them intolerable, and it was for this same thing that Peter was called to account (chapter xi, 2, 3). I am not sure but the same spirit in a worse form is seen today when people of one church or denomination look down upon and make little of work not done by themselves. The ambition of churches or boards or societies to excel each other instead of all uniting to honor Christ and complete His church is tainted with the same spirit.

23, 24. "The chief captain commanded that he should be examined by scourging, that he might know wherefore they cried so against him." Paul had been speaking in Hebrew (xxii, 2), of which language probably neither captain, centurions nor soldiers understood a word, and the idea was that a little suffering might bring from him a confession of his wrongdoing. Paul was certainly having a rough time of it, for he had been beaten by the Jews (xxi, 32) and was now threatened with scourging by the gentiles.

25. "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" This he said to the centurion who stood by while the soldiers bound him with thongs preparatory to scourging him. While Paul was willing to suffer all that was necessary for Christ's sake, and unjustly, too, here was something wholly uncalled for, from which his Roman citizenship might deliver him. I am writing this on the north Pacific ocean on my way to Japan as I start on my tour round the world for Him that I serve. I carry with me a passport from the secretary of state of the United States government asking all nations not only to allow me safely and freely to pass, but in case of need to give me all lawful aid and protection. As a child of God and citizen of heaven I feel free to accept and carry this and use it as occasion may require, feeling no lack of faith in so doing.

26. "Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman." Thus said the centurion to the captain. As far as heaven is above the earth, so far are the privileges of heavenly citizenship above all those of earth. The devil could not touch Job, neither could he have Simon Peter without asking permission of God (Job i, 10; Luke xxii, 31, R. V.), and he that toucheth a child of God toucheth the apple of His eye (Zech. ii, 8). Let us rejoice in our heavenly privileges and walk worthy of them.

27. "Then the chief captain came and said unto him, Tell me, art thou a Roman? He said, Yea." So a believer should be ready always to give to every one that asketh as definite an answer concerning his standing in Christ. Paul did not think or hope that he was a Roman citizen. He knew it and said yes. Any one who has truly accepted Christ is accepted in Him and has redemption, even the forgiveness of sins (Eph. i, 6, 7), and should never hesitate to confess it to the glory of God. It is not honoring to God to think or hope that we are saved. We should know it (I John v, 12, 13), and live it and ever gladly acknowledge it.

28. "And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, But I was freeborn." The heavenly citizenship cannot be bought by money, or good works, or any merit whatever on our part. "Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them." "Not by works of righteousness, which we have done" (Zeph. i, 18; Titus iii, 5). See also Rom. iv, 5; Eph. ii, 8, 9. The only way to become a child of God, an heir of God and a citizen of heaven is by a new birth, a birth from above, even as our Lord said in John iii, 3, 5, 7, and I believe a careful study of Jas. i, 18; I Pet. i, 23; Eph. v, 26, with John vi, 63, will make it very plain that the new birth is wrought in us by the word of God and the Spirit of God concerning our Lord Jesus Christ.

29, 30. Paul was saved from scourging at that time, and we will in some way be saved from all that it is not best for us to endure (I Cor. x, 13). The captain was still in doubt as to the real cause of the uproar, and so called the chief priests and council together that he might set Paul before them. But Paul's testimony before the council caused such a disturbance that the chief captain had to rescue him again and bring him to the castle. Then followed the discovery of the plot to kill Paul, through Paul's nephew, and his being sent under a guard of soldiers to Felix, the governor at Cæsarea. Notice how in the midst of all this and of Paul's seeming disobedience in going to Jerusalem at this time the Lord was with him.

Reconstructing the Face.

Half a century ago a child with the most distressing facial deformities was allowed to grow up a dread to himself and an object of pity to all of his associates. It was not deemed possible to correct these ills—indeed, nobody gave it any thought. The wretched victim suffered out his miserable remnant of life, and that was all there was about it. Within the past few years a branch of surgery that is of the utmost importance to humanity has been receiving careful attention, and as the art of restoration stands at the present day, there is no excuse whatever for the hideous objects that were formerly looked upon as incurable and therefore inevitable. All manner of changes are now made in the personal appearance. The harelip and distorted mouth are treated scientifically, and the face is restored to its normal condition and even greatly improved by the operations which these blemishes render necessary. Crooked noses are straightened and ears that extend out from the head are skillfully put to rights with the most astonishingly gratifying results. Flat, humped or depressed noses are made symmetrical and even beautiful. Of course the treatment is more successful upon the young than when undertaken with those who have reached maturity, but even late in life it is quite worth while to have some of one's blemishes removed and to present to the world as good an appearance as possible.—New York Ledger.

Sole Heiress.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman in a choking voice, "she is the only daughter I have."

"Yes," acknowledged the young man, "that is one reason I thought I would like to marry her."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Common Experience.

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Scene II.—Mr. Johnson reads a testimonial which tells of scrofulous troubles cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. He resolves to try it, sends for a bottle and begins taking it.

Scene III.—Mr. Johnson has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His scrofula sore is cured. He is feeling stronger, has a good appetite and is able to attend to his work. He writes a testimonial telling of his experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and recommends it to others.

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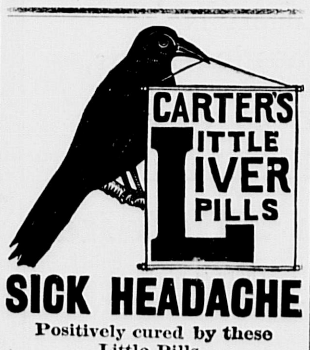

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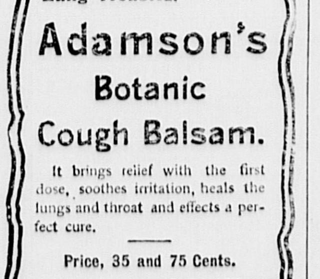

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VOL. XLVII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1897. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 45.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

JUNE 27, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 8.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.02, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A.M., 12.01, 2.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.58, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

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On and after Dec. 15, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15, 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

G. W. WINSLOW, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45, 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Feb. 10, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.00 M., 1.00, 1.30 then every 30 minutes until 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, 9.33, 10.33, 11.33 A. M., 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, 9.55, 10.55, 11.55 A. M., 12.25 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

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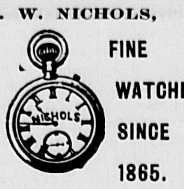

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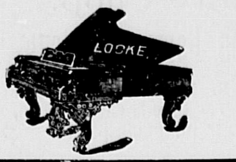

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27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
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44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
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Three blows call out entire department.
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MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, JR.

FOREST HOOPER,
PLUMBER,
Walnut St., Woburn.
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

Woburn Real Estate Exchange.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C. E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

FULFILLMENT.

"Oh, tell me, weary wanderer on life's way—
A way, 'tis said, of longings unfulfilled
And shadowed by missed good for which we
pray—
My sun is rising, thine is almost set;
Tell me, that I may better choose my path,
What is of all thy life thy great regret?"
The answer came back wailing on the air:
"My great regret? Alas! An answered prayer."
—Janet Remington in Godey's Magazine.

THE SILENT GUEST.

Past 9 o'clock, and a bitter night.

It was raining as it had rained all day. A gathering wind lashed the hedgerows and the shrieking boughs of the naked elms, and there was sleet in the wind.

For his own reasons Mr. George Masters was avoiding the highway, preferring instead to plunge in the darkness across the fields, falling again and again in the ruts of sandy mud ridged with last week's snow, gray and sodden. He cursed through chattering teeth as he made for the far, twinkling light of the Hare and Billet.

Pretty luck this for a man—on Christmas eve too! He had spent the gray, gloomy afternoon lying among the soaked gorse by the road edge, with the sleet in his ears and the steady rain winning through the shag coat and the greasy brown coat beneath it to the flannel waistcoat that sheltered his pistols.

Chilled to the soul, with no dry thread on him, he had waited faithfully till Squire Hales' horse hoofs splashed the mud over the gorse bushes, and then the numbed finger tips crept under the flannel waistcoat. He half rose among the furze as the red roquelaure went past him to the plash of the hoofs and the jangle of the bridle reins.

But when he saw the two servants turn the corner, with holsters before them, he sank back into his wet nest, a prey to natural annoyance.

The horses went on toward Shooter's hill, and a dripping figure stood in the way they had come, shaking a helpless fist and cursing all things below the beetling sky. Then George Masters tramped across the strip of furze clad common and flung himself through a gap in the hedge of the turnip field. He broke into a heavy run when he saw the light from the kitchen of the Hare and Billet blinking before him.

The unfortunate footpad unhasped the gate and stepped forward to stand with the host of the Hare and Billet in one gathering puddle.

"Gone by," said Mr. Masters bitterly—"gone by—to Greenwich by this time, likely—with his two bloody minded serving men behind him—a cowardly, white livered, gold laced hound."

"You're wet, George," said the landlord. "Come you in under a roof." Reproof of George's bitterness of speech was in the tone—the tone of a man who had his own disappointments to contend with.

They came up the bricked path to the back door and passed in under the lean to roof of the shed. It was quite dark, and they moved shuffling among the barrels of beer, the firewood and farm tools that covered the earth floor. The landlord raised the heavy wooden latch of the door leading to the house, and they passed up the two steps into the big room—kitchen and taproom in one—and shut out the night and the cold.

A pleasant kitchen with tiled floor and a comforting mass of red coals glowing in an iron basket sticking out of the wall, a kitchen with blackened settles, long benches and tables ringed with many ale cans; a quiet kitchen, where only one man was, and he, the hostler, in the big armchair asleep.

The landlord roused him with his foot, and he sat up, rubbing a beery eye with a chilblained fist.

"Mr. George is coming in here to sleep tonight, Bill," said the landlord. "I take it his majesty the king won't trouble a poor fellow a Christmas eve. Hot him some ale—a quart of ale—and spread his coat over that chair back—main wet and main dry, Mr. George be, I take it."

"He'll sleep in his chair then," returned the hostler. "There's a man above us now in the bed; a real gentleman he is, with his sword and his rooklay—come in when you was out, when the heavy rain come on. I showed him up to the bedroom and kindled the fire, and he lies there, burning two of the big wax candles, and if he don't drink the bottle of claret, it's opened and will have to be paid for too. Terry don't like him, Terry don't. 'Hear to him howling. He'th whined like that ever sin' the old gentleman come. Hark to 'un again, now the wind's quiet."

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

The mongrel fastened by the front door was baying howl upon howl. A kick at the panel and a command to lie down from the landlord appeared to soothe him for the moment, but the long whines soon broke out again. The dog wailed to the wind, which answered with fierce gusts of passion and hurtling of sleet against the lattice panes. When the dog was silent for awhile and the wind paused to gather itself for new effort, the rain pattered gently, the clock ticked to the chorus of a choir of crickets, and East Wickham's belfry jangled in the distance.

The men in the kitchen were sitting in the shadow of an idea.

"He don't seem to be moving," said the hostler, breaking the silence. "He's not awake now for sure."

The others looked at him with sudden interest, as if the presence up stairs had passed from their thoughts.

"There's a purse above stairs, I make no doubt, and a gold sneezin box up there, as'll keep awake, if they've any sense," Bill went on, grinning at the subtlety and success of his conversation, but not looking at his companions.

"There's something I don't like, Wilum," Mr. Masters remarked, "about old gentlemen's purses."

"I wouldn't like," put in the landlord, apparently addressing a pewter measure, "an ole gentleman to lose his purse here. Gives the house a bad name, that sort of thing, and a good name," he continued, facing his subordinate—"a good name to a house of entertainment is better than rubies."

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, he spread his hands over the arms of his Windsor chair and leaned forward with an air of awaiting suggestions. But none came.

He coughed, looked at Mr. Masters and went on.

"There was a dear old gentleman come here—let me see—why, it was as near as possible a year ago."

"It was a year ago," put in George.

"Well, he come here (I'll have to go out and kick that dog), and 'Is this the Deptford road,' he says, 'my men?' and you says, 'Matter o' 20 mile, master, and a bad road for a lonely traveler to leave a comfortable public behind on.' And he says, 'My horse is at the gatepost, and he'd be better in the stable,' and he walks in and orders candles and supper."

"Did he have them?" asked the hostler breathlessly.

"He had all he ordered and more," said the landlord slowly, "but he went on that night after all." He looked at his companion, appreciated the reminiscence in the eye of George, the childlike admiration for superior achievement in that of Bill, and pursued: "Yes," he went on, "and when he went he left his gold watch and sneezin box and 19 guineas in a red silk bag. He didn't want 'em where he was going."

"Where was that?"

"Don't I tell you? Deptford."

They all laughed gayly, and the landlord took out a stone bottle and thick glass rummers from the corner cupboard.

"His majesty King George, wot you're so fond of—here's his health, and our gracious Queen Charlotte, and long to reign over us." George gave the toast, and they drained their glasses.

"Giniver!" said the hostler and added tentatively, "A man could do anything wot's drunk Giniver."

"Anything short o' murder he could," assented George, "but it's nothing short o' murder would do for that dog o' yourn, Tom."

Indeed, the dog's long drawn howls still disturbed their Christmas festivities. Moved by this incongruity, the landlord went out and kicked it.

"Can't you shut the door?" he asked. "This ain't no weather for a poor man with his living to get and his pockets as empty as the day he was born."

"Well," said the landlord, "our pockets was empty enough last Christmas here, afore that ole gentleman called."

And still no sound from the room up stairs.

"There's another purse up there this night," remarked the footpad, "waiting for them as is sportsmen enough to take it, as two bold lads did last Christmas eve."

The chill wind must have made its entry still felt in the room, for the landlord shivered again, and the footpad wiped the palms of his hands upon his knees.

"And another old man," he said. "I was the man that did it, and I suppose it'll be my job again. That dog howls fit to wake the dead. I don't like this indoors work, with doors and curtains and stairs a-creaking and having to wash your hands this weather. I'm a man that earns his living in the open air, I am, where things is straightforward and nothing can't come creeping up behind you without your seeing it."

The landlord suddenly lifted the wooden latch of the inner door, held his candle above his head and peered into the darkness.

"No one there," he said, "and I could have sworn that minute I heard a breath. I don't like your talk tonight, George. Wake the dead and washing of your hands indeed! Ain't it enough to"—

He stopped abruptly to pour out more spirit.

"Oh, let him talk, master!" cried the hostler. "It puts heart into a man, it do, talking over old times."

George chuckled grimly, and when he had drained his glass he said cheerfully:

"Aye, that does it. It all comes back to me. It was him as held the light by the door when I run in, and it was me as— He bled very free, he did, very free."

"Yes, I held the light, though much against my wish, mind you. Thank them as be," said the landlord, regarding his grimy fingers with satisfaction—"thank them as be, my hands is clean."

"They won't be clean long then. It's me what holds the light tonight," said George firmly, and he took the candle and walked to the foot of the stairs.

"Not a sound," he said.

The landlord had risen, the shock headed man shifted his big shoulder on the bench where he lay, and the expression rose in his face of a terrier awaiting with eager nose the rush from cover of his first rat.

"If," said he hesitatingly—"if it comes to that, you can both hold the light—sooner than them guineas should get up and ride off in the morning. I know a young man what would as lief hold a billhook as a candle any day of the week."

And he looked so savage that the landlord was unaffectedly shocked. But George came back to the table for another dram, and after it had been tendered him remarked that that young man would not want for a backer. Then he knocked the damp priming out of his pistol on the table edge and filled the pan.

"I'll just listen once again, if so be he's soundly off," and he disappeared cautiously up the winding stairs, turning back to add, "And don't any of you come creeping up behind me, for I don't like it."

The other two looked anywhere but at each other, without speaking. There was no sound from above after the stairs had ceased to creak under the footpad's weight. Outside the dog howled, a long, low baying that never ceased.

The hostler fetched a billhook from the lean to shed and employed the time in taking off his boots. After a glance at the other he sat down with the billhook hidden by his coat flap.

Both men started at the first creak of the stair.

George stood at the stair foot, blinking in the sudden light.

"He's a-sleeping like the dead," he whispered. "Can't even hear him breathe. His candles is burning yet. I see them through the keyhole. Come on."

All three stood together for a moment at the bottom of the stairway. There was a moment's hesitation, while the landlord and Mr. Masters adjusted the procession behind Bill, who had planted his foot on the bottom stair. At this inopportune instant the tall clock in the corner struck 1 with a shrill, metallic stroke, and Bill withdrew his foot suddenly, dropping the billhook. It fell to the red tiles of the floor, which gave back clang on clang.

Aghast at this mishap, the host pushed his clumsy fingered servant back into his place in the corner, Mr. Masters and himself reseating themselves with a hastily assumed appearance of genial domesticity.

But no startled guest appearing on the stairs after ten minutes of complete silence, the procession reformed in its old order and went up.

Outside the bedroom door they held their breath and listened—not a sound but the ticking of the clock below, the rushing of the wind without and the moaning plaint of the dog.

A stealthier man than the hostler, the landlord thrust a sleek hand forward to grasp the latch of the door. It was unsecured and opened a little way under his gentle pressure. Through the foot of opening they could see the two waxen candles flame in the sockets as they burned by the sleeping man. By their light his legs modeled themselves under the white counterpane. His face and shoulders were in the deep shadows of the faded green curtains of the half tester.

At the sight of the bed the heart of the hostler became suddenly sick within him. With white lips and shaking knees he vacated his place in the procession and pushing past the landlord, who was still poising himself at the stair head, he made his way to the room below. At that moment, could their limbs have borne them, his companions would have followed him. They huddled together in the corner of the landing, holding their breath and listening until the taproom door opened and shut and they knew themselves alone with the sleeper.

For the terror of those strained minutes it might have been the old man behind the curtains who was the ambushed watcher.

The wind had lulled, and the rain, falling ceaselessly and silently, made no sound on the thatched roof. For awhile the dog was silent in the yard.

This was an old man, scant of breath, or surely his breathing could have been heard in the dreadful calmness of the night.

The landlord, with his shoulders raised, had stolen on tiptoe into the room. One of the candles was now guttering and flaring preparatory to going out. The fragment of the other burned on with a long, red, smoking wick, lighting up the bright point of the rusty case knife clinched in his fingers.

He glanced upward at the brutal features of the footpad. Their eyes met with the same thought in each. It was the recollection of that other night, when they had stolen into that room to rob another helpless, sleeping old man of sleep and life.

The great silence was not to be borne. The footpad put out his hand and thrust the landlord forward by the shoulder. He drew back, stumbling heavily. As he recovered himself they both sprang forward toward the bed and tore back the old green curtains.

Behind these, his poor white face thrown back over the pillows, lay the old man, his thin hands rigidly grasping the edges of the sheet drawn up close under his chin. They leaned over the bed and half drew back.

"By God, 'tis very like him!" said the landlord in a whisper.

George had his hands on the sheet and pulled it back roughly.

"It is him, by God!" he cried. For as he pulled back the sheet the last candle flared up and died down and went out. Its last light shone on the sleeper's throat, gashed across—horribly gaping—red and wet. This was no stranger, but the man they had murdered a year ago. They had left him just so last Christmas morning.

There was a heavy fall on the floor in the dark, and some one rushed to the stair, screaming loudly.

The dog in the yard whined with pleasure to hear a human voice, and then once more there was the silence of death in the Hare and Billet.

• • • • • •

In the red haze of early Christmas morning the hostler came up the sodden lane, and with him, plashing in the white water of the cart ruts, walked the village constable and the bell ringers, who had adjourned from East Wickham belfry to drink in Christmas at the Old Fox. Marching with them were the unsteady white gaiters of two grenadiers furloughing in the village.

A wet and miserable dog, who dragged a broken chain, leaped forward in delight at their coming, and through the unlatched door the party poured into the house. A grenadier drew his bayonet and tramped up stairs like a bold man, and the crowd hustled one another to follow him.

In the best bedroom the landlord lay dead on the floor—dead beside the white counterpane and unpressed pillows of an empty bed. Something wrong with his heart, folk said.

By the gate of the strawyard the constable picked up a brass barreled pistol, and wandering about on the wet straw they found a man with cropped black hair and a heavy jowl, who gibbered and said he was his sacred majesty King George, and God bless him.—Argonaut.

The Home Catechism In Philadelphia.

A good many hundreds and even thousands of long suffering husbands can bear sorrowful testimony to the fact that this is the sort of catechism the wives of their bosoms subject them to every time they put on their hats to go out in the evening:

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm going out for a few minutes."

"Where?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular."

"What for?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Why do you go, then?"

"Well, I want to go, that's why."

"Do you have to go?"

"I don't know that I do."

"Why do you go, then?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Well, simply because."

"Going to be gone long?"

"No."

"How long?"

"I don't know."

"Anybody going with you?"

"No."

"Well, it's strange that you can't be content to stay at home a few minutes. Don't be gone long, will you?"

"No."

"See that you don't."

This is one reason why so many marriages are a dead flat fizzle and failure.—Philadelphia Times.

Vaudevillany.

"I saw Jones this morning," said the gentleman with the pea green whiskers, "with an awful cut on his head that his wife had given him. He was hurrying as fast as he could to the"—

"To the doctor?" interrupted the gentleman with the bald wig.

"Naw; to the barber's to have it cut right."

The riotousness of the ensuing business was perhaps the most realistic presented in any place of entertainment at the price.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tapioca.

One of the most deadly poisons and a common article of food are combined in a single plant. This is tapioca, a South American shrub that grows to a height of 6 or 8 feet. The root as well as the wood of the plant secretes an acrid, milky juice so toxic that it kills in a very few minutes. This quality is eliminated by heat, and that which in a raw state is so deadly is thereby converted into a nourishing and agreeable aliment. The root is grated into pulp and subjected to great pressure, which extracts all the poisonous juice. It is then heated on metal plates, which transforms it into the tapioca of commerce. It is to be hoped that this information may not disturb the equanimity of consumers of tapioca. The process employed in its conversion from a poisonous plant into a substance entirely innocuous is absolutely infallible.—New York Sun.

Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

AYER'S HYGIENIC CEREAL COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.

REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.

A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.

Prepared by **M. S. AYER** of Boston.
A Vegetarian for many years.

Price, 20 Cents per Pound.

For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."

M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.

Arctic Game.

The rabbit supply is now re-enforced by hundreds of thousands of frozen rabbits from Australia, and the price of home bred rabbits has fallen in consequence. In spite of the murderous destruction of subarctic game, the regions from which it comes are so huge and the facilities for catching it, for freezing it and transporting it by sledge so great that we may expect the supply to be larger each year rather than less. It seems incredible, but it is true, that Russian game can be brought from St. Petersburg to Leadenhall market at a cheaper rate per ton than Surrey fowls can be brought from Horsham to London. The Transsiberian railway will tap another enormous game area, and the supply from the two extremes—the tame pheasantries of England and the uninhabited forests of the subarctic continent—will continue to stock our market. Frozen pheasants and other game are regularly brought into London market from Peking.—Cornhill Magazine.

We live in a country of which the principal scourge is stomach-trouble.

It is more wide-spread than any other disease, and, very nearly, more dangerous.

One thing that makes it so dangerous is that it is so little understood.

If it were better understood, it would be more feared, more easily cured, less universal than it is now.

So, those who wish to be cured, take Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it goes to the root of the trouble as no other medicine does. The pure, harmless, curative herbs and plants, of which it is composed, are what render it so certain and, at the same time, so gentle a cure.

It helps and strengthens the stomach, purifies and tones up the system.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

The oldest retired officer of the United States Navy is said to be Captain Francis Martin, of the revenue marine service, who now lives in Detroit. He was born in New York City in 1800. The Captain saw the funeral of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, where his vessel, the Valiant, went at the time for water.

Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, has just celebrated the seventy-first anniversary of his birth. A silver loving cup inscribed with the Senator's name was presented to him by some of his most intimate friends.

Could Hardly Walk.

"I had rheumatism in my limbs and could hardly walk. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and thought I would try it. After taking a few bottles I was cured. I take Hood's Sarsaparilla whenever my system needs toning up or my blood is impure and it keeps me well." MRS. JOHN HOGAN, Wauregan, Conn.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The memorial to Archbishop Benson, in Canterbury Cathedral, England, is to take the form of a canopied tomb beneath the northwest tower and close to his grave.

It is reported that the Empress of Russia will arrive in England on a private visit to the Queen in the spring of next year. The Czar will not accompany her.

Gustav Pabst, son of the great Milwaukee brewer and divorced husband of Margaret Mather, was married in the Isle of Wight to a daughter of brewer Lemp, of St. Louis.

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct 19, 1896.

ELY BROS., Dear Sirs:—Please accept my thanks for your favor in the gift of a bottle of Cream Balm. Let me say I have used it for years and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims, if directions are followed. Yours truly,
(Rev.) H. W. HATHAWAY.

No clergyman should be without it. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10 cents. We mail it. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

It is said by the picture dealers of Paris that this year more pictures of King Menelek have been sold than any other ruler.

The editor of the London Spectator, Richard Holt Hutton, is dead. He had charge of the famous publication since 1861.

United States Senator Morgan, of Alabama, sailed from San Francisco on the steamer Australia for Honolulu.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 15, 1897.

Republican Candidates.

For Governor,
ROGER WOLCOTT of Boston.
For Lieutenant-Governor,
W. MURRAY CRANE of Dalton.
For Secretary of State,
WILLIAM M. OLIN of Boston.
For Treasurer,
EDWARD P. SHAW of Newburyport.
For Attorney-General,
HOSEA M. KNOWLTON of New Bedford.
For Auditor,
JOHN W. KIMBALL of Fitchburg.
For Senator, Middlesex-Essex District
CHARLES F. WOODWARD of Wakefield.
For Councillor, 5th District,
HORACE A. ATHERTON of Saugus.
Representatives 28th Middlesex District.
Alva S. Wood of Woburn.
James W. Grimes of Reading.
County Treasurer.
J. O. Hayden of Somerville.
County Commissioner.
Samuel O. Upham of Waltham
Register of Deeds, Northern District.
Joseph P. Thompson of Lowell
Register of Deeds, Southern District.
Edwin O. Childs of Cambridge.

REPUBLICAN CLUB DINNER

The dinner of the Republican Club of Massachusetts, which is to take place on Wednesday evening next, October 20, in Music Hall, Boston, will be one of the great events of the campaign in New England. The present indications point to a crowded house.

These dinners of the Republican Club of Massachusetts have become famous for the success which has always attended them. The arrangements for the comfort of every person who attends are carefully made and carried out, the dinner is the best that can be served upon such an occasion, while the speaking, the real attraction, has always been remarkably brilliant and effective.

Many famous men have been introduced to Massachusetts Republicans at these dinners, and the speakers at the dinner next week will fully maintain the standard of former years in this respect. The list of speakers for Wednesday's dinner will be announced in a day or two as soon as completed.

Dinner tickets, at two dollars each, may be obtained at the rooms of the club, 19 Milk street, Boston. With each dinner ticket sold two balcony tickets are given for friends of those who attend the dinner.

☞ A careful canvass discloses the fact that the two Grand Army of the Republic Posts in this city are substantially a unit in support of the Fletcher Webster Post of Brockton in their fight with the "House of Lords" on Beacon Hill, and the information was elicited that the feeling of our Posts is shared by the organizations all over the State with rare exceptions. A year or two ago Woburn Post 161, G. A. R., passed unanimously a resolution strongly antagonistic to the maintenance and support of the "Council of Administration," a self-perpetuating body of no practical use to the Order, but rather, an injury to it. The "Council" appears to exist for no earthly reason but to draw salaries which are not earned, to squeeze money out of the Posts, and to use it at their own sweet will without making adequate return for the same. But there is no power in the Posts to dislodge and break up this nest of leaches, and so long as the Posts foolishly contribute to their support they will live and thrive.

☞ On the authority of a Democratic leader the JOURNAL is able to state (exclusively) that the Democratic Party of this city will ignore the action of their City Committee and proceed in due time to nominate a party candidate for Mayor and for all other officers to be filled. Their action will have the indorsement and support of about a dozen alleged Republicans who pretend to be friends of the movement for a non-partisan election. The leader aforesaid volunteered the remark that John P. Feeney, Esq., would not be the Democratic candidate for Mayor.

☞ Considerable work of importance was done at the meeting of the Charter, or Nominating, Committee last Monday evening. An order of procedure was partially blocked out, and a free discussion of vital questions took place. As we understand it, the Committe propose to make haste slowly and consider every proposed step carefully before it is taken. In this way the friends of a better city government may depend on having presented to them in due time a ticket worthy of their votes.

☞ Jeremiah T. O'Sullivan of Lawrence, a noted Democratic politician, the original "silverite" in this State, and a wideawake newspaper man, died at Ashville, N. C., early Monday morning last of consumption. He was born in 1871 in Lawrence. No man of 26 years was more widely known in political circles or more influential in his party than Mr. O'Sullivan. He was well-known and had many warm friends in Woburn.

☞ With due difference to the feelings and opinions of the Nominating Committee, and with no expectation of influencing their action in the matter, we would suggest for their consideration, as a most excellent candidate for Mayor, Hon. John M. Harlow. His qualifications for the office are well known and need not be pointed out. He is bright, sound, capable and better fitted for the position than he ever was in his life.

☞ The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the launching of "Old Ironsides," the Frigate Constitution, will be held in Boston on next Thursday, October 21. The ceremonies will take place, after a grand parade, in the Old South Church, and consist of orations, poems, and martial music, in which many distinguished men will participate, among them Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, Governor Wolcott, Mayor Quincy, and others.

☞ At a meeting of the stockholders of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company held at Lawrence last Wednesday Hon. Lucius Tuttle, the present President of the Company, was re-elected a Director without opposition. Contrary to rumor, no other ticket made its appearance at the meeting. President Tuttle will continue at the head of the Company's affairs which he has so well managed for some years past.

☞ In an article requiring no small amount of labor to produce the Boston *Record* last Tuesday brought to light a weak point in the report of the State Tax Commissioners of sufficient importance to condemn utterly their plan of taxation. The report recommends a departure in the mode of collecting revenue so radical, and shall we say foolish? that we have no doubt of its rejection off hand by the Legislature. The *Record's* articles takes Middlesex county for its object lesson.

☞ Mr. Michael Meagher, the Democratic candidate for Representative to the Legislature, although he has been there and knows the ropes, and is a very estimable citizen, will hardly "make the riffles" this time, we opine. It will be Wood and Grimes sure.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

McGrath—Goods.
M. E. Church—Fair.
Worthley—Next Visit.
W. R. Putnam—To Let.
Cong. Church—Concert.
J. Cummings—A Horse.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— The Whist Club like their new quarters firstrate.

— A new provision market has started up on Montvale ave.

— Mr. John Cummings, 2d, has a firstclass horse to sell cheap. See ad.

— The Woburn Endeavorers are going to give a public supper next week.

— Mr. W. R. Putnam advertises a good dwelling for rent at a reasonable price.

— In 1896 over 3500 persons occupied our city jail, the most of them tramps.

— Mr. W. R. Bartlett, the marketman, and wife are in New York City this week.

— Inspector Leon Vaughn says the Chestnut street sewer will be finished in a few days.

— Work on Trinity church has added much to the attractions of the pretty edifice.

— Particular attention is asked for the announcement of Prof. Worthley in this paper.

— There is no such thoroughfare in this city as Warren Avenue; it is still Warren street.

— One dollar pure silk childrens toques handsome patterns this week 29c at McGrath's.

— The Democratic City Committee held a meeting last Monday and put on some more war paint.

— The boys are having "swallowtail" coats made for Phalanx's 62d celebration on Oct. 20.

— Preparations are in progress for the improvements and enlargement of College, or Fowle's, Block.

— Lawyer M. T. Allen goes to his Boston office every day and makes quite a fist at doing business.

— You cannot afford to miss the next entertainment of Woburn Star Course. See advertisement.

— The Common Council held a meeting Tuesday evening but not much business was transacted.

— What's the matter with the "Sinkers?" Oh, the "Sinkers" are all right, aren't they, Brigham?

— There is only one store in Woburn where you can always find what you want. McGrath's big store.

— Mr. C. M. Strout is going to have a fine store in Dow Block. He is doing a good business this fall.

— Rev. D. Scudder is attending the annual meeting of the American Board at New Haven, Conn., this week.

— It would not be at all surprising if Ex-Ald Kendall should represent Ward 5 in the next city government.

— The Selectmen of Winchester are complaining about the light the Woburn Electric Company furnish their town.

— Letter Carrier Mathews is improving slowly but will not be able to resume his route for some time to come.

— City Solicitor Lounsbury, to be in fashion, says he has been shooting big game in Aroostook county, Maine, lately.

— Willis J. Buckman, grocer, enjoys the confidence of the public and sells dead loads of the best goods in the market.

— Mr. Thomas Salmon's health is improving right along. He looks and feels better than he did a couple of months ago.

— The North Woburn coal office, 87 Elm street, is open daily from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.15.

— The 85th anniversary of the birthday of Hon. John Cummings will be observed at his residence at Cummingsville on Oct. 19.

— The Hibernians will hereafter have their headquarters in rooms finished off for them in the rink building on Montvale ave.

— Edward Shandley, for many years driver of the teams of the Highway Department died very suddenly yesterday of heart disease.

— Mr. Michael Murphy, who served in the Civil War as a member of Co. F, 22d Regiment, died in this city a few days ago and his funeral was held at St. Charles church last Tuesday morning.

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING

AT LEATHE'S,
425 Main St., Woburn

— Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McDonald have been entertaining Miss Maud E. Merrill of this city at their home at Groveton, N. H.

— The Boston papers expressed great joy over the rainfall on Tuesday. It had been very dry and the rain saved their crops.

— On last Sunday morning the weather was 33 above or within 1 of the freezing point; on Monday morning it was 52 above.

— Mr. Frank E. Morse, theatrical manager, visited his daughter Flossie at Mr. Nathaniel Simonds's on Church ave. last Wednesday.

— The Tea and Coffee advertised by Winslow, Rand & Watson in the JOURNAL are honest goods with nothing superior in the market.

— The Salvation Army had a jubilee gathering at their new headquarters last evening. They are doing a successful work these days.

— Dr. Church of Winchester, who also practices in Woburn, has not been well for a week or so. It was reported that he was threatened with apendicitis.

— Mr. Fred A. Seaver has returned to the road as salesman for Richardson & Hopewell, dealers in fine horse clothing at 27 Sudbury street, Boston.

— The Evening School opened with a good attendance last Monday evening. Prof. Lounsbury is bound to make 'em hump themselves this term.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The report that the building purchased of Dr. Harlow by Mr. Thomas G. Meriam and now occupied by him is to be converted into a hotel is without foundation.

— What an absurd idea it is for hunters to go down to Maine after big game when a man can sit right on the Woburn meetinghouse steps and kill slathers of deer.

— No such treat was ever offered to the citizens as is presented by the managers of the Woburn Star Course at the price 25 or 35 cts. single tickets or $1.00 for the course.

— If you are in any degree a sufferer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, or Constipation you will find immediate relief by discarding coffee and using "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee."

— The present timetable of the B. & M. R.R. which is published on the first page of the JOURNAL went into effect on Oct. 3, inst., which should and will hereafter be its date.

— A grand concert will be given on Oct. 27 for the benefit of the First Congregational Parish. Extra musical talent will aid the choir and the managers are looking forward to a treat.

— Wednesday evening, Oct. 27, is the time fixed by the Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. Society, for their first annual minstrel show. They are going to make it better than any.

— Mishawum Lodge, No. 61, A. O. U. W., had fine weather Wednesday night for their dance, entertainment and collation, and a capital good time. There was a large party present.

— There has been some early September weather this week, a little that wasn't used when it ought to have been; and there has been other days that were more like the middle of November.

— Special Officer James E. Boutwell will leave next Sunday in his team for New Hampshire and Vermont on his annual fox hunt. He is one of the most successful Nimrods that this town can boast of.

— The alarm from box 68 at 1.35 P. M. Tuesdry was for a fire in a house owned by Thomas Moore and occupied by a colored family, on Main st., caused by children setting fire to a feather bed. Damage slight.

— Last week Mr. Edward E Parker supplied the First National Bank with a new heating outfit that must rob the employees of every vestige of fear concerning cold weather. Parker is a pastmaster at such business.

— The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will hold a Fair on Wednesday evening, Oct. 27, as will be seen by their notice in this paper. Everything nice and useful will be on sale. It should be well patronized.

— Mr. Walter W. Case of this city has been appointed General Agent for Rhode Island by the National Registry Bureau and is now handling with great success the Fidelity & Casualty Co's travel, accident, and bicycle policies.

— Our neighbors of Woburn have concluded to try the experiment of a non-partisan municipal government hereafter. The folks over there must have been reading the *Reading Chronicle* lately.—*R. C.* We always do that.

The Medal Medicine Is the Model Medicine.

The only medal awarded to sarsaparilla at the World's Fair, 1893, at Chicago, was awarded to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— Heard on the street: "I don't care whether you like McGrath or not, there are lots of Cross Road stores in Woburn but there is only one store where you are sure to find what you are looking for and that is at McGrath's."

— A son of Rev. H. C. Parker, 9 years old, was injured quite seriously last Saturday while riding his wheel on Main street by collision with a team that was passing on the wrong side of the drive. No bones were broken, but the lad was considerably bruised.

— One of the most level headed men and best judges of the value of real estate in this town says that the land on Main st. between Montvale ave. and Union st., both sides, is worth $2.50 a square foot. That figure, he says, would be just about a fair price.

— In C. Willard Smith's store windows a fine lot of seasonable dry goods is shown, and an inspection of the interior shows that trade is good. Glad of it. Mr. Smith caters faithfully to the demands of the public and his work deserves the reward it receives.

— The venerable and highly respected Woburn Phalanx will celebrate the 62d anniversary of its organization on Oct. 20. Col. W. T. Grammer, Capt. Charles S. Converse, and a lot more of the veterans of the Company will doubtless be much in evidence that day.

— Artists who will appear at Miss Lang's concert in Lyceum Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 12: Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, soprano; Mr. Fred S. Robbins, clarinetist; Miss Lottie Callnan, cornetist; Mr. Walter David, humorist; Normandie Woman's Orchestra.

— City Messenger Mr. Edward Simonds has recovered from a week's illness during which he was confined to his room, and is now able to attend to his official duties again. He is glad that he has got well, for he is engaged to attend a party next Tuesday afternoon and wants to feel firstrate for it.

— Mr. Ernst's letter to Mr. Hagerty on the establishment of the Woburn postoffice and things relating thereto, published in another column of the JOURNAL this week, is very interesting. Mr. E. is an old postoffice man himself having been Assistant postmaster in the Boston office some years ago, and a good one.

— Last Friday one of the Boston *Journal's* "bright young men" came out and subjected our friend Waterman Brown to a long interview on matters touching the Boston & Lowell Railroad, the old Middlesex Canal, cutting down of Pemberton Hill in Boston in 1835, and many other things, all of which will appear in the *Journal* in due season.

— The Woburn Workers of the Congregational church held a Fair last Tuesday evening which was a success. There was a table for each day in the week presided over by pretty girls neatly dressed and laden with articles for sale. These drew much money from the pockets of people of means and contributed to the pleasures of the Fair.

— The annual Harvest Concert of the Sunday School will be given at 6 o'clock next Sunday evening, Oct. 17, at the First Church. An interesting programme has been prepared, including the recitations by scholars of the Kindergarten, Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Departments of the school; solo and chorus singing, Miss Gertrude Nickerson, soloist.

— On Oct. 5 the following officers of the French Canadian Club were elected: Alfred Guay, President; Napolean Beauchamp, 1st Vice-president; G. Morency, 2d Vice-president; P. Fourdeux, Recording Secretary; Auguste Fechette, Financial Secretary; Alphonso LaCasse, Treasurer; P. Bonin, Sr., Sergeant-at-arms; J. Roy, Deputy; Louis Colomb, D. D. Ladouseur. P. Cote, Directors.

— If you want to hear a thrilling story of escape, attend the First Congregational Prayer Meeting Friday evening, Oct. 22, at 7.30 o'clock. Dr. Ohan Geidzakian, graduate of the Vermont University Medical College, for 20 years resident of Adana, Turkey, will relate the experiences of himself and friends in eluding the Turks who were bent on killing them. Lady Henry Somerset helped him to America. Come and listen and give a little to help these refugees.

— The next number of the Star Lecture Course at the M. E. church will be given on Thursday evening, Oct. 21. The first one came off last evening with presumably marked success, for everything pointed that way, not only as to the lecture itself, but on the score of attendance. Of course, going to press early Friday morning, the JOURNAL is unable to give the public any information respecting the lecture or how many people were present to pronounce it good.

— These professional rifle tournaments by company crack teams of the State Militia are all right enough, but for solid pleasure give us the old-fashioned all-day shooting matches between country Nimrods for game in neighboring woods and pastures, and the supper in the evening at the tavern paid for by the losing side. That was fun. There were no gold medals or costly badges and no records made at the State House, but Lord! weren't the days that saw such shooting matches halcyon? You bet!

— Tom Kenney gave a possum supper last Tuesday evening to a few choice spirits of his acquaintance. Mr. Stephen Carter's man shot a 20 pound coon in his neighborhood in Burlington a few days ago and as Mr. Kenney and a party of gentlemen had been "gunning" for it every night for a week previously he of course had a claim on the animal and that was why Mr. Carter brought it to him. He was a monster and made a supper fit for any lord. Burlington produces almost everything in the good eating line.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce, Esq., has got about through taking pictures for his book, "Residential Woburn," which will soon be published. Artist Legg took a good photograph of the Railroad Station on Tuesday. The book will be one of pictures chiefly with a small amount of introductory and descriptive work from the pen of Mr. Pierce. Buildings will predominate—residences, public edifices, churches and business houses—but interspersed throughout the pages many bits of scenery, land and waterscape, will appear.

— Mr. Herbert L. Richardson expects to move into his new house on Salem st., a short distance beyond Main st., about the middle of November. When completed it will make a fine residence. Its location is one of the best in the city, on a considerable knoll overlooking quite an extent of territory, airy and sunny. It will be equipped with every modern convenience; it is well arranged inside, it is thoroughly built, and when he once gets settled Mr. Richardson will have a home that he may be proud of.

— Mrs. Sarah Allen, wife of Mr. Frank Allen, 54 years old, died at her home on the corner of Pleasant and Beacon streets on Tuesday night or early Wednesday morning from alcoholism. Chief McDermott was called to the place at 2.30 a. m. Wednesday and found the woman dead. It was reported in the morning that she met death at the hands of her husband, but Deputy Medical Examiner Jack of Melrose who, in the absence of Medical Examiner Blake, was summoned by Chief McDermott, after an examination, pronounced it a case of death from alcoholism. Frank Allen, who is a carpenter and a good workman, and his wife have been given to periodical lapses and a week ago last Monday they set out on one after a year's abstinence and kept it up until it was cut short by the death of the wife. Their practice has been to lock themselves in the home and send out for liquor as they wanted it, their spells sometimes lasting several weeks. Mrs. Allen had a yearly income of several hundred dollars which, with her husband's earnings, gave them a plenty of money, some of which at least was put to a bad use. The woman was several years younger than her husband.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY.

We are to-day, and have been for years, the largest carpet establishment in New England.
What does that mean to YOU—the customer?
It means that we give you your choice from the largest *assortment*, including a great array of private patterns, exclusively our own, and to be obtained nowhere else.
It means the *lowest* possible *price* and the *highest* possible *quality*.
It means that a big, strong, reliable firm stands behind every transaction—a firm, too, which has prospered and grown great because of years of square dealing with people just like YOU.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop.
Choicest Blended Formosa Oolong Tea.

Packed in ½ and 1 lb. Fancy decorated Tin Cans.
The Best Package Tea in this City.
Prices: 30c. per half lb. 60c. per lb.
For Sale by FITZ & STANLEY.
Boston Branch Store.

REMOVAL!
Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS,
Music Rooms,
No. 2 Bennett Street.
Class or Private Lessons.
Courses include Harmony and Musical Form.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION,
MONDAY, Oct. 4, 1897.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 27, to Oct. 4.

Miss Bancroft respectfully calls public attention to the advantages of her method for developing piano technique. Under this system of muscular training greater speed, more strength and better general technical developement are *guarenteed*, in much less time than can be obtained from other methods.
Children progress rapidly with less practice. Advanced pupils are enabled to play with greater brilliancy and style, overcoming technical difficulties with ease and grace. This method does not tend to *undo* work acomplished through other methods, but is rather, a benefit to pupils taught under any system. Address

12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

— Mr. Daniel S. Jones left here early this week for Toronto, Canada, to enter on his second year at the Ontario Veterinary College and will remain there at his books until next April. Prof. Andrew Smith, F. R. C. V. S., who is Principal of the College, enjoys a wide and enviable reputation not only in Canada but in the States, and his institution stands at the head of the class in both countries. The Faculty consists of 9 Professors, the buildings are commodious and firstclass in their appointments, and its graduates take prominent ranks in the profession. In due time Mr. Jones will come out a full fledged Veterinary Surgeon.

— The entertainment given by the Euterpe Mandolin, Banjo, and Harp Club, with Hoyt L. Conary as reader, at Lyceum Hall last Monday evening, was worthy of a much better patronage than it was accorded by our people. It was one of the very best that has ever been enjoyed in this city. The wide and favorable reputation of the Euterpe Club was a guarantee that it would be of the very finest quality, and that was its character. Mr. Conary is an artist in his line, and he pleased the audience immensely. No reader has ever given better satisfaction. The entire entertainment was indeed a rare treat. The audience was composed of our best people, but there were not enough of them to properly remunerate the managers of the Course. We are assured by Manager Folsome, who is a gentleman and purveyor of no cheap affairs of the kind, that the entire Course will be firstclass in every way, and that Monday evening's entertainment was a fair sample of the whole series.

— The Grand Parish Concert to be given at the First Congregation Church on Wednesday evening, Oct. 27, is a musical event which will attract the attention of music loving people throughout the city. The church Quartette, under the direction of Mr. Hood, have for a long time had and merit the reputation of being one of the very best in this vicinity, not excluding Boston. From Sunday to Sunday the musical service at this church is of the very highest order. There has been a very general desire to hear these singers both as a quartette and individually in secular selections, and this concert affords the opportunity. An elaborate programme is in preparation, selected with the rare taste always shown by Mr Hood. The violinist, Herrmann Hartmann, is well known to many Woburn people. He has been for 15 years a professor at the Conservatory and is an exquisite player. His first appearance here will reveal an artist of the highest rank. Mr. Walter David has an established reputation in his line. He is to appear here again in November at Miss Lang's concert. Those who hear him once will be sure to wait to go again. Added to the attractions of the programme offered is the fact that the concert is for the benefit of the parish. These considerations ensure a full house. Everybody should set down an engagement for the night of the 27th at the First Congregational church.

They All

"There are fads in medicine as well as in other things," said a busy druggist, "but the most remarkable thing about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that customers who try other remedies all come back to Hood's, and this is why the enormous sales of this medicine keep up while others

Come

and in a short time go out of sight entirely, to be heard from no more."

"Why is it?" "O, simply because Hood's Sarsaparilla has more real curative merit than any medicine I ever sold."

This is of daily occurrence in almost every drug store. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard remedy which has cured more sickness, relieved more distress and made more happiness by bringing people

Back to

health than any other medicine. Its wonderful cures of the worst cases of scrofula, running sores, ulcers, salt rheum, etc.; of dyspepsia and other troubles where a first class tonic and aid to digestion was needed; of catarrh, rheumatism, malaria and other troubles arising from or promoted by impure blood, have made

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The standard—the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

— Joe Duncan and Will Ela, both of Fairview Road, this city, are hunting game up at North Conway, N. H. Their camp is an old sugar house on the farm that the late Gov. Greenhalge bought of Ed. E. Parker's uncle, or Ald. Ela's mother—the former ownership of it and the relationship of the parties are considerably mixed in our mind. But the young men are there on the old homestead of the family. Before starting Will told Joe that big game was so plenty at Conway that all they would have to do was to sit in the doorway and shoot it down as it passed. Joe thought of course it must be so, for it was Will's grandmother's old place, and he knew just what he was talking about. So they left in high feather for Conway. The next morning after getting there they started out for big game. It is not certainly known what luck they have had, but the latest report from them, received here a few days ago, conveyed the intelligence to their families that they had killed a red squirrel that was sitting on a stonewall eating beechnuts and never suspecting that danger was so near. This is important if true. Now here comes the nub of the joke: While this brace of gunners, considered the best marksmen in these parts, and valiant hunters withal, were running down and trying to bag red squirrels at Conway, Will's big game having turned out to be a myth, on Tuesday afternoon last, Mrs. Ela, Will's mother, happening to glance out of the window of her home on Fairview Road this city, discovered two large fat deer peacefully and fearlessly cropping the grass from the greensward near by and having a lovely time. They even wagged their apologies for tails in a spirit of defiance at Mrs. Ela when she tried to "shew" them away, as much as to say, "who keers? Will's away with his gun, and we aren't afraid," and enjoyed the repose of the scene. It was a remarkable thing that deer should come right into this city and loaf round and feed in the daytime, but that is what they did last Tuesday. What do our Maine hunters think of it? And Joe and Will, well, won't they be mad when Mrs. Ela tells them the story?

City Government.

ALDERMEN.

The Board held a meeting on Thursday evening, Oct. 7.

Hearing on petition of Lexington St. Railway Co. ordered for Oct. 25 at 8 P. M.

Petition of A. L. Holdridge for acceptance of Davis street; B. F. Flagg sidewalk on Lexington st.; C. F. Hard location telephone on Prospect st.; Rev. J. J. Keegan for grade of Summer st.; same for removal of trees; all referred. —Henry S. Converse and Arthur W. Green drawn as jurors.—List of Election Officers presented by the Mayor and laid over under the Rules.

Highway Committee reported that Curtis Greenwood be allowed to cut down trees on Fairmount street at his own cost. Accepted.—Same reported favorably on building culvert and side walk on Harrison Avenue. Accepted.

A large number of petitions for electric lights properly disposed of.

The appointment of William T. Kendall as Special Police Officer confirmed unanimously.

A request was made that the Finance Committee provide $5000 for Highway Department.

City Engineer Hartshorne reported that the widening of the bridge at Mishawum over the B. & M. tracks would cost $2500.

Election day pay for Ward Officers: Wardens and Clerk, $10; Inspectors, $7; Deputies, for reporting in the morning, $2.

Children never object to taking Adamson's Cough Balsam. It is pleasant to the taste, always relieves the soreness of the lungs at once and makes restful sleep at night possible when all other remedies fail.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

PRICE
— OF —
FLOUR
REDUCED!

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

— The 6th Central Stables auction sale of horses, carriages, harnesses, etc., by Jones (G. F.) and Hanson & Co., will be held at 10.30 A. M. Tuesday, Oc. 26. Consignments are solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Chamberlain—Pushee.

One of the largest and most fashionable home wedding parties ever seen in this city was that which assembled at the residence of Ex-Alderman Francis M. Pushee, No. 237 Winn street, last Wednesday evening, to witness the nuptial rites that constituted MR. WALTER EDMUND CHAMBERLAIN of Arlington, and MISS ETTA M. PUSHEE of Woburn man and wife.

The hymenial knot was tied by Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church of Woburn, at 7.30 o'clock, for which elaborate preparations had been made. The parlors and halls were lovely in palms and ferns; they were brilliantly illuminated, and Chinese lanterns enhanced the beauty of the scene.

The very popular Highland Orchestra discoursed delightful music during the evening, rendering in splendid measure the tone Mendelssohn's Wedding March as the happy couple approached the altar for the crowning ceremony.

The fair bride was assisted by little Miss Madeline Winn, beautifully dressed in pure white; and the groom's best man was Master Walter Harold Pushee, who gracefully bore the wedding ring.

The bride was elegantly attired and appeared very charming in a rich dress of white brocaded satin, wearing an exquisitely wrought veil, and carried roses. The costly diamond ornaments which so well set off her personal attractions were the gift of the groom.

The Ushers were: Messrs. Waldo F. Gledden, Alfred C. Turner of Cambridge, Frank W. Cheney of Worcester, Almy M. Carter of Woburn. These were in full evening dress and wore gloves.

A brilliant wedding reception was given from 8 to 10 o'clock, which was succeeded by an elegant supper which the numerous guests, from many cities and towns besides Woburn, keenly enjoyed. Purveyor Belcher, than whom there is no one who understands the business better, who does it in finer style, or gives greater satisfaction, was furnished with carte blanche, and he evolved a splendid wedding repast; every delicacy was provided; it was admirably served; no Boston caterer could have surpassed it in variety and elegance of appointment. The company appreciated Mr. Belcher's skill in gratifying their appetite with viands so rich and in such abundant quantity. He won laurels as a caterer for weddings.

There were a great many beautiful presents. The rooms were almost filled with them. They were of great value, and to the variety there was hardly any end. Gold and silver and rare jewels predominated.

The newly married and happy pair left on an extended wedding trip at the close of the reception and bridal banquet.

YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR.

We Sell Underwear!

We ought to get together. The stock this season is more varied than ever before. Prices are lower than those offered anywhere else. Buying for cash in the early summer and in large quantities, the tariff advance has no terrors for us. You get the benefit. Our grades range as follows:

50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50.

Kindly call and examine

Underwear.
Under Price.
Understand?

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

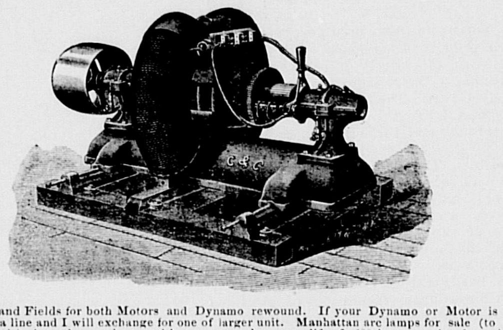
COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

MOTORS AND DYNAMOS.



Armatures and Fields for both Motors and Dynamo rewound. If your Dynamo or Motor is too small, drop me a line and I will exchange for one of larger unit. Manhattan arc lamps for sale (to run on 110 Volt circuit); incandescent lamps with a guarenteed average life of 600 hours; write for prices. Isolated plants installed. I have as good an assortment of first class second hand apparatus as can be found: also can quote you prices on new machines which will insure a sale every time if you are really in the market.

GEO. A. BLAISDELL,
Electrical Engineer and Contractor,
15 Federal Street, Room 303, BOSTON, MASS
Repair Shop 27 Beach St. Long Distance Tel. 2318 "Boston."

Eyes Examined Free One Day Only!

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

Optical Specialist, has resumed his regular fortnightly visits to Woburn, and will be at his office at the

Jewelry Store of Linwood E. Hanson, 409 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

THURSDAY, Oct. 21, 1897,

prepared to carefully examine all cases of defective vision and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Mr. Worthley is a graduate of two of the leading Optical Colleges of the country and devotes his time exclusively to his specialty. He has met with remarkable success in his profession, having been consulted by nearly ten thousand persons during the past six years.

☞ Remember date and place, Thursday, Oct. 21, at Hanson's Jewelry Store, 409 Main Street.

FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

Don't Make a Mistake

Webster's old store, Oct. 1. There is where

GEO. T. CONNOR,

will be found.

A Live Newspaper.

[From the New England Anchor and Shield.]

Members of the A. O. U. W. will be interested to know that *The Boston Herald* will print the most complete reports of the coming celebration of the initiation of the 50,000th member. The *Herald* has been vindicating its right to the title, New England's greatest newspaper, by collecting the news this summer in unapproachable style, and the fact that it is going to exploit the A. O. U. W. celebrations is a guarantee that its daily issues will be worth keeping for souvenirs by our members.

The Boston Herald has forged ahead of every other Boston paper by clean-cut news gathering this summer, which has produced results without a parallel in Boston. The experienced and accurate reporters who are a big factor in *The Herald's* success, have developed speed and enthusiasm productive within the past few weeks of a dozen corking "scoops," not to speak of scores of minor news exclusives outside the beaten track.

The entanglement of the finances of the Fitchburg railroad, with sensational developments, was published exclusively in *The Herald*. So also the famous discovery in New York of the mysterious man whom the other Boston papers had struggled in vain to find and the exclusive publication of the double life of William H. Whiting. At the international yacht race in Montreal *The Herald* was the only paper with enterprise enough to secure special wires from the lake to Boston, and of announcing the result half an hour before any other paper. And recently there was the publication of the report of the examiners of four state insurance departments, disclosing the questionable finances of the Bay State Beneficiary Association of Westfield.

In all departments of news gathering—criminal, political, sporting, financial and general—*The Boston Herald* has the best men at work, and gives its readers exclusive and best tidings on topics of the day. *The Herald* will lead every other Boston paper in news of the celebration.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

WORTH COMING MILES FOR!
—OUR—
Ideal Hair Tonic.

It promotes growth, cleanses the scalp thoroughly and cures dandruff. Try a bottle. It only cost $1.00. Once tried is always used.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed in the Spring, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. Only fifty cents per bottle at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

A Choice Bit of History.

The following letter received by Postmaster Hagerty of this city speaks for itself.—ED. JOURNAL.

298 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE,
BOSTON, Oct. 7, 1897.

Dear Mr. Hagerty:

You are entitled to great credit for the interest you show in the history of the Woburn Post Office.

The origin of the office is highly amusing. It is explained in the history of Amherst, N. H.

A hundred years ago Amherst was an important town. So they started a stage to serve between Amherst and Boston. Sam. Curtis supplied the cash, Joseph Wheat was the driver, and the service began May 1, 1794.

In those days a stage driver was an important man, who carried much money for his customers, and did their confidential business. Wheat and Curtis quarreled, which shows that the business was profitable; for men do not quarrel about a losing concern. Wheat set up an opposition stage, and did well.

Then Dr. Curtis undertook to beat him by getting Congress to establish a new mail route from Boston, via Medford, Woburn, Billerica, Chelmsford, and Tyngsborough, to Amherst. The act was passed March 3, 1797, and required Post Offices to be established along the way. Curtis was Postmaster at Amherst and announced his success with a great flourish of trumpets. The first mail stage left Boston for Woburn on Wednesday, October 4, 1797, at 11 a. m.

The evidence is to be found in the history of Amherst; in U. S. Stat. at Large, I, 510; in the Boston papers, especially the Columbian Centinel for Sept. 27, 1797, and the Independent (meaning Democratic) Chronicle for Aug. 19, 1799.

You can have a good laugh over old Wheat, and the people of Medford and Woburn may thank Curtis for having obtained a Post Office for each of them, merely to spite poor old Wheat.

When Wheat left Curtis, he set up an affair he called a "baggage stage," which was the first long-distance express wagon going out of Boston, with a regular tariff, namely a penny pro pound. Passengers paid 4 pence a mile, and 15 shillings for the ride to Amherst. Indep. Chron. for March 31, 1800.

All information upon Woburn tariff, stage lines, railroads, telegraph, telephone, street cars, and express service should be collected, and will prove more interesting than a ton of society novels.

Faithfully yours,
C. W. ERNST.

P. S. The anecdotes about old Wheat are worth publishing. Your Public Library will find them in S. T. Worcester's Hollis, p. 333. Such things help to make history popular.—C. W. E.

The Source of Tragedy.

Every modern student of sociology agrees that the most potent and universal source of crime is indulgence in the use of intoxicants. The habit brings sorrow and distress to families, induces insanity and fills the columns of the newspaper press with the horrible details of murder and suicide, the victims and the perpetrators all too frequently being members of the same household, who would be bound together by the ties of love and kinship but for the rum blight, which withers the moral sense and brings the frenzy of hote and hasty homicide. Now, dear friends, are you doing right in not trying to influence some of your friends or neighbors to be cured of this terrible curse—the craving for liquor? Many are telling the wonderful story of rescue, and how they have been restored to their normal condition of body and mind from the curse of the liquor and morphine habits, while under Dr. Springer's Gold Cure treatment. Call on or address, Bay State Sanitarium Co., 404 Main st., Woburn, Mass.

Those who believe chronic diarrhœa to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhœa ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that effected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhœa. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. E. Owen of Houlton, Me. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7.30. Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—18th Sunday after Trinity. Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. First Home Evening Harvest Concert of the Sunday School at 6 P. M. Thursday, Woburn Workers at 4.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "Bondage or Liberty; Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. Public Service at 7 P. M. Subject: "Two Reports." Tuesday, Class Meeting. Thursday, Lecture on Egypt. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 10, by Rev. Joseph Keegan, James A. Flannery of Boston and Mary A. Lynch of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 14, by Rev. Daniel March, Joseph H. Field and Angelia G. Gustin, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, Oct. 7, by Rev. Henry J. Madden, Thomas J. Feeney of Woburn and Margaret J. Flynn of Winchester.

In Wilmington, Oct. 10, by Rev. E. Harmon, Daniel M. Richardson of Melrose and Nellie M. Libby of Wilmington.

In Malden, Sept. 21, by Rev. Edwin H. Hughes, George A. Hicks and Catherine Burchill, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 9, Catherine McDevitt, aged 40 years.

In this city, Oct. 10, Michael Murphy, aged 70 years.

In this city, Oct 10, Margaret, wife of Joseph Armstrong, aged 23 years, 8 months, 17 day.

In this city, Oct. 11, Henry Bishop, aged 71 years.

In this city, Oct. 11, Thomas M. Fetridge, aged 70 years, 6 months, 6 months.

In this city, Oct. 12, Mary A., wife of Frank G. Allen, aged 58 years.

At the Head.

The Rifle Team of Company G, 5th Regiment M. V. M. (Woburn Mechanic Phalanx), Linwood E. Hanson, Captain, has captured all the honors and prizes, in League, Regimental and State rifle shoots this year and not only stands at the head in those organizations, but is the champion of New England, and holds the world's record at 200 yards with the Springfield rifle, its score being 444. Out of 21 matches this year in which the team participated only two were lost.

The Team which has won such distinguished honors is composed of Capt. Hanson, Corp Gambell, Sergt. Cutler, Sergt. Barrett, Sergt. McCarthy, Privates Durward, Patten, Nason, Larock, Smith.

Last Saturday the final match between Co. G and Co. L of Malden for the East Middlesex Rifle League championship was shot off at Brookside Rifle Range in this city and was won by the former which opened the way for them to still farther distinguish themselves at the Regimental shoot at Walnut Hill range on Monday. The League match was smartly contested and the Maldens showed good metal and skill but the Woburns were too many for them.

At the Regimental shoot on Monday Co. G Team made the highest score and carried off the State trophy. The Team also made a new State record of 431, the old one being 429. The first individual prize was won by Phillip Gambell of Woburn with a score of 47. Private Samuel Smith of Woburn captured second prize with 46, and the third individual prize went to George H. Nason of Woburn. His score was 45. Every member of the Woburn team scored 40 points or over.

Lieut. Hamilton of Waltham secured the first officers' prize with a score of 47 points, and Lieut. McCarthy was second, with 45.

Last Summer, during one of its hottest spells, the Woburn Phalanx Team shot six matches with the crack Teams of Maine and won every one of them. Their tour through the principal cities of the Pine Tree State was an uninterrupted triumph from start to finish.

The proud position which our Team now holds among the crack marksmen of the State and Nation has been achieved by constant and careful work on the part of the boys and an active interest taken and manifested by their Captain, L. E. Hanson.

We trust Company G will stand at the head for a long time to come.

few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisement of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent Cough Remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form.—*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Woburn Y. M. C. A. 12. Dana Hardware Co. 0.

The football team of the Woburn Y. M. C. A. won its second game last Saturday on the Salem street grounds. The Faulkner School of Malden was to have played but cancelled their game this week and at the eleventh hour Manager Davis secured a game with the team representing the Dana Hardware Co. of Boston.

The game started at 4, Woburn kicking to their opponents 15 yard-line where Barr caught it and kicked back to the opposite 45 yard-line. Cutler, Fowle, and Dimick, each made 10 yards and then Cutler circled the right end for 30 yard and a touchdown. Fowle kicked a goal.

On the kickoff Cutler secured the ball and recovered 25 yards. Short gains pushed the ball to the Boston boys' 35 yard-line where it was lost on a foul. The visitors failed to gain and lost the ball by a fumble. Time was soon called.

In the second half, Woburn started in with a rush and Cutler scored the second touchdown in 3 minutes. Fowle kicked a goal. Eaton secured the ball on the kickoff and recovered 15 yards. Fowle made 10 yards but it was lost immediately afterward on a fumble. Fowle punted 35 yards and Eaton pushed the catcher 10 more. In the next play Eaton secured the ball on a fumble. Time was called with the ball in Woburn's possession on her opponents 35 yard-line.

The line-up was as follows:

WOBURN Y. M. C. A.	DANA HARDWARE Co.
H. Dodge, l.e.	Coleman, r.e.
Eaton, r.t.	Chadburn, r.t.
Maloney, l.g.	Carter, r.g.
Davis, c.	Stone, c.
Fraser, r.g.	Menellow, l.g.
Woods, r.t.	Pinkham, l.t.
Buckman, r.e.	Libby, l.e.
G. Dodge, q.	Gunshaw, q.
Cutler, l.h.	Cook, l.h.
Dimick, r.h.	Barr, r.h.
Fowle, f.	Lyman, f.

Score. Woburn Y. M. C. A. 12. Dana Hardware Co. 0. Touchdowns, Cutler, 2. Goals from touchdowns, Fowle, 2. Umpire, Stetson. Referee, Kelley. Time, 15 and 20 minute halves.—W. T. C.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Boston theatre-goers are again to have DeWolf Hopper and "El Capitan." Sousa's famous opera will be presented in Boston for the third time on next Monday evening at the Tremont Theatre. As a repeater, "El Capitan" has abundantly proved that it has very attractive qualities, for upon the return engagements of the opera in New York, Boston, Brooklyn and other large cities, it was given a warmer welcome, and the results in a momentary sense of each engagement was even greater than its initial presentation. The comedian's premier season in "El Capitan" was a remarkably prosperous one, and there is more than one reason to account for this extraordinary success. In the first place, Hopper and Sousa are great favorites everywhere, yet withal, their popularity would not be potent enough to attract large audiences everywhere, were it not that "El Capitan" was an unusually attractive and melodious comic opera, and the company presenting it one of unusual excellence. Hopper's excellent taste in the selection of his support, and the sound business judgment of his managers in mounting and presenting the opera so lavishly, have resulted in large financial returns. Contrary to the usual rule of this organization, the Wednesday matinees during the engagement, which is for two weeks only, will be included.

THE BOSTON.

Few people fully appreciate what Fanny Davenport has accomplished for the American stage. The amusement seeking public know her as a successful actress, a beautiful and talented lady and an indefatigable worker, but the general results brought about through her efforts are lost sight of. She is to this country, what Henry Irving is to England, the leading producer of high class plays, and has established a standard which has compelled other managers to follow and to bring the stage to a much higher degree of scenic excellence. In all the Sardou productions for which this country is indebted to Miss Davenport there has been scarcely a flaw in the presentation. And this is equally true on the first night as on the last. Miss Davenport argues that the public attending a premiere has the same right to a faultless production as an audience present after weeks of training. If the moving of a play does not suit Miss Davenport at the time it is advertised to be given, the opening is postponed until everything is in absolute readiness and then the curtain is raised on what is practically a thoroughly tried play, as far as the company and scenic environments are concerned. This policy has long since borne fruit, for it has become almost a by-word in the profession that if a piece is as smooth as one of Miss Davenport's productions, it is good enough. From all accounts Miss Davenport's new play, announced for production at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening, Oct. 18, will be a forcible illustration of her thoroughness, care and good judgment.

It is expected that Emperor William, of Germany, will visit Queen Victoria at Balmoral this autumn.

North Woburn.

Miss Hackett of Burlington, Vt., is the guest of Mr. J. W. Clark and family.

Rev. Dr. March gave a very interesting lecture on Palestine at the Congregational church Sunday evening.

A subscription paper in behalf of the N. W. A. A. is being passed round. Don't forget to put your name down for a good sum.

Mr. J. S. Brackett, Superintendent of the N. W. S. R.R., has rented the house corner of Elm street and Tidd ave., and will soon move into it.

Now that Mountain street has been repaired why not do the same to Newbridge Hill? Being on the Main street it is much traveled and is in a very bad condition.

At the meeting Tuesday evening of the society recently organized to raise money to buy a new church organ, Choral Society was chosen as the name of the organization.

The Ladies Benevolent Society of the North Congregational church held their first social of the season on Friday evening, October 8. Miss Amanda Severens, who went to the Christian Endeavor convention at California this summer, gave a very interesting description of her trip.

The writer has noticed that since Mr. Page has acted as janitor of the Rumford School no complaints have been made about the odors in and about the building, arising from the sanitaries. A recent visit to the school proved that the credit for the suppression of these odors is due to Mr. Page, who at his own expense has so renovated them that they are as clean and neat as they can possibly be made.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular price 50c. and $1.00.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 1. Oct. 8.			
Knowlton,	152	174	132— 458
Atwood,	113	134	135— 382
Fowle,	132	102	107— 341
Linnell,	120	120	120— 360
Cramphorn,	115	115	115— 345
Team Totals,	632	645	609—1886
TEAM 2.			
Buxton,	120	159	118— 397
Curtis,	98	153	151— 402
Bartlett,	135	123	133— 391
Marion,	155	130	147— 432
Caulfield,	156	131	134— 421
Team Totals,	664	696	683—2048
TEAM 4. Oct. 12.			
Brown,	156	136	109— 401
Parker,	107	164	170— 441
Smith,	118	120	123— 361
Murdock,	115	115	115— 345
Martyn,	110	121	139— 370
Team Totals,	606	656	156—1918
TEAM 3.			
Brigham,	165	146	171— 482
Nichols,	163	130	143— 436
Willoughby,	106	115	136— 357
Hanson,	150	164	164— 478
Richardson, J. F.	130	130	130— 390
Team Totals,	714	685	744—2143

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

WINCHESTER.

The Gymnasium class of the Y. M. C. A. will open tomorrow.

The Hebrew History Club of the Y. M. C. A. will begin work on Oct. 18.

Mr. E. A. Brackett has been a member of the State Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game 28 years.

The annual Harvest Concert will be given and Old Peoples' Day observed, at the Orthodox church on Sunday, Oct. 17.

A deep, dark and damnable conspiracy is in process of incubation to end the career of Lawyer John T. Wilson as Moderator of Winchester Town Meetings. He has been chosen to the office every year since the May Flower came over and it would be too bad to oust him now.

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. THORNTON. This celebrated remedy is for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Woburn Star Course
1897 1898

Second Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, October 25

The event of the season. Prof. Samuel R. Kelley's original

Tableaux D'Art.

Composed of 14 Young Ladies in charming silk costumes, special designs. All students of the New England Conservatory School of Oratory of Boston. Giving one continuous performance of Instantaneous Living Pictures. Chaste and elegant in every respect.
Season Tickets at Brooks's Pharmacy, $1.00.
Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
Doors open at 7. Entertainment at 8.

FAIR!

The Annual Supper and Sale, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society will be held at the

M. E. CHURCH,
Wednesday Ev'g, Oct. 27, '97

Among the Special Attractions will be a **Chinese Department** where Tea will be made and served by Chinamen in costume.
Curio Department, an Orange Tree, Household, Candy Tables. Ice Cream served throughout the evening.
Supper will be served from 6.30 to 8 P. M.
Admission to Sale 10 Cents
Admission to Sale and Supper 25 Cents

Horse For Sale.

Sound; No Outs; 7 years old; Good Roadster and Business; Every Way Right.
Call on JOHN CUMMINGS, 2d,
120 Bedford St., Woburn

GRAND
Parish Concert!
—AT THE—
First Congregational Church,
WOBURN,
Wednesday Ev'g, Oct. 27, '97
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

By the Church Quartette:
Miss Jennie Trecartin, Soprano.
Miss Gertrude Nickerson, Contralto.
Mr. Mason B. McKay, Tenor.
Mr. Henry C. Hayden, Basso.

—ASSISTED BY—
Hermann Hartmann, Violinist
Walter David, Reciter and Reader

Mr. Daniel N. Hood, Musical Director.
Admission, 25 Cents
☞ Tickets can be procured at Brooks's and Whitcher's Drugtores.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael H. Graham of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Edward W. Hudson, dated January 1, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2254, Page 219, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on **Monday, the first day of November, 1897,** at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle street about seventy and one-half feet; southwesterly by land of Albert A. Ferrin about sixty-six feet; northwesterly by land now or formerly of Theophilus King about seventy and one-half feet; northeasterly by land of Thomas Salmon about sixty-four feet.

The sale will be made subject to taxes for the years 1896 and 1897.

Two hundred dollars will be required of purchaser at the sale.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, October 6, 1897.

NOTICE!
Skirts Cut and Made

Worn and ones renovated, sleeves remodled. All kinds of sewing. Prices reasonable.
Also, Tenement To Let.
Mrs. L. A. GRAMMER
148 Salem St.
☞ Electric cars pass the door.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the **Ball-bearing Draw Slide**, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

Miss Florence S. Porter,
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.
92 Pleasant Street,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

ARTISTIC
Dressmaking!
Ladies will do well to consult
Mrs. M. CARTER
No. 6 Bennett St.
concerning their Fall and Winter Dresses

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

To Rent.
A House with two separate tenements to let to desirable families at 12 Lawrence street, Woburn. References required.
Keys may be found next door.
Address Miss L. A. GOULD, 39 North Bennett street, Boston; or Mrs. W. P. SARGENT, 85 Cedar Park, Melrose, Mass.

To Let.
Large Sunny Furnished Room
On Pleasant street, To Let at a reasonable rent.
Apply at JOURNAL OFFICE.

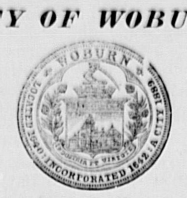
To Let.
A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements, Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.
In a very desirable location a HOUSE of eight rooms in good order, with small stable.
Rent reasonable to right parties.
W. R. PUTNAM,
No. 1 Winn St.

Steam Boiler and Engine For Sale
Call and examine them at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.

LOST!
Sunday the 10th, Hand-bag, containing Ladies' Watch and Pocketbook. If returned to Central House liberal reward will be paid.

CITY OF WOBURN.



LEXINGTON, MASS., Oct. 1, 1897.

To the Honorable the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:

We, the undersigned, being a majority of the Directors of the Lexington Street Railway Company, an association formed under Chapter 113 of the Public Statutes for the purpose of constructing and operating a street railway, hereby respectfully petition for a location of the tracks of said railway in the City of Woburn, with the necessary turnouts, curves, switches, and sidings, together with the right to make such surface and underground alterations of the streets and highways of said city and to erect and maintain such poles, structures and wires therein as may be necessary for the operation of the cars of said Company by electricity as a motive power, through the following streets of said city, namely:—

Commencing on Lexington street at the boundary line between Lexington and Woburn; thence through Lexington street to Cambridge street; thence through Cambridge street to Bedford street; thence through Bedford street to Burlington street; thence through Burlington street to Pleasant street; thence through Pleasant street to a point on said street near to and westerly of the station or depot of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

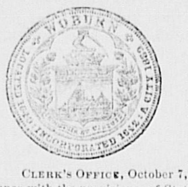
Also, from Pleasant street, at its junction with North Warren street, through North Warren street to Harrison Avenue; thence through Harrison Avenue to Winn street; and thence through Winn street to its junction with Main street.

ALFRED PIERCE,
LEONARD A. SAVILLE,
WALTER H. PEIRCE,
O. M. GOVE,
CHARLES CUMMINGS,
ROBERT B. TABER,
A majority of the Directors.

City of Woburn—In Board of Aldermen, Oct. 7, 1897. Upon the foregoing petition, It is hereby ordered, that fourteen day's notice be given by the petitioners to all parties interested, that this Board will on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of October, 1897, at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition, when any parties who object thereto, may appear and be heard. Said notice to be given by publication, at expense of petitioners, of a copy of said petition, and this order thereon, in the Woburn *News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

Passed. JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.
A true copy. Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN.



CLERK'S OFFICE, October 7, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1893, Chapter 417, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday, the second day of November, A. D., 1897,

in the fsllowing places, namely;
Ward One,—Dow's Block, 312 Main Street.
Ward Two,—Fifield Hall, Fowle Street.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon,** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Councillor, Secretary, Treasurer and Receiver-General, Auditor, Attorney-General, Senator, and Two Representatives to the General Court, County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, Southern District.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and Aldermen.
ATTEST: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

STAR
Lecture Course!
POPULAR,
INSTRUCTIVE,
ENTERTAINING.

The managers of the Star Lecture Course take pleasure in offering the people of Woburn six magnificently Illustrated Lectures showing the world's masterpieces in Art and Architecture; its historic Monuments; sublimest scenery of lakes, mountains and waterfalls; its varied national costumes, peoles, etc., covering the widest range of material, and filled with thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of fifty cents a ticket for the entire course of six lectures. They will be given in the

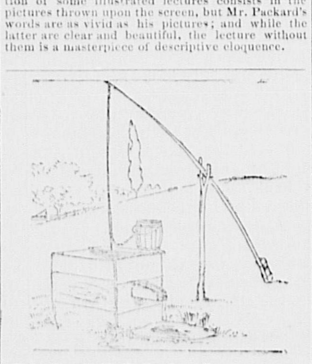
Methodist Episcopal Church,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

and will include the following topics, viz:
Thursday, Oct. 14. Rome, the Eternal City.
Thursday, Oct. 21. Egypt, the Land of the Pharaohs.
Thursday, Oct. 28. Constantinople, the Queen City of the East.
Thursday, Nov. 4. Life Among the Alps.
Thursday, Nov. 11. Paris the Magnificent.
Thursday, Nov. 18. Ben Hur, with Quartet Selections.

☞ Course Tickets will be on sale at Copeland & Bowser's, Legg's Photographic Parlor, Call's Printing office.

These lectures are to be delivered in the Methodist church by Rev. I. H. Packard, who has had large experience and great success as a lecturer, has visited and thoroughly studied the places and objects described and selected the pictures in the localities to which they pertain.

From Geo. D. Lindsay, D. D. President and Superintendant of Instruction: The chief attraction of some illustrated lectures consists in the pictures thrown upon the screen, but Mr. Packard's words are as vivid as his pictures; and while the latter are clear and beautiful, the lecture without them is a masterpiece of descriptive eloquence.



OUR STOCK IS WELL UP
And overflowing with good things.
It will please and satisfy the most skeptical. Come and see
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street, - - WOBURN

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.
I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

FOR SALE
—OR—
TO LET.
House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

INVESTMENT.
Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE,
415 Main Street

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
☞ Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
☞ Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,
(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)
Teacher of Piano and Organ.
ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

C. C. STONE & Co.
Meats and Vegetables.
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Everything First-class.
Meat, Sweet and Inviting.
Always on Hand.
The cleanest, freshest, sweetest Fish, Oysters, Clams and Poultry in the Woburn market.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.
French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.
House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
No. 650 Main Street.
House which can be used by one or two families. Also, barn if desired. Low rent to responsible tenants.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,
One minute to Station. All modern improvements $22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. ☞ GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

REMOVED!
Plumbing Garden Hose
There is only one best Range.
That is the Somerset Pallas.
Call and see it at
C. M. STROUT,
DOW BLOCK, Old Post Office Rooms.
Oil Stoves Seeds

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.
Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Have the Baby's Photos Taken
—AT THE—
NOWELL STUDIO,
396 Main Street, Woburn.
We give a Silver Plated Frame with each dozen of baby photos, until Oct. 1.

To Let.
The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.
W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.
A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

Are You The Man?
WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.

Pasters Wanted.
Russell Counter Co.

Is there anything more wholesome, more beautiful, more completely pleasing than a womanly woman? Such a woman is even tempered, intelligent, strong and healthy. Health really tells the whole story. Health means strong nerves and strong body, and they go far toward bringing good looks and amiability.

A woman worn and wearied by the dragging weaknesses peculiar to her sex, cannot be expected to find zest in any duty or amusement. Life is all one dead monotonous gloom to her. On her face is written the story of weakness and pain. The wholesomeness of health is lacking. The cheeks lack fullness, the eyes lack sparkle, the hair lacks luster.

Doctors have learned to locate nine-tenths of womanly sickness in the organs that ought above all others to be strong and healthy.

Sensitive women shudder at the thought of consulting a physician on such matters. A natural feeling of modesty makes them dread the examination, and subsequent stereotyped treatment by "local applications" on which most doctors insist.

Much more often than not, this is unnecessary. It should not be submitted to except as a last resort.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured thousands of severe cases of "female weakness." It works in a natural, sensible way. It begins by subduing the inflammation that is always present. Then it strengthens and invigorates the whole body, particularly the organs distinctly feminine. It promotes regularity, cures inflammation and ulceration, and stops the debilitating drain caused by them. Of all dealers.

THE WHIRLWIND ROAD.

The muses wrapped in mysteries of light
Came in a rush of music on the night,
And I was lifted wildly on quick wings
And borne away into the heart of things.
The dead doors of my being broke apart,
A wind of rapture blew across the heart,
The inward song of worlds rang still and clear,
I felt the mystery the muses fear,
Yet they went swiftening on the ways untrod
And hurled me breathless at the feet of God.

I felt faint touches of the final truth,
Moments of trembling love, moments of youth.
A vision swept away the human wall.
Slowly I saw the meaning of it all—
Meaning of life and time and death and birth—
But cannot tell it to the men of earth.
I only point the way, and they must go
The whirlwind road of song if they would know

—Charles Edwin Markham in Scribner's.

A CAPTAIN'S WIDOW.

When Matilda Hartley was 20 years of age and living not the happiest of lives with a crabbed old aunt, who had brought her up, there came into the village of Rudleigh, where she had been born, and which she had never left since, a dashing sea captain of 36 or 38, who spent his money freely enough to make an acquisition to the one hotel of the place, and who was so far from bashful that before he had been there a week every woman in Rudleigh had either been "stared at" or "followed quite home, my dear."

The young chambermaids had each been kissed, the landlord's daughter had been chucked under the chin, and the landlady herself, striving to blush and failing because no red rose could be redder than she was already, declared that a little more and she must really "mention it to Mr. Landlord."

As for Captain Waters, he considered all this the proper thing for a man of spirit to do and continued the general admirer of the fair of Rudleigh until, falling one day into the society of Mattie Hartley, he became at once her particular slave. He courted her one week, proposed the next and married her the third.

He was well enough to do to retire from a seafaring life, was owner and hitherto captain of the Amanda and was, moreover, a widower, his first wife having taken advantage of his absence on a voyage to elope with a Frenchman, who, so report ran, had poisoned her.

This he told, with a grave face, to little Mattie before he popped the question.

"If I thought women folk were all alike, I'd fight shy of them, I can tell you," he said. "But I'm sure you have a heart, and a true one, Mattie."

And so Mattie gave him her heart, and her hand with it.

For a year or two they were happy; then the jolly, red cheeked captain fell ill, and in his illness a baby that had come to them, a boy of a few months old, was stolen from a perambulator, which a careless nurse had left standing by the roadside while she chatted with a beau.

There had been a band of gypsies in the neighborhood, and suspicion naturally fell on them, but they were followed in vain, and none of the rewards which were offered threw any light on the subject.

The agitation did the captain great harm and probably hastened his end. He died in a few months, and poor Mattie, broken hearted and desolate, prayed to die also. What good could come to her now that Frank and baby were both gone? In vain the old clergyman preached submission and spoke of "tempting Providence by rebellion."

Mattie heard none of the stereotyped phrases that were poured into her ear—heard nothing until one day a tall, bold faced woman walked, unannounced, into her presence and before the old clergyman himself announced the fact that she was Captain Waters' widow—that her children and his were at the hotel, and that Mattie was a mere usurper.

That roused the widow at last. Her Frank so vile a creature! Her Frank deceive her so! She could not, would not believe it, and no one else would. She ordered the woman out of the house, and the woman went, but only to a lawyer's hard by. There she produced proofs that were conclusive—a certificate signed by a well known clergyman and letters from the captain, and in a certain church a register was found, all that was necessary to establish her claim.

Mattie asseverated in vain that the captain's first wicked wife was dead—that this woman was an impostor and that she did not believe one word of all the story. Other people believed it. No one knew the captain previous to his sudden appearance at Rudleigh, and seafaring men are not always supposed to be too glad, especially in quiet inland towns, to have a dozen wives apiece.

The end of all this was that the new Mrs. Waters took possession of the dwelling and property of the captain, and, disgraced and wretched, Mattie returned to the maiden aunt, who, having been opposed to the match, rather triumphed in its result as what she called a "judgment."

Mrs. Waters tried to make herself friends in the village, but, on the whole, failed to do so. She was coarse and vulgar. The servants said she drank, and her treatment of her child, a little creature half the size it should have been for its age, was such as shocked everybody.

She never manifested any love for it. It was said she beat it cruelly. At all events, her manner and the stories about her made every one of respectability shun her, and, even had she been a woman they could esteem, to settle down in that village would have seemed indelicate enough, the women said.

But some who thought only of her money became intimate with Mrs. Waters, and dashingly dressed men came down by rail to visit her, and she drove with them in her showy carriage past Mattie's humble home and threw upon the sad face, bent over some work at the window, such looks of scorn as might have been Mattie's due had she been a very wicked creature, but which under the circumstances were quite uncalled for.

All this went on for two years at least, and by that time Mrs. Waters' boy—5 years old she called him, but he hardly looked 3—was running about the grounds and escaping from them whenever he could into the bargain.

Oddly enough, whenever he got free, he made straight for the strip of green land that lay between the house that Mattie dwelt in and the river. It was the water that tempted him, and his delight was to launch a tiny boat with paper sails upon it.

At first Mattie ran away when she saw him. Then she began to watch him, thinking how like he was to the captain, with that head of clustering yellow curls, thinking him like also to what her boy would have been had he lived—for she never doubted that he was dead—until her heart softened, and one day she opened the door and tempted him in with cake as one might a bird.

After that he used often to come to her. All Rudleigh was scandalized by the fact, and Mrs. Waters, ignorant of it, until she one day came upon the two at the river's edge, the boy with his arms around the woman's neck. She was in her carriage when she saw them, but she was out of it in an instant, periling her life in the jump. And she struck the child a blow and called Mattie by an evil name, and no one who saw her face forgot it as she drove away again with the screaming child.

Mattie went into her poor home, broken hearted, and her maiden aunt berated her woefully, and Mattie could only weep.

"Where is your pride," said the spinster, "your decency?"

And Mattie sobbed:

"He is so like Frank—so like Frank, aunt. Don't be angry with me."

The old nurse was well berated also, and for awhile the boy was kept within bounds, but he had a will of his own, and at last, one warm autumn day, mamma out for a drive as usual, and nurse dozing, the great gate swung behind him, and he pattered down the green bit of land and peeped into Mattie's cottage door.

She was at an upper window, but she did not call to him—she dared not—and he wandered away to the water's edge. There he launched his boat and paddled in to bring it out again and splashed and wet himself and soiled his fine clothes with the mud and was happy beyond expression.

Mattie yearned for him, but she sat still and only looked until the tears filled her eyes, and she hid them in her apron and fell to weeping bitterly. But from this a shrill cry aroused her. She started to her feet. The child was no longer on the bank, but out in the water gleamed a yellow head and two tiny arms, and a cry of "Mamma!" came to her.

It was as though her own child called. She flew from the room and down the stairs and out toward the river. Others were rushing that way, but she was first. She never paused to think, but plunged into the water recklessly.

In another moment she was out of her depth, but she had the boy fast by his little waist and did her best to reach shore with him. Men were near by this time, and the two were drawn to land together, and in the midst of the crowd Mattie stood holding the dripping child to her breast when the whirl of carriage wheels smote her ear.

A harsh voice cried, "What's all this?" and there once more was Mrs. Waters.

Mattie gave a scream, but held the child closer. The woman, with a look of hate which had some terror in it, sprang to her feet.

The horses plunged and reared.

"For heaven's sake, sit still, ma'am!" cried the coachman, but the warning was unheeded.

Mrs. Waters attempted to leap to the ground. The horses started, her long train caught in the wheels, the coachman lost all command over the animals and was flung to the earth, and away over road and field the mad creatures dragged the wretched woman, lashed by her costly robes to her own chariot wheels.

The crowd followed, unable to give any aid, and Mattie remained, holding the sobbing boy to her bosom. She looked into his eyes; she kissed his lips. Mad dreams of stealing him and hiding herself where she might keep him for her own filled her mind.

At last she crept into the house and undressed him and wrapped him in dry clothing and laid him to rest in her own bed, whence he lifted up his arms to embrace her.

Later in the evening she sat by the fire when the latch was lifted and the old clergyman came in. His face was very grave. He walked up to Mattie and took her hand softly.

"You must put on your bonnet and come with me," he said. "The woman who was hurt today is dying. She wants to speak to you."

"To me?" said Mattie. "Oh, I cannot go there!"

But something in her friend's manner made her alter her mind and go with him, with a strange, hopeful feeling at her heart.

She entered the house where her married life had been spent and the chamber that had been her own unfalteringly, though her soul sickened, and there upon the bed she saw the bold faced woman—bold and handsome no more, but quivering with death agony and the terror of what lay beyond it—a helpless, disfigured mass of flesh and bone. But she could speak yet, and she turned her woeful eyes on Mattie and said piteously:

"I am going to die. Have mercy on me. Don't be cruel. I'm going to die, and I want to tell you something. They say I'll die easier if I do. And I'm sorry. You are a good woman—as good as I am bad. I—I never was Captain Waters' wife—never. My cousin was. She died. I looked like her, and I had all her papers and certificates. I wanted the money. Another thing—the boy—the child—when I knew the captain was dying I stole him, for the property, all for that. It would help me to have a son. It is your boy. I lied about his age. It is your boy. Let me swear to it."

And, with her hand upon the Bible, the woman passed into eternity.

Mattie stood silent—awestruck, scarcely comprehending, bewildered beyond thought—until the old clergyman came to the bed and took her hand.

"Forgive her if you can, Mrs. Waters," he said, "even as you would have God forgive you."

And with the words and the name Mattie realized the truth and sank upon her knees, crying, "Frank was true—Frank never deceived me," and then, "I have always felt that it was my boy and not hers."

And so it came to pass that Mattie Waters lived once more in her old home with no cloud of shame upon her life—happy in her boy and in the hope of meeting Frank once more in that land where severed hearts are reunited and there is no more sorrow, neither any death.—Exchange.

How a Road In Ireland Was Made.

The way in which the Irish imagination accounts for the curious notch in the Devil's Bit mountain, Tipperary, is indicated in its very name. But there are two versions of the legend. According to one, it is said that Nickie Ben, just to try how sharp his teeth were, bit a piece off the upper edge, but, finding it rather too hard even for his digestion, he threw it up at Cashel, in the same county, where it has remained ever since. In confirmation of the story it is gravely asserted that the rock of Cashel would exactly fit into the gap left in the aforesaid mountain. In Notes and Queries, June 1, 1851, the tale is told as follows: 'In the Barnane mountains, near Templemore, Ireland, there is a large dent or hollow, visible at the distance of 20 miles and known by the name of the 'Devil's Bit.' There is a foolish tradition that the devil was obliged by one of the saints to make a road for his reverence across an extensive bog in the neighborhood, and so, taking a piece of the mountain in his mouth, he strode over the bog and deposited a road behind him!"—Gentleman's Magazine.

British Admiralty Red Tape.

Every one who has to do with the admiralty is familiar with amusing tales of the glorification of red tape. Here is the very latest. Some time ago a workman in one of the dockyards lost a government candlestick, valued at a few pence. This was considered sufficient excuse for a report by the local officials to Whitehall. A long correspondence of the approved government office type ensued, and it is estimated that not less than £5 was spent in the officials' time, ink and paper. After every aspect of the case had been weighed the workman was directed to pay the local officials the sum of fivepence, being the value set upon this particular candlestick. Of course, if the man had been in private employment, little or no notice would have been taken of such a triviality, or, at most, he would have paid his foreman the value, without any red tapeism.—Westminster Gazette.

Rank In Prussia.

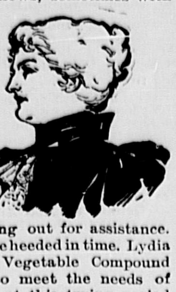
A Prussian master of ceremonies would have a fit if he were asked to marshal the guests in the English way, says the Amsterdam Handelsblad, and it proceeds to show how the order of rank was at the reception in Buckingham palace. First came the archbishops, then the dukes and duchesses, marquises and marchionesses, earls and countesses, lords and ladies, bishops, barons, right honorables and honorables, county councilors, the lower clergy, the medical profession and, last, the admirals, captains, commanders and naval lieutenants, to be followed by field marshals, generals and other army officers. In Prussia the military men rank first, noblemen without military rank and without official position "take a back seat" and the clergy are remanded still farther in the rear.

A Friend.

What is a friend? One who supports you and comforts you, while others do not. Friendship is the cordial drop "to make the nauseous draft of life go down."—Boswell.

THE TURN OF LIFE

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.



Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

The Vegetable Compound is an invigorating strengthener of the female organism. It builds up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

It does not seem necessary for us to prove the honesty of our statements, but it is a pleasure to publish such grateful words as the following:

"I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."—Mrs. Della Watson, 524 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GLADSTONE IN DEBATE.

Some of the Peculiarities of England's Grand Old Man.

Harry Furniss, the artist of London Punch, whose caricatures of Gladstone are so well known in America, has written and illustrated a paper for The Century on "Glimpses of Gladstone." Mr. Furniss says:

I noticed that he always appeared to be very anxious and restless before rising to make a speech. His first movement upon such an occasion was to arrange his carefully prepared notes upon the box in front of him; then, taking from his pocket the historical pomatum pot, which contained, I believe, a mixture of egg flip and honey, a recipe of Sir William Clarke's, he would place it out of view on the edge of the table by the side of the box. Then he would sit, placing both hands upon his knees, with his face firmly set and with his hawklike eyes fixed upon the speaker, waiting for the signal to spring to his feet.

Once up, he seemed composed enough, playing with the notes in front of him and arranging and rearranging them; then, leaning forward and laying his hand upon the box, he would begin slowly, latterly with a husky voice. When the graceful introduction with which he prefaced his remarks was over, there would come an ominous tug at his wristbands, followed by an easing of his collar with one finger, a step back, a flash from those passionate eyes, and then—but let others describe his speeches.

As an artist, accustomed perhaps to use my eyes more than my ears, I content myself here with laying down certain personal traits, such, for instance, as that when the great orator paused to consider a difficult point he was wont to scratch the top of his head with the wrist of his left hand. When determined to drive an argument home to his listeners, he used to emphasize it by bringing down his ringed hand upon the box with a tremendous bang, of which energetic action evidence remains in the shape of many telltale dents in the boxes. I have examined these evidences, and it was interesting to find that the energy of the orator was much greater when he was out of office than when he was in power, the box upon the opposition side being much more severely marked than its fellow in front of the government bench, notwithstanding the terrific thumping to which that receptacle was subjected during the memorable oration of Thursday, April 8, 1886.

Another habit peculiar to Mr. Gladstone during debate was that of turning around and addressing members behind him. Upon one occasion, in 1889, he turned to his younger supporters and gave them this notable advice: "I stand here as a member of the house, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my counsel and reserve my own freedom until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavoring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them to do the same," holding up his hands like an old parliamentary prophet.

Upon great occasions in the house Mr. Gladstone's dress was very noticeable. He was then spruce in a black frock coat, light trousers and wearing a flower in his buttonhole. This generally indicated that a great speech was imminent. Whenever there was any excuse for wearing them, Mr. Gladstone had a partiality for gray clothes, which were not too fashionably cut, and once I remember that he caused some sensation by appearing in the house wearing a wedding favor. Something had evidently tickled his sense of humor upon the occasion, for he was "smiling all over" as he came in, and when he sat down by Sir William Harcourt, to whom he related the joke, his merriment seemed to increase. Afterward he repeated it to Mr. Chamberlain, and again to the speaker, finally quitting the house to tell it anew outside.

THE HALF CENT MAN.

HOW NEW YORK'S POSTOFFICE GAVE HIM HIS FIRST START.

He Received $5,000 That He Didn't Expect—It Was His Share of an Extra Profit the Firm Made by Following One of His Suggestions.

The biggest, best and most expensively furnished house in the town of Winterport, Me., is owned and occupied by David Heagon Smith, a big, blue eyed Yankee, who started out as a poor boy and earned his money and his reputation among the granite quarries of Penobscot bay. Though Mr. Smith was always generous, giving liberally to church and charity, he has been known among his friends as the "half cent man" for nearly 30 years.

Beginning as a drag tender, young Smith worked his way up, and in 1870 was appointed general manager of the quarries on Dix island, nine miles southwest from Rockland. At that time the Dix Island Granite company, for which Mr. Smith worked, had just taken the contract to quarry and cut the stone for the New York postoffice.

Stonecutters and blacksmiths received $3.50 a day for eight hours' work, the United States paid the bills, and everybody connected with the work was prosperous. The first set of pay rolls that was made out came back from Washington for revision. At $3.50 a day a full day's wages came out in even change, and so did a half day. The trouble was in the fourths. A quarter of a day's pay was 87½ cents, and three-quarters of a day was $2.62½, and while the government is honest it cannot and will not countenance the splitting of cents in the wages of anybody.

When the matter was explained, there was a solemn meeting held in the company's office, which was attended by C. P. Dixon of New York, the company's treasurer; Alfred B. Mullett, United States supervising architect; two or three congressmen, including James G. Blaine, and a small army of local bosses. Mr. Mullett proposed to divide the fractions equally on the quarters, giving the quarter of a day man 88 cents and the three-quarters of a day man $2.62. Mr. Dixon was about to accede to the idea when Mr. Smith broke in, ridiculing the idea of a great nation like the United States haggling and wriggling over a little matter of half a cent a day. His argument prevailed, and, Mr. Mullett yielding, the pay rolls allowed quarter of a day men 88 cents and half a day men $2.63. The workingmen gained both half cents and nobody was injured.

The New York postoffice, costing more than $7,000,000, was completed in 1874, and the new Philadelphia postoffice and courthouse was started the same year and finished in 1877, so nearly 5,000 skilled mechanics had continuous employment for seven years. Under the terms of the contract the company received 50 cents a cubic foot for the granite employed in the two structures and had a commission of 15 per cent upon the gross cost of the buildings. When both jobs were done, Mr. Dixon called Mr. Smith into his office and presented him with a check for $5,000.

"What is this for?" asked Mr. Smith, who had always drawn his pay at the end of every month. Instead of making an immediate reply Mr. Dixon put another question:

"How much is 15 per cent of one-half a cent, David?"

"Three-fortieths of a cent," replied Mr. Smith.

"And how many three-fortieths of a cent are there in $5,000?"

This puzzled Mr. Smith for a time, and Mr. Dixon laughed.

"Are there 7,000,000?"

"No, sir."

"Are there 6,500,000?" continued Mr. Dixon.

"Yes, sir, and a fraction over."

"Well, David," resumed Mr. Dixon, "I have made a few figures for myself and have learned that your talk to Mullett, which gave me both half cents, has earned me about $10,000, and I think I ought to divide. That's your half on the check."

The following spring Mr. Smith went to Winterport and bought the old Treat homestead. The place originally cost about $30,000, but had fallen into decay, so Mr. Smith was able to buy it for $5,000. Since then he has fixed it up and beautified it so it is one of the finest estates on the Penobscot river. When visitors call and praise the homestead, Mr. Smith says:

"Yes, I like it. It was bought from a commission of one-half of 15 per cent on half cents, but I guess it is good enough for me."—Boston Globe.

How He Won Her.

Miss Charmynge—Don't you think I was meant for a business woman?

Jack Hustler—No, I don't. I think you were meant for a business man.—Brooklyn Life.

The Locality.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."—Indianapolis Journal.

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NATIONAL LEAD CO., BOSTON BRANCH,
Cor. Congress and Purchase Sts., Boston, Mass.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 17.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxiv, 10-25—Memory Verses, 14-16—Golden Text, Isa. xii, 10—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

10. After five days Paul is now before Felix, the governor, and is permitted to speak for himself in the presence of his accusers, the high priest and others who have come from Jerusalem to condemn him (verse 1). They accused him of many things, but all their accusations were false (verses 5-9), and thus he had increased fellowship with his Lord in that they spoke mischievous things of him, imagined deceits and laid to his charge things he knew not of (Ps. xxxviii, 12; lxix, 4). All manner of fellowship with God and with Christ should be prized by us as a gift as much as to believe on Him (Phil. i, 29).

11-13. Paul with few words sweeps away all their accusations as utterly untrue and without foundation. He knew that God was with him, and he had no fear. He could calmly face all his accusers, and the devil himself, their captain. He knew in his soul that there were more with him than with them (II Kings vi, 16) and could say: "Though my soul is among lions, men whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword, be thou exalted, O God. My heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise" (Ps. lvii, 4-7).

14. Here he begins to state the real cause of their anger against him. He believed all things written in the law and in the prophets, and that made him a very troublesome fellow to these religious people, who did not believe God. A minister in Chicago said the other day that these people calling themselves Bible students were very troublesome, and certainly they must be to such ministers as prefer their own ease, with lots of cricket and lawn tennis and hunting and fishing, rather than Bible study and real work for God.

15. "There shall be a resurrection of the dead both of the just and of the unjust." This was and is even to this day a troublesome doctrine to many, though plainly taught even in the cherubim story of Gen. iii, and very clearly set forth in Dan. xii, 1-3. Not that just and unjust shall rise at the same time, for Rev. xx, 5, 6, says that a thousand years shall intervene, and to this there is no contradiction in all Scripture, for the hour of John v, 28, will cover the thousand years as easily as the hour of John v, 25, has already covered over 1,800 years. Our Lord Jesus made a very evident distinction between the two resurrections when He told a certain one of rewards at the resurrection of the just (Luke xiv, 14).

16. The blessed hope of the return of Christ, the resurrection of the righteous and their rewards for service at His coming for His saints is that which purifies us from the defilements and the entanglements of this present evil world and makes us labor to be ever acceptable to Him. Every believer is accepted in Him (Eph. i, 6), and that stands unchanged, but because of this we seek to be acceptable to Him in all things, and trust Him to work in us those things which are well pleasing in His sight (Heb. xiii, 21).

17-19. Here is a true and brief statement of the case as to why he was in Jerusalem and why in the temple when they found him there, and who his accusers ought to have been, if any. The secret of the whole trouble was that which Paul well understood, for he himself was once heartily one with the high priest and elders in their hatred of Jesus and the story of His resurrection from the dead. If Jesus of Nazareth was really Israel's Messiah, then the nation was guilty of crucifying their King, and that they would not submit to. Paul had actually seen Him, and knew that it was even so, and that the crucified Christ was really risen from the dead and was at the right hand of God, Israel's true and only Messiah, Son of David, Son of Abraham.

20, 21. "Touching the resurrection of the dead I am called in question by you this day." It was that which set the council in an uproar (xxiii, 6, 7), and they knew it. It was the resurrection from the dead which with power declared Him to be the Son of God (Rom. i, 4), and the full import of the great fact is finely set forth in I Cor. xv. There is no gospel, no salvation, no forgiveness of sins, no use in preaching, no ground for faith, no sense in baptism or any ordinance of the church if Christ be not risen. His life and death were all in vain if He be not risen. But He is risen, and that secures everything for all who are His or are willing to become His by faith in Him.

22. Felix evidently saw more clearly into the whole business than the high priest and elders wished that he might, and the man who could now give the most important testimony, next in order, was the chief captain who had twice rescued him from the infuriated Jews. There was, therefore, nothing further to be done till Lysias should come. The waiting times for the people of God when the work seems hindered by the indifference or open opposition of the enemies of God is one of the mysteries. It would seem from verse 27 that Paul was a prisoner at Cæsarea for two years. Might all this have been escaped if he had not insisted upon going to Jerusalem just at that time? Anyway, to rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him is surely good.

23. Paul is a kind of free prisoner. He is under guard, but at liberty to see all who come to him. So it was also on the way to Rome and at Rome (xxvii, 3; xxviii, 16), and Paul doubtless made the best possible use of his liberty for the glory of God and to magnify the Lord Jesus, for that was the whole aim of his life and the end of all his teaching (Gal. ii, 20; Phil. i, 20, 21). Let each one ask, Can I say truly "For me to live is Christ?" "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me?" "Christ shall be magnified."

24. How glad Paul would be of this opportunity to set forth the faith in Christ, and especially to a Jewess, for one of his mottoes was, "To the Jew first" (Rom. i, 16). He did not need time to think out or prepare his discourse, for he was full of it, or rather of Christ, and always ready for such an opportunity. Every preacher should be so full of the word of God that when an opportunity to speak is afforded he could trust the Spirit to fit the message in his lips (Prov. xxii, 18; Math. x, 20).

25. "He reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." We may imagine without difficulty, from his epistles, on what lines he would reason and whence he would get his arguments. He always reasoned out of the Scriptures (Acts xvii, 2) and never in the words which man's wisdom teacheth (I Cor. ii, 4). On righteousness he would certainly show its necessity, that no man has it nor can get it of himself, but that God has provided it fully in Christ and gives it freely to whosoever will.

The Bird.

Little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes. The air in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh and glows with air in its flying like blown flame. It rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it, and in its throat is the voice of the air. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its voice rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture at daybreak or twittering and lisping among boughs and hedges through heat of day like little winds that ruffle the petals of the wild rose. Also on the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air, the gold of the cloud that cannot be gathered, the vermilion of the cloud bar, the flame of the cloud crest, the snow and the shadow and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky. All these woven into plumes, following and fading along breast and throat and opened wings. And so the spirit of the air is put into this created form and becomes through 20 centuries the symbol of divine help descending to bless the Hebrew cherubim, the Greek flying angel of victory, and the bird has given its wings to render the conception of angels and thus has influenced religion.—Ruskin.

Novelty In Cloth Printing.

Cloth printing, so managed that the two sides are of entirely different pattern, is among the recent achievements of the dyer's art. The two faced effect is produced by first dyeing the entire fabric through and through of a single color. The goods are then finished in the usual fashion. They are afterward passed over rollers, which are engraved with fine lines running diagonally in both directions. A careful adjustment of the pressure of the roller carrying the dye is made, thus preventing the color from striking through. The secret of success in this lies in the careful adjustment and in the accurate regulation of the quantity of color applied. There must be just enough to go half way through the cloth, but no more. The results are very satisfactory and will be particularly pleasing on heavy fabrics, as by this means they will give the effect of linings of different colors from the outside.—New York Ledger.

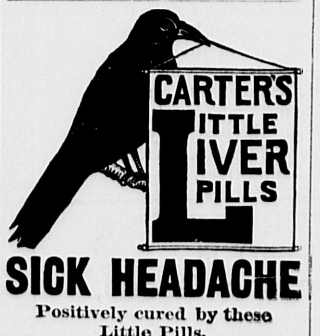
Feminine Curiosity.

'Henry, dear, what did they do with you when they initiated you into the Odd Fellows the other night?"

"Why, I can't tell you that, Millie, as a matter of course. I took a solemn pledge never to disclose it to anybody."

(Sobbing) "If—if anybody had—had told me this before we were—were married I wouldn't have believed it! (Suddenly drying her tears) I'll get it out of you when you are asleep, Henry Plumduff! You see if I don't."—Chicago Tribune.

The best dancers are said to be the Americans and Russians. French and Italians, however, posture better.



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VOL. XLVII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1897. NO. 46.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A.M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent

W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

G. W. WINSLOW, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Feb. 10, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.00 M., 1.00, 1.30 then every 30 minutes until 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, 9.33, 10.33, 11.33 A. M., 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, 9.55, 10.55, 11.55 A. M., 12.25 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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PIANOS TUNED

By Frank A. Locke,

EXPERT PIANO and ORGAN TUNER and REPAIRER. 24 years practical experience. Boston Office, Hallett & Davis Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont St. Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's Periodical Store, 375 Main Street. Prices: Squares, $2.00; Uprights $2.50; Grands, $3.00. Refers to any person in Woburn who has a piano.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan

MARKET

Has a Big Stock of

Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.

Prices Very Low.

Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.

J. DURWARD, JR.

FOREST HOOPER,

PLUMBER,

Walnut St., Woburn.

Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.

H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.

Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

Woburn Real Estate Exchange.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Over the dusky verge
Of the quiet sea
Slowly I watch emerge
The silver rim
Of the crescent moon. Pale, dim,
The soft stars, one by one,
With holy glee
Steal out and light their lamps,
For day is done.

The tempests are asleep.
Only the balm
Of some cool evening wind
Ruffles the calm.
The listening ear of night
Can catch no sound
Save when, in slumber bound,
Earth turns and sighs.
Peace rules the deep.

Aye, peace! Across the dark,
Star paven sky
The night queen's silver bark
Goes gliding by.
With murmuring faint the streams
Drowse as they flow
In their hid channels. Slow
Down dropping dews
Slide from the heavens like gleams
Of love born dreams.

Frail breaths of violet,
Of roses fair,
Shy hints of mignonette,
Rise through the air
From unseen gardens, there—
Beneath my feet.
Ah, me, how at their spell
Swift fancies rise!
What touching sympathies,
What golden memories,
And thoughts how sweet!

—Edward H. Blakeney in Good Words.

A MAN AT HIS WORK.

It was long past sundown when I camped on the roadside in the Rogue river valley, and the sky was full of the afterglow, and the Siskyou range was gleaming. Other tramps had used the nearer wood, but I scraped up enough to light a fire and boil some water for tea. I had a little mutton and some bread to eat, and I gulped it down miserably. What was I doing in such a place? And what was my place in the universe? I yearned terribly for some one to speak to. Even a common tramp of the usual order would have helped me in my mood that night.

But as the afterglow faded and the stars arose from the east and the crests of the Siskyous became mere sharp mountain forms against the sky the silence was oppressive. It was warm and very still, and the subdued hum of the unseen insect world accentuated the depth of silence on the human earth. My nerves were on edge. The howl of a chained dog on a distant farm made me start from a waking dream. I threw more wood on my fire, and, unrolling my blankets, I lay down.

Perhaps I had been asleep no more than a few minutes when I awoke suddenly, finding that I had rolled over with my back to the blazing logs. But I was conscious even then that I was not alone, and, with the instinct of suspicion alight in me, I slid my hand to the butt of my pistol and rolled over as though still asleep. I saw a man sitting on the opposite side of my fire with his hands locked round his knees. He was staring into the embers with a faroff look in his gleaming eyes. No more utterly melancholy face had ever fronted mine. I watched for more than a minute before he became conscious that I was awake.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you, partner," he said apologetically, "but it was chilly, and I hadn't any matches, and I'm getting old, getting old."

He murmured the last words to himself.

"That's all right, sonny," I answered. "You're welcome to so much."

"I was going to borrow a lighted stick and make a fire for myself. I've scraped up some wood just yonder."

"Bring it here, then," said I. "One big fire is better than two small ones."

And the old chap rose. He was long and thin and haggard, with the bowed shoulders of ancient and continued toil. He walked as though greatly fatigued. He came back in a minute with his arms full of sticks, and, putting some of them on the embers, he sat down again. I was wide awake now and got up

"Don't"— he began, but I stopped him.

"My tongue's rusty. I want to talk. You struck a bad streak of luck some time ago, old man, eh?"

"I did, partner. I'm an accursed man."

Ah, then, he was mad. But that's not an odd thing in the United States' standing army of tramps—not odd at all. Is it strange that toil and want and misery should drive some of those crazy who have not the strength to meet the bitter, newer order of civilization, who are crushed by competition and the good law that yields Beelzebub his tribute of laggards and weaklings.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly.
Best after dinner pills.
25 cents. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I heated up the tea again. He drank the warm infusion of this commercial herb, which knew not China or Ceylon, with great eagerness and thanked me most humbly. I felt encouraged, for I was not so low down, and, suppressing my anxiety as to the morrow, I kindly bestowed upon him the remains of a sheep bone and a crust. There are many orders among outcasts.

"You are a good sort," he told me. I denied it savagely.

"I'm nothing of the kind, old man. Don't give me any such slush, or you can shift your camp. Good! Why, I'd like to cut the throats of some men."

He shrank down as though I had struck him.

"Don't," he said. "I felt that way myself once, but I repent."

"Did you do it?"

"Do what, partner?"

"Cut any man's throat?"

He shook his head and smiled wanly.

"I think I did worse, partner. May I tell you? I like to tell it sometimes."

"Wait till I fill my pipe," I answered. "Have you one?"

He produced a clay and lighted it.

"But perhaps you want to sleep?"

I shook my head.

"Fire away, sonny!"

But at first he could not talk. He began whittling a stick and muttered to himself. Perhaps he imagined that he was speaking aloud, for when I did catch what he was saying he was in the middle of a sentence.

"And so I took it over, paid for it and took it over with the mortgage on it, and I worked hard. It wasn't much of a place then, but there was the water to irrigate it. I planted more oranges and made a vineyard myself. I did it all, all, and God knows how I slaved and worked on it! All the men about the country said I was a hard, hard man, but I didn't think I was. Perhaps I made others work, but didn't I work myself? Hadn't I worked in Iowa for $10 a month and in Oregon for $20 all those years before I went down south to San Diego and put my money into this fruit ranch? Of course I had. Oh, but not so hard as I worked there when I worked for a place to bring my wife and child to from the east, because I wanted them bad, and she hadn't been used to rough it, for she was daughter to a locomotive engineer in Minnesota, and her mother had a farm, the only one for miles without a mortgage on it. I've read of folks saying how lucky farmers are in the United States because they mostly don't pay rent. No, but they pay interest, as I know, as I know!

"But, as I was telling, I worked for five years on my ranch, and then things was in shape. I seed the trees grow that I'd planted, and my heart was in it all, and every orange and every pear or grape was part of me. They was all my children. And perhaps, partner, you never owned no land. But even so you've traveled, and the big desire has come over you to settle down and put your feet deep in a bit of God's broad, good earth, saying, 'This is my little share, given me to make it fruitful,' for a man has, so to speak—and I've thought it out often—two wives, a woman and a bit of the earth. But when a man takes a hull country or half a state it ain't according to my morality. It seems wicked, for there's fine men with none, and their strength is naught. They have no children out of the earth."

He dropped his pipe and stood up, and now he seemed to forget me, speaking to the air and the broad lands of that beautiful valley and the everlasting hills.

"But when five years was past and done I had the house in shape, and the trees were full of fruit and the young orchards promising, and then I sent for Carrie and the child. So I had my good wife and the baby as was no baby now, but a growing girl like a fine young tree. For them I worked harder, and I was always level, if not more. Sometimes it was a real bit more, but of course the interest of the mortgage was heavy. And may the inventors of such be accursed, even as I am!

"For, though a man without leeches sucking his blood may abide a bad season according to his strength and wait for the good return, which is God's gift to them as can endure his chastisement, it is not so when he works one hour for himself and ten for a sucking spider in a web of law in a city office. And a bad season came, and I was behind my bond with the spider, and on the added interest he took 10 more per cent. To each dollar added to his account he added more till no good season could straighten me out again, and every bright day was heavy with clouds for me, and my best hope was dried up, like a tree dying with the scale.

"And now after five more years the time came when my wife's very keep, for she wasn't as strong as some, and the two girls, for there was another, seemed too much. I thought perhaps if she went back east again I could hire a man or a boy and get straight again, and I sent her back with money as I borrowed, $100 only, but they cost me $10 each year.

"And I lived God knows how, for I don't, because the long days was a bad dream, I felt that lonely. I was sorry at times that I'd ever come on land that the law called my own. But I hankered after it and the smell of it. And time and time again I dreamed it was all my own and free of interest, and I woke up crying tears of joy in a joyless house that wasn't mine. And the trees that seemed to know me were my children, and now when I walk I see the sun in the orange grove and smell the smell of the white blossoms, and my heart is sick with desire. But there aren't any trees there now.

"Perhaps there might have been if it hadn't been that the old lawyer as lent the young lawyer money to lend to me on the land I'd made come up to take a look at the land as was mostly his. And that's why I say I wanted once to cut a man's throat, for when I showed him round and was civil to him and spoke him fair I could have caught him by his fat throat and got him down and choked him, for he'd never really worked, and he was fat and soft, with a heavy jowl, and his father had been a railroad man with lots of money. And this man, he says to me, but yet more to himself, 'If so be there was a good house built, it would be a lovely place.' And then he took a drink of wine and rode away in his buggy, going soft and comfortable.

"I went back mad to prune vines and scrape off scale and see to things just as if I was a hired man, with all the little profits leaking out and coming up in a spring in a town office with a gang of uncivil boys in it, learning the devil's work.

"That night as I laid in bed I knowed as well as if I'd heard him say it that if I was a dollar behind I'd be squeezed out even before the clause that gave 'em power to foreclose unless the hull principal was paid came in force, for they that drew the mortgage knew how to draw it, and I signed it like an innocent, for the money I wanted was honey on a bear trap, and they had me tight.

"And of course, as is the nature of things, once in so many years there came a bad season, frost and a big wind that nipped me and drove me out like chaff. And I walked among my planted trees, and on the earth I'd turned over for years to give it the sun and air, and I was mad, for I heard the trees speak, and the wind in the orange grove was like a voice. And I went in and gave the hired man his money and told him to go quick. And he ran, for he was afraid and said things of me in town. But I was glad the wife and the children were away, because just then I read in an eastern paper how a ruined man had killed his own wife and children, and I knew well how it happened.

"I feared to go for my letters because I was behind and couldn't get up with these spiders. And so the notice of foreclosure came. And that day I neither worked nor ate, but I sat in the house thinking of the dead man in New York that had killed his own. I wondered how it was in the dark working of things that such was allowed, and here was all my years of sober, heavy work going over to a man who sat and cried out kindly that he would help them that wanted it, and not be hard. And he gave money to churches and was praised in the San Diego paper that he owned shares in till his name was spoken of in San Francisco, and some said he should be a senator.

"And the day passed, and it was noon, and then I went out and saw the sun get behind the orange trees that I had seen grow, and it was very beautiful. But my heart was dried up. I only felt like a man accursed, and a devil and a sinner not to be forgiven. And I took my ax and sharpened it till I could shave a big slice of horn off the palm of my hand, just as the sun was like blood on the foothills west of me. And God's light went wholly out of me. I took the ax into my orange grove, and I destroyed all the trees. Some I cut down and some I barked, and the young olives I destroyed and what I could of the vineyard. For I worked all night by the light of the moon till the dawn came, but even then I was not tired—no, nor did I feel I had done aught to tire me. And when the dawn came up I fired my house and the stable I had built, and I took my horse out, which I had trained and broken, but was no longer mine. And I shot it there, yes, I shot it, and I watched its blood flow on the heavy dust, and I did not care one bit, nor was I sorry.

"Then I put on my hat and walked up into the hills for fear folks should come, for folks who had not harmed me I did not want to harm, though I did not love them any more than I loved then my wife and my girls in the east. And I knew if I met a man and had the ax in my hand I should kill him.

"And I walked for three days, so far as I know, without food, and when I came to myself I was far away. Then I knew I had done a most evil thing, a thing hated by God. For I saw what a small thing I was, and I knew that the work of a man was for himself, and I knew that no man can work for himself. I saw that the lawyer could not have kept what he took. He, too, must have died, but still my beautiful trees would have been fruitful. And I had killed them, and by doing that I had destroyed a great part of myself. I bowed my head in the dust, and a great anguish came over me.

"For if my orchards and my vineyards and my groves had still been fruitful I could have said to myself, 'You have worked and have been rewarded if not as you desired.' But now my life was barren, and my labor wasted, and no greater anguish can smite any man. All the years had gone down beyond the sun, and in the night of my old age I have no consolation, and I can work no more. Forever and ever as I walk and tramp I see what I did, and if I could only undo it I would die happy. But it cannot be done. It cannot be done. And I am an old man, an old, old man. I want to go home."

His voice trailed off into a whisper, and he sat down and hugged his knees, staring into my dying fire.

And for a long time I did not speak. He was a very strange old man. But I gave him some tobacco, and he thanked me gently. I asked him if his wife were yet alive.

But he said that he did not know.—Morley Roberts in Illustrated London News.

Fifty Years Ago.

This is the way it was bound to look
When grandfather had his "picter took."
These were the shadows cast before
The coming of Conjurer Daguerre
And his art; like a girl in a pinafore
Some day to bloom to a goddess fair.
Men certainly were not as black, we know
As they pictured them, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

began to make new men, just as the new pictures of men began to be made. Thousands of people fronted the camera with skins made clean from blotch and blemish, because they had purified the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is as powerful now as then. Its record proves it. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures.

IF YOU SEE IT IN THE MOON,

No Matter What It Is, You Will Have Some Sort of Luck.

"If you see the new moon over your right shoulder, it's good luck all the month," over the left shoulder being bad luck, of course. "If you meet the new moon face to face with money in your pocket, you will have that kind of money in your pocket for a month," and so on, this last being taken from an old black letter treatise on "things worth knowing." Everywhere in the world the idea prevails among those who lack scientific training that anything falling to the lot of man when the moon is waxing will likewise increase, similarly decreasing while the moon wanes. The Hindoo troubled with warts looks at the new moon, picks up a pinch of dust from beneath his left foot, rubs the wart with it, and, when the moon goes, so does the wart. If you fall ill, you can be cured by herbs gathered in the full of the moon.

The Moslems in the kingdom of Oudh cure insomnia, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and similar evils by stationing the sufferer with a basin of water in his hands in the light of the full moon in such a way that its refulgent image shines directly from the liquid into his eyes. Then, without moving his gaze, he is required to swallow the water at a draft.

In northern India the people lay out food in the full moon that comes in the months corresponding to our September and October, half of each, and give it to their friends as a means of insuring longevity. That same night the girls pour water in the moonlight, saying they are getting rid of the cold weather.

It was long ago noted that the Yorkshire maids "do worship the new moon on their bare knees, kneeling upon an earth fast stone," and Lady Wilde says that the Irish damsels drop on their knees when they first catch sight of the new moon and say, "Oh, moon, leave us as well as you found us!" In India the natives take seven threads from the end of their turbans and give them to the new moon, with a prayer.

The spots on the moon are caused by many persons or things. Sometimes it is a man with a fagot on his back, sent thither for picking up sticks on the Sabbath. Chaucer calls him a thief and puts a thorn bush on his shoulders. Dante says it is no less a criminal than Cain. Shakespeare provides a dog to keep him company. Hindoos keep not a man, but a hare, in the moon, and the well known connection in the minds of the man of the moon and insanity may account for the statement regarding the March hare, and possibly the thorn bush may be the distinctive covering of the hatter. At any rate, this is as good guessing as a lot of the sun myth people have done, while Baring-Gould identifies the moon children, Bill and Hiuki of the northern mythology, with Jack and Gill of the nursery rhyme.

The Greenland Eskimo believes that the sun and moon were originally brother and sister. She, being teased by him past ordinary endurance, seized some lampblack and rubbed it on his face. Then she ran, her brother after. Finally she went so fast she rose up into the air and became the sun, while her sooty faced brother turned into the moon. In Samoa when a great famine oppressed the people the moon rose one night, big and round, like a bread fruit. A patient mother, unable to quiet the pangs of her little one, looked up and said, "Why don't you come down and let my baby have a bite of you?" This made the moon so angry that she simply picked up both mother and child, and they have been there ever since.

All sailors are certain that sleeping in tropical moon rays will either make them cross eyed or blind. On the American vessel El Capitan a year or two ago a number of the crew, disregarding the advice of their fellows during a spell of hot weather, slept on the deck in the moonlight, and soon after went completely blind at night, though they could see as well in the daytime as ever. The skipper of the ship reported the occurrence, and with it made a statement to the effect that up to that time he had been a disbeliever in the so called moon blink. Paul Eve Stevenson reports that he, too, was hurriedly awakened on his way to New York from the Bahamas with the assurance from the captain that all sorts of things would happen to him if he slept in moonlight. This is a disease unknown to medicine.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AYER'S HYGIENIC CERAL COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.

REQUIRES NO BOILING.

Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.

A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.

Prepared by **M. S. AYER** of Boston.

A Vegetarian for many years.

Price, 20 Cents per Pound.

For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."

M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.

Refused the Title Role.

A point in theatrical law has been tried by the French courts. The manager of a theater at Cannes engaged Mlle. Rita d'Arzac to play soubrette and ingenue parts. For the greater part of the season the young lady appeared nightly, to her own satisfaction and that of the house, as a sweetly innocent young thing or as a comely and modest maid. It fell on a day, however, that another lady of the troop was taken ill and had to be replaced. Her role was the principal one in the piece. It was offered to Mlle. d'Arzac, who, to the general astonishment, indignantly refused it. Never before perhaps in the annals of the theater had an actress declined to be promoted to the rank of leading lady. Of course Mlle. d'Arzac had her reasons. The character she was asked to play was that of a lamentably flighty young person. Mlle. d'Arzac was appalled at the thought of impersonating this incorrigible baggage and ended by flatly refusing the proffered part, whereupon her manager stopped her salary. She sued him for the same and won her case. Henceforth nobody will be able to say that the proprieties are not safeguarded in France, and once more virtue, so often ill requited in real life, has met with its reward on the stage.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Precautions Against Yellow Fever.

As precautionary measures against yellow fever South Americans usually recommend four things—avoidance of bananas, mangoes and other fruits, avoidance of whisky and other strong liquors, scant exposure to the night air and all the quinine pills you can swallow.

A stomachful of undigested food is about as unhealthy a mass as one can well imagine.

What can be done with it?

There it stays. It won't digest. It churns up, ferments and decays; becomes poisonous (as all putrid matter does) and causes great pain and deep seated disorders.

In order to change all this, take Shaker Digestive Cordial.

It stops fermentation and decay at once, so that no more poisons are created.

It clears the stomach of poisons already there. It helps it to turn the food that remains, into healthful nourishment. It strengthens the stomach for the next meal.

Here is the whole philosophy and cure of indigestion in a few words. And what's more, *it's all true*. Try it.

Shaker Digestive Cordial is for sale by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

The coming bonnet will have a bell crown and will be trimmed about the brim with lace or embroidery. The plumes will stand erect on one side and there will be upstanding bows on the other.

To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take anything for their own use, but merely to pass it on to others.

After a woman has heard hard stories about a man she always wonders how he can go around so without a look of shame on his face.

This Tells Where Health May Be Found.

And that is more important than making moneyr If your blood is impure, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh and all other diseases originating in or prompted by impure blood and low state of the system.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache.

It takes less time to amass a fortune than to become heavenly minded. It's the work of a long life to become a good man.

Skirts are being trimmed in a variety of ways, trimmed skirts being the rule, not the exception.

When it's himself, a man says he has accepted a position; when it's about another man, he says he's found a job.

The people who pray hardest for the millenium wouldn't know what to do with themselves if it really came.

The revival of the old fashion of letting fan shaped pieces of silk into the gores of the skirts is finding favor.

Openwork black canvas is being made up for autumn wear over color.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 22, 1897.

Republican Candidates.

For Governor,
ROGER WOLCOTT of Boston.
For Lieutenant-Governor,
W. MURRAY CRANE of Dalton.
For Secretary of State,
WILLIAM M. OLIN of Boston.
For Treasurer,
EDWARD P. SHAW of Newburyport.
For Attorney-General,
HOSEA M. KNOWLTON of New Bedford.
For Auditor,
JOHN W. KIMBALL of Fitchburg.
For Senator, Middlesex-Essex District
CHARLES F. WOODWARD of Wakefield.
For Councillor, 5th District,
HORACE A. ATHERTON of Saugus.
Representatives 28th Middlesex District.
Alva S. Wood of Woburn.
James W. Grimes of Reading.
County Treasurer.
J. O. Hayden of Somerville.
County Commissioner.
Samuel O. Upham of Waltham
Register of Deeds, Northern District.
Joseph P. Thompson of Lowell
Register of Deeds, Southern District.
Edwin O. Childs of Cambridge.

BRING OUT THE VOTERS.

Although the Republican candidates of 1896 received remarkable majorities it is of the utmost consequence that the Republicans turn out to vote this year as generally as they did last. The policy for which the voters declared themselves last year has now been put into active operation. It is highly important that this policy should be endorsed by majorities as large as of last year. Any falling off in the vote will be unfortunate in that it will be made an argument that the people do not want a continuance of this policy. Republicans know that they do want the policy of "protection" and of Americanism continued. Let every man of them go to the polls and say so. Every vote is a voice of approval.

☞ If Mr. Levi Furbush of Ward 6 is to be defeated for the office of Mayor by his political enemies super human efforts must be put forth at once. No time should be lost in organizing the opposition to him, and a house to house canvas must immediately be set in motion. He is immensely strong with the masses; more than 25 men in this city know him; and we do not doubt in the least but that he will poll 150 votes on election day unless extraordinary measures are adopted to prevent it. Mr. Furbush is dead in earnest after the Mayoralty. His platform is "Municipal Reform," a most effective shibboleth here in Woburn where every other man is a "Reformer," and already nearly a dozen North Woburn men have enlisted under his banner and will fight it out on that line if it takes all summer. We assure our Republican and Democratic and Prohibition politicians that Mr. Furbush will have to be reckoned with in the city election, that he is a "potent factor" (if anybody can tell what that is), a host in himself.

☞ Judge P. L. Converse has kindly placed on our table a copy of his latest literary work entitled "The Story of the Creation: Part 2," for which he will please accept our thanks. It is written in rhyme and blank verse, a part in each style, and is not so hard to read and understand as one might be led from its title to fear. The book contains about 40 pages, divided into a dozen or more sub-heads, under which different phases of creation are discussed. The little theology which the work contains seems to be orthodox, or at least, that is the way a hasty perusal makes it seems to us. But there is more piety than theology in it, and none the worse for that. Judge Converse wields an able pen, both in prose and poetry, and has published quite a number of works which have met the approval of reviewers.

☞ The statement of Comptroller Eckels of the United States Treasury in regard to the business improvement throughout the country is very encouraging. He states that "the improvement has come rapidly and permeates all lines of industry. It began with the agricultural class. The farmers have large crops and are getting good prices for them. The cattle raisers are benefited by a substantial rise in the price of cattle. The same is true with the sheep-raisers. This improvement in agricultural earnings has had its effect on the railroads by increasing their earnings. It has put money into circulation and enabled people to pay off their debts, and has thereby benefited the merchants."

☞ A couple of months ago the free-traders looked complacently at the large exportations of manufactures under the Wilson law and were only waiting to point exultingly to the falling off of these exportations under the new law. It seems, however, that they were wrong, as usual. The first month of the operations of the Dingley law showed a larger exportation of manufactured articles than for any corresponding month of preceding years. So much for their statements that the enactment of a protective revenue law would cut off our market abroad for American manufactures.

☞ On the invitation of Governor Wolcott Hon. John M. Harlow, late of the Governor's Council, visited the old frigate Constitution yesterday and shared in the hospitalities extended by Uncle Sam's Naval Officers to the Executive Party. The old warship is being made much of these days. She was launched 100 years ago from near the spot where she now lies in Boston Harbor.

☞ Considering that the State election takes place one week from next Tuesday, Nov. 2, things political are remarkably quiet. Nobody seems to be doing anything except George Fred Williams and he is not making much headway. Candidate Everett is creating no stir to speak of, and the other nominees are hardly heard from. Unless he made enquiries at headquarters one would scarcely dream that a State election were pending. All of which means, we suppose, that Gov. Wolcott is to have but little opposition and that his majority in November will be larger than last year.

☞ Mr. Secretary Hayes has announced by circulars and through the columns of the press that the dinner of the Massachusetts Republican Club, which was appointed for the evening of Oct. 20, had to be postponed to some more convenient season. The reason for it was that the public speakers which were wanted could not be procured on account of their participation in the Ohio campaign. The dinner will be given later on, so Secretary Hayes announces.

☞ Our esteemed townsman and next Mayor, Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and as fine a gentleman as can be found in the country, addressed the Boot and Shoe Club at their dinner in Boston last Wednesday. Several other prominent individuals also delivered speeches on the occasion. In a number of business directions Mr. Preston is regarded as authority and is often called on for counsel and advice by trade organizations.

☞ The Democrats have advertised for a Grand Rally at Lyceum Hall this evening at which George Fred Williams will be leading man. They need stirring up bad.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Journal—To Let.
Advertiser—For Sale.
H. C. Fabyan—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Probate.
W. E. Eaton—Ins. Notice.
City—Weights and Measures.
W. H. Clarke—Clarigold Hall.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— Mr. W. P. Sargent has a desirable tenement on Lawrence street to let.

— Postmaster Hagerty decorated the postoffice in honor of "Constitution Day."

— Boys' meeting Sunday at 3 P. M. Y. M. C. A. Hall. All boys are welcome.

— Miss Grace Pollard will be pleased to see her former patrons at 59 Pleasant street.

— Dennis Maguire has been appointed a substitute letter carrier at the postoffice.

— Call at the JOURNAL office and learn all about one of the dwellings for rent in the city.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell has about recovered from a fortnight's contest with rheumatism.

— Thomas McCarthy has been elected 1st Lieut., and George S. Cutler, 2d Lieut., of the Phalanx.

— Please take particular notice of Mr. G. T. Connor's notice. He is flourishing in his new store.

— John W. Johnson is mentioned as Woburn's next Mayor. An excellent man for the position.—*Winchester Star*. Sure!

— All the elements conducive to health are found in "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee." It is nature's food for brain-workers.

— Don't forget Dr. Ohan Geidzakian at the First Congregational church this evening at 7.30 sharp. You will miss it if you don't go.

— Next Wednesday evening the Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. will give their annual Minstrel Show. It's going to be a clipper.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The weather yesterday was unfavorable for the celebration of "Constitution Day." It was rainy and cold. But "Old Glory" was in evidence everywhere.

— The Boston papers claim that the Durward family of Woburn are great riflemen. The Boston papers are not very far out of the way when they make the claim.

— Mrs. Fred W. McDonald and her baby boy of Groveton, N. H., are visiting relatives and friends here. The boy is a bouncing nice fellow, and will make the lumber fly one of these days.

— Miss Madeline Bartlett has recently made a plaster bust of her mother, Mrs. Dr. G. P. Bartlett, which is said to be a fine piece of work. What her next undertaking will be remains to be seen.

— The Lexington Street Railroad Company have bought Shaker Glen and adjacent property including 35 acres from William Tufts, with a view of improving and making a summer resort of it. It is a beautiful region.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones is having the JOURNAL building heated by steam. J. T. Freeman & Co. have the contract. They furnished the Central House with heating apparatus and Mr. Jones rather likes their style of doing that kind of work.

— The Highland Orchestra, of which Mr. John C. Andrews is Business Manager, are having a good many calls this fall. When the best kind of music is wanted for hightoned functions this Orchestra are pretty sure to get an order. Every member is an artist.

— St. John's Baptist Society will give a musical and literary concert in their church at 7.30 Thursday evening, Oct. 28, in aid of the church. The tickets are 25 cents each. Firstclass talent have been engaged for the concert and no doubt it will be a fine one.

— Mr. Henry Bulfinch of Pleasant st. left here last Monday for Charlestown where he will make his future home. Only twice before has he had a residence outside of Woburn, but this last move is a final one. But then, he isn't far away and can come to see the old spot without any trouble.

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING

AT LEATHE'S,
425 Main St., Woburn

— A. C. Floyd, Esq., for many years in the Treasury Department at Washington, a Woburn boy, came on to help Boston and the folks to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the launching of "Old Ironsides" yesterday. And thus he showed his patriotism.

— Mr. Clifford T. Hanson, one of the smartest and most promising young gentlemen of this city, has entered the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University. He passed his examinations last year, but postponed entry until now. He will go through all right.

— Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, who is to sing at Miss Lang's concert Nov. 12, possesses a facinating, pure and beautiful voice peculiarly favored in rich tones. Her style is most pleasing and unaffected and she scores a genuine and marked success whereshe appears.

— The Congregational Sunday School Harvest Concert last Sunday night was a pleasing affair. As usual the auditorium was decorated appropriately for the occasion, and the display of farm and garden products was good. The exercises did not differ much from the common run.

— Not to be outdone in the production of singular things in nature this season, Mrs. C. Willard Smith had a large red rose bloom in her garden last Sunday, which as it was not a "Jack" (a late bloomer) was worthy to be classed among the remarkable. The rose was a beautiful one.

— Chief Ferrin was looking after fires sharp last Sunday. Considerable property in Shaker Glen was endangered and also near the pumping station, but he and a few men held it in check and prevented much damage. The great mass of dry leaves renders fires liable and in some cases destructive.

— Miss Lang will have the assistance of Mr. Fred S. Robbins, the well known clarinetist, at her concert of Nov. 12. Mr. Robbins is recognized throughout the country as an artist of high standing, and well deserves all the praise accorded him. We bespeak for him a warm welcome.

— Mr. George E. Fowle has began operations on that part of College Block which is to be raised and a lower story built in. Mr. Edward Caldwell, the furniture dealer, will occupy it for his extensive business. It is the best kind of a location and will afford ample room for his big stocks.

— According to the Woburn JOURNAL a gentleman visiting that city recently wanted to buy a Bible, and after ransacking the whole city, gave it up. He ought to have known better than to expect to make such a purchase there.—*Winchester Star*. Like the boy who stole the pork, we haven't a word to say.

— Police Officer Clarence H. Kean is proud of a club recently presented to him for being a good officer and fine fellow. It was made from wood from a French warship sunk at the siege of Louisburg, when the French got the worst of it, and is finely mounted and tipped with silver. No wonder Officer Kean sets a store by the club.

— A deer was seen a few days since on the grounds at Clarigold Manse, between the residence and West st. Two of these rare animals have been seen in this vicinity and may have escaped from some deer park near Boston. It is hoped that no amateur sportsman will wantonly hunt and take the life of these graceful creatures.

— Mr. S. B. Goddard returned a few days ago from a shooting trip to Vermont with Mr. Warren N. Blake, who is still up there. They went for woodcock and partridge and had excellent luck, having bagged a goodly number of both kinds of birds. Mr. Goddard is an old hunter and prefers woodcock to deer shooting every time.

— On Monday there were hung up at Linnell's Cash Market a couple of handsome deer killed by J. H. Parker, Jr., down in Maine and shipped from Mattawaunkeag to Boston last week. A young man by the name of Hunt of Melrose, who was Parker's hunting companion, killed a moose for his part of the game. They were gone two weeks and returned last Saturday.

— At the third Peoples Sunday evening, Oct. 24, 7 p. m. in the First Congregational church, Mr. James M. Kimball will play two saxophone solos with organ accompaniment, Mr. Henry C. Hayden will sing several times and Chorus B will lead the congregation. The subject of Mr. Scudders address will be "Go and Tell." It is not quite generally known that the special instrumentalists who have so kindly played at these meetings have generously donated their services. The whole house will be free to all comers and hearty welcome awaits everybody. "WE WANT YOU" is the motto of these gatherings.

That Spot...

First size of a dime; next size of a dollar; then big as the palm of your hand. The end: entire baldness. Stop it.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Makes Hair Grow

— Mr. Alvah Wiswell is greatly improving the surroundings at Mishawum. The grove in the eastern heights of the pond is a beautiful location in which the erection of fine houses is already begun. Mr. Wiswell is remodelling his own residence, surmounting it with a massive gambrel roof in addition to an artistic verandah.

— Mr. Gordon Parker enjoyed his hunting trip to New Brunswick very much, and met with good luck in his quest for big game. He and Mr. Frank Fowle went to Frederickton on the St. John, one of the most beautiful rivers in the Eastern country, and says he never enjoyed himself better than while in the villages and forests of New Brunswick.

— Representative Wood and other members of the Society of Sons of the Revolution, a year or two ago, placed markers at the graves of Revolutionary Soldiers buried in the ancient Park street graveyard, many of which have been removed by hoodlums and others meddled with. This is wicked. Steps are to be taken to bring to justice any and all who may be detected and found guilty of removing or tampering with these markers.

— Burbank W. R. C., 84, will hold a Bazaar in G. A. R. Hall, No. 424 Main street, on Friday and Saturday evenings, Nov. 5 and 6, with a matinee on the afternoon of the 6th. Tickets 5 cents for children, and 10 cents for adults. Besides the sales and other attractions there is to be a fine entertainment each evening. The Bazaar is to be held to replenish the treasury of the W. R. C. which is now running low. It will be worthy of patronage. —2.

— We received a polite invitation from the Committee, Mayor John P. Feeney, Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, and Prof. Elmore A. Pierce, to join a carriage party yesterday afternoon for a drive over the Mystic Parkway and the Boulevard from Malden to Middlesex Fells, which a press of important business prevented an acceptance of. We were very much obliged for it, however. What Woburn wants and must have is the Circuit Boulevard. Keep the ball rolling, gentlemen!

— Mr. Joseph W. Fields of this city received a special invitation from Governor Wolcott to attend the "Old Ironsides" celebration in Boston yesterday. As a member of the Salem Zouaves attached to the 8th Mass. Regiment he did guard duty over the Frigate Constitution at Annapolis when a plot was forming for her destruction by the Baltimore rebels at the time the 6th and 8th Regiments were hastening to defence of the National Capital. He accepted the invitation so graciously given.

— Mr. C. M. Strout's new store in Dow's block is a peach. It commodious, light, and neat as a pin. It has brought the old postoffice corner to life and put an air of business into it and made things look lively around there. Mr. Strout's fine stock of stoves shows off 1000 per cent better than it did in the old quarters. People have a chance to see what he has to sell. Especially in the evening, finely lighted, the store appears in style. It has added so much life to the neighborhood that the traders around it could well afford to chip in and pay Mr. Strout's rent.

— If the Editor of *The Corner Stone* had been more familiar with the facts of the case he probably would not have criticised, by inference, the managers of the Star Course for adopting that name for their series of entertainments at Lyceum Hall. The managers aforesaid named their course "Star" at the time of its organization early in the season, without any knowledge of the contemplated Lecture Course by Rev. Mr. Parkard, and furthermore, in every place where it runs it is advertised as the Star Course. And besides, Mr. Folsom is not the kind of a man to steal names or sail under false colors.

— Just as we supposed would be the case tickets are selling like hot cakes for the Parish Concert at the First Congregational church next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. The fact that the church Quartette are to be heard at their best at the concert makes everybody want to be there. Then the price of the tickets—25 cents— is so low that all can afford to go. Herman Hartman, violinist, and Walter David, humorist, add to the attractiveness of the programme. Each is an artist in his line of the highest rank. Prof. Hartman will be heard in classic selections which he will render in an exquisite manner. Mr. David's part will give variety and will provoke the healthest sort of merriment. Don't miss this evening of music and mirth.

— The Fire Department was kept pretty busy putting out brush and other fires. On Sunday they were called on still alarms to put out two brush fires. On Tuesday boxes 41 and 38 were rung in for brush fires. On Wednesday they were called twice to subdue brush fires on Alfred and New Boston sts. On the same day at 3.35 p. m., they were called by box 55 to Cross st. for a fire in the old McGowan shop; at 8.30 p. m., box 43 came in for a fire in the dwellinghouse of Anders P. Anderson off Sherman Place, which was pretty badly burned; at 12.30 a. m., box 28 came in for a fire which consumed the house and barn of an Italian in north part of No. Woburn; besides the buildings there were burned cows, pigs, 300 hens, all the household goods and $25 in money.

— The second entertainment in the now popular Woburn Star Course will be given next Monday, Oct. 25, in Lyceum Hall. The attraction will be the Samuel A. Kelley's original Tableaux D'Arts Company which is composed of 14 young ladies giving one continuous performance of instantaneous Living Pictures, chaste and elegant in every respect. No curtain effects; there are no waits between the tableaux; and the whole is given under the colored calcium effects. The newest silk plush draperies are used for the background; the ladies are dressed in charming silk costumes specially designed; while the music is original and pleasing. This will be given the same as in the large cities and will be one of the most unique and pleasing entertainments ever given the Woburn public.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

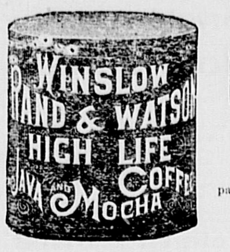
to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.



Winslow, Rand & Watson
High Life Coffee
This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS; and
NECTAR JAVA COFFEE
packed in 3-lb. Square Tins, are the finest Coffee on the market.
For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

— Weather is a staple newspaper commodity. Reporters wouldn't know how to get along without it. When there is a dearth of news they can always fall back on the weather. Boston dailies make a great deal out of weather reports. They are the most interesting reading the Boston papers have. The first thing people look for in them is the weather reports. Country papers don't make half so much of them as the Boston papers do. But last week the weather gave everybody something to talk about and marvel over. At 7 o'clock, a. m., Friday, Oct. 15, it was 54 degrees; at 2 p. m. it was 86. At 7 a. m. Saturday it was 69; at 2 p. m. it was 95. At 7 a. m. Sunday it was 49; same hour Monday 32. That was what might be called weather, and October weather too.

— Charles E. Clark of Fairmount street, this city, claims that he was held up by two footpads near Wood street and Montvale ave., about 10 o'clock last Monday night and shot and robbed. He was coming from Stoneham and left the electric car some distance from where the holdup took place to call on a friend, Mr. Prentiss. He says he was followed quite a distance by the highwaymen, seized, fired at and a bullet lodged in his right ankle. Walter Kelley hurried to the Centre for assistance and Chief McDermott repaired to the scene followed by a doctor. Clark was properly cared for, and on Tuesday conveyed to the Massachusetts General Hospital. On the morning following the affair Chief McDermott and Officer French visited the spot and after some search found a 38-calibre revolver on the other side of the fence about 10 feet from where the assault occurred. This persons known as Charles E. Clark formerly managed the butter, cheese and egg establishment on the corner of Main street and Montvale ave. for the proprietors, but left last May. Nearly 25 years ago he was known here, and Mr. William Redford, the provision dealer, and Mr. Gleason remember an incident which occurred on Canal street, in which he and they were participants, which had some effect on Clark's subsequent career. He was then known as Fred Charles Staine, and when he came here a year ago they renewed the acquaintance.

— Another full house attended the second number of the Star Lecture Course at the Methodist church last evening, from which great pleasure and satisfaction were derived. It is safe to say that this is one of the very best series of literary and art entertainments ever enjoyed by the people of Woburn. Rev. Mr. Packard is an admirable discriptive writer, therefore the stories of the beautiful scenes presented to the eyes of the audience are of fine quality and intensely interesting. The pictures alone, with their names, would make a rare entertainment, for they bring before the spectator the most pleasing things in Rome, Paris, Constantinople, the Alps, and other foreign scenes; but when supplemented with vivid and beautiful descriptive work by Mr. Packard they enchain the attention of the people from beginning to end. The next lecture will be given on Thursday evening, Oct. 28, and the theme, "Constantinople, the Queen City of the East." Everyone should avail him or herself of the opportunity of enjoying this splendid Course.

Sleep

Induced by the use of coca, opiate or narcotic compounds is bad, decidedly bad. It undermines the health and shatters the constitution and the patient is steadily growing into a worse condition—often resulting in the terrible slavery and misery of the cocaine and opium habit. Sleep induced by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla may not come as quickly, but it comes more surely, permanently and is

Sweet

And refreshing because it is realized through nature's great restoring and rejuvenating channel—purified, vitalized and enriched blood. This feeds the nerves with life-giving energy and builds up the system and constitution from the very foundation of all health and life—the blood—pure, rich, red blood.

Refreshing

"I was generally run down last spring, appetite was poor and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me right up, gave good appetite and I was soon able to get a good night's rest." G. F. WHITNEY, Merchant, Yeomans St., Ionia, Michigan.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION,
MONDAY, Oct. 4, 1897.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 27, to Oct. 4.

Miss Bancroft respectfully calls public attention to the advantages of her method for developing piano technique. Under this system of muscular training greater speed, more strength and better general technical developement are *guarenteed*, in much less time than can be obtained from other methods.

Children progress rapidly with less practice. Advanced pupils are enabled to play with greater brilliancy and style, overcoming technical difficulties with ease and grace. This method does not tend to *undo* work acomplished through other methods, but is rather, a benefit to pupils taught under any system. Address

12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

— The Boston *Journal* last Sunday contained a big writeup, with portrait, of our esteemed friend, Mr. Waterman Brown, which created an unusual demand for that able and excellent newspaper, and interested a large number of friends of the venerable railroader and local historian. The article was headed "The Oldest Railroad Man in New England" and contained such bits of information respecting the early days of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, of the famous "Ginko Tree" that was removed from Gardner Greene's grounds abutting Scollay Square to the Common, and interesting reminiscences of 60 or 70 years ago, as Mr. Brown was able in the discharge of his multitudinous duties to give the *Journal* reporter in an interview of two or three hours. Last Tuesday Mr. Brown received a letter from Mr. William D. Messinger of 81 Walnut st., Roxbury, a total stranger to him, in which he says: "I am an old Bostonian, born on Salem street, North End, 73 years ago the 15th of this month. I was much pleased with your account in the [Boston] *Journal* of yesterday about the transplanting of the Gingko Tree from Gardener Greene's garden to Boston Common in 1835, and I thought you would be glad to know that I was one of the boys who watched the transplanting." The letter gives much information about what prominent points in Boston were 60 years ago, and the changes that have since taken place. Its receipt was very gratifying to Mr. Brown.

— A souvenir book will be published by the Firemen's Relief Association and a duly authorized canvasser will solicit advertisements for the same during the coming week.

— Capt. Mitchell and Lieut. Fletcher of the Salvation Army will farewell next Sunday evening, Oct. 24. They have been here about 9 months, and their work has been wonderfully blessed. Capt. and Mrs. Ellis will take command.

— Thomas Salmon one of our townsmen, has been elected director at a meeting of the stockholders of the Boston Beer Company of Boston, the oldest brewery in Boston, incorporated in 1828, and one of the best dividend paying breweries in the State.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

Hon. John Cummings.

The 85th birthday anniversary of the distinguished citizen of Woburn whose name heads this article was celebrated with pomp and splendor at his palatial residence at Cummingsville last Tuesday afternoon. It was an occasion the memory of which will not soon pass out of the minds of those who were so fortunate as to be numbered among the guests. If it did not originate with, it was enthusiastically seconded by, the Directors of the Shawmut National Bank of Boston, of which Mr. Cummings has been the able President for many years.

John Cummings is the eldest son of John and Marcia (Richardson) Cummings, the grandson of Ebenezer and Jemima (Hartwell) Cummings, and great-grandson of David, who came to Woburn from Topsfield in 1755 and acquired the land on which Mr. Cummings has lived all his life, elaborate sketches of which appeared in several Boston papers last Monday and need not be repeated here, as his neighbors and townspeople know who and what he is and has been without being told by the press. We give, however, some of the many positions of trust which he has filled in his long and useful life: He has served as President of the Boston Board of Trade, Shoe and Leather Aassociation, Commercial Club, and as Vice President or Director in the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Perkins Institute for the Blind, Massachusetts School for the Feeble Minded, Boston & Albany railroad, Eastern railroad, Woburn Public Library and Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank. He represented Woburn in the Legislature.

In 1876 he was elected Senator and served as Chairman of the Committee on Banks and Banking and the Treasury. For many years he was a member of the Woburn School Board, and for 20 years a Selectman.

The birthday party given Mr. Cummings on Tuesday as a mark of honor, and in appreciation of his high merits as a citizen of the town and State, and as a token of the exceptional esteem in which he is held, was by far the most brilliant occasion of like character ever witnessed in Woburn. Many men of distinguished political, business and official position honored the great event with their presence, by whom, and others, vast wealth was represented.

With the consent of the writer, Mr. George S. Hudson, we transfer the following account of the magnificent celebration to the JOURNAL from the Boston *Herald*, as a much better one than we are capable of writing:

Among the earlier callers were Lucius Tuttle, President of the Boston & Maine road; William Bliss President of the Boston & Albany; Benjamin A. Kimball, President of the Concord & Montreal; Vice-President Edward D. Hayden and James A. Rumrill, Samuel Hoar and Edward L. Davis, Directors of the Boston & Albany Railroad. He had known the three rail road Presidents before they became heads of the great corporations, at a time when he was a Director of the roads now managed by them.

The house was decorated with palms from his own conservatories, and there was a profusion of wax berries and oak leaves Mr. Cummings received in an arm chair, seated beneath a lofty palm. He was assisted by Mrs. Cummings, and on his right sat Mrs. Judge Nelson, while Mrs. William B. Rogers, widow of the first President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, occupied a seat at his left.

The birthday cake was an interesting creation. It was the gift of Mrs. D. F. Appleton. About its circumference were placed 85 tapers, while in the centre, rising from the petals of a rose, stood the life candle.

A Loving Cup of solid silver, massive in proportions, was the testimonial of the Shawmut Bank of Boston, of which Mr. Cummings has been President for a generation. The Shawmut Bank was represented by Vice-President James P. Stearns and the following Directors: P. W. Scudder, John P. Clough, William Bartlett, George M. Coburn, N. W. Rice, Cashier J. G. Taft, who was in the employ of the institution when Mr. Cummings was elected President, and Assistant Cashier F. H. Barbour also accompanied the party. Another caller was the Hon. E. B. Phillips, ex-President of the Eastern railroad, who had known Mr. Cummings when he was a Director of that property. Several gentlemen were accompanied by ladies.

The Institute of Technology was represented by Profs Sedgwick, W. A. Niles and Albert M. Knight, while the Natural History Society sent its greeting by Alpheus Hyatt. The widow of the late Gen. Francis A. Walker sent a letter.

Another group included Woburn people, as follows:

John Johnson, President of the First National Bank; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ramsdell, Capt. John P. Crane, Edward Simonds, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Cutter, Dr. and Mrs. John M. Harlow, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Squire B. Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Hanson, Judge and Mrs. Parker L. Converse, Judge and Mrs. Edward F. Johnson, ex-Mayor and Mrs. George F. Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie A. Jones, ex-Mayor and Mrs. Edward E. Thompson, the Revs. Daniel March and Doremus Scudder, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Dow, Mrs. Charles Choate, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Silver, J. Winn Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Johnson, Col. William T. Grammer, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman F. Jones, Albert Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin Place, Miss Susan Edgell, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cummings, Dr. Seth W. Kelley, and Miss Kelley, Mrs. Timothy Winn, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John Winn and Miss Bickford.

Two well-known leather manufacturers who learned their business with Mr. Cummings were among those present—Capt. J. P. Crane and Julius F. Ramsdell.

The Chesapeake Canvasback Shooting Club, an organization in which Mr. Cummings has taken much interest, was brought into evidence by several gentlemen, including Messrs. W. B. Bliss, Hazeltine, Rumrill, Hayden and Gilbert. The Rogers Hall School of Lowell, created by Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, a cousin, was represented by the Rev. Dr. Greene, President of the Trustees; Mrs. Underhill, George F. Richardson and French.

From Winchester came the Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Palmer, Mrs. Joshua Coit and Miss Coit, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Skillings. Another party included the following:

The Rev. and Mrs. S. E. Herrick, Dr. and Mrs. John A. Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. Zenas Sears, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Wellsley Hills; Samuel Sewall, Mrs. Martha E. Sewall-Curtis, Col. E. T. Bouve, Edward Reed, Mrs. Irving B. Mower, Charles B. Hazeltine, Miss Sallie Fairchild, Mrs. John Heard, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio J. Gilbert, Edmund Dwight, Edward Stanwood, Mrs. Charles K. Bolton. Dr. and Mrs. Cummings Munre, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Munroe, Mrs. Charles A. Coffin, William Tidd, Mrs. Thomas Talbot, J. V. Fletcher, Mrs. George D. Silsbee, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Symonds, Harry Simonds and Mrs. Charles C. Goodwin.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Cummings received men who have been in his employ in the tannery and currying shop, which he operated many years. About 100 men called, the number including the laborers on the extensive farm. These men came with their families, and it is safe to assert that no more hearty congratulations were expressed than by them.

The day was observed by the pupils of the Cummings School. Six hundred or more little folks were told the story of John Cummings' boyhood, his ambitions as a youth and the great achievements of a man who made himself loved through deeds of goodness to humanity.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisement of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent Cough Remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form.—*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

It is so easy to bear other people's troubles!

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

PRICE
— OF —
FLOUR
REDUCED!

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

YOU WEAR
UNDERWEAR.
We Sell Underwear!

We ought to get together. The stock this season is more varied than ever before. Prices are lower than those offered anywhere else. Buying for cash in the early summer and in large quantities, the tariff advance has no terrors for us. You get the benefit.

50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50.

Kindly call and examine.

Underwear.
Under Price.
Understand?

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

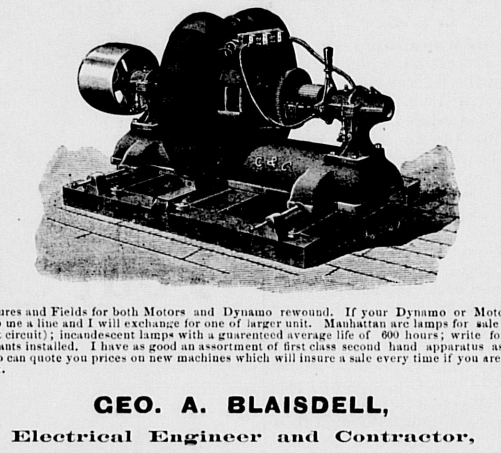
COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

MOTORS AND DYNAMOS.



Armatures and Fields for both Motors and Dynamo rewound. If your Dynamo or Motor is too small, drop me a line and I will exchange for one of larger unit. Manhattan arc lamps for sale (to run on 110 Volt circuit); incandescent lamps with a guarenteed average life of 600 hours; write for prices. Isolated plants installed. I have as good an assortment of first class second hand apparatus as can be found: also can quote you prices on new machines which will insure a sale every time if you are really in the market.

GEO. A. BLAISDELL,
Electrical Engineer and Contractor,
15 Federal Street, Room 303, BOSTON, MASS
Repair Shop 27 Beach St. Long Distance Tel. 2318 "Boston."

FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

It Is Acknowledged

That Connor's is the best place in Woburn to get Waists, Wrappers and Dress Skirts, and if you will examine his line of Hosiery and Underwear this Fall after going everywhere else, you will be sure and buy. Ask to see those 28 cent Fleece Lined Ladies' Hose.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
☞ Remember the number, 335 Main Street.

Woman's Club.

Friday, Oct. 15, 1897, will long be remembered as a Red Letter day in the annals of the Woburn Woman's Club, for on that date the President, Mrs. Frances W. Hill welcomed the members most cordially at her pleasant home. Forest and field had been robbed of their glory to beautify the interior, with gorgeous foliage and bright berries, nor was music lacking, for sweet strains from the Normandie Orchestra led by Miss Josephine Lang were heard before reaching the house.

Special cars from the Centre beside many private carriages conveyed members from a distance and all met in the spacious halls to exchange greetings and listen to the program prepared by the President, who not having at hand a modern vitascope gave us very correct word pictures of several members of the Club, their happenings and in some cases, mishappenings, during the summer. A report from the scholarship found was given by Miss Maria Carter, which stated that every member of the Club was represented in the amount raised, $134.01.

An interesting report from the State Federation meeting held at Great Barrington was given by Mrs. Carswell, and Mrs. Murdock made a motion that a vote of thanks be extended to Miss Maria E. Carter who so successfully collected the fund for the first Club Scholarship. This was carried by a rising vote. The current events were humorously set to rhyme by Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney.

Mrs. Hill introduced as the guest of the Club Miss Frances J. Dyer of Boston, who immediately won the favor of her audience by saying she considered the Woburn Woman's Club a model Club, inasmuch as it had shown a philanthropic spirit by establishing a scholarship. Miss Dyer reminded us of the criticism so often expressed regarding these "Married Women's Colleges" as the Clubs have been termed, but maintained that there are many outside who wonder at the mental condition of those who can do so much as these same collegiates.

She considered the sad mania of Mary Lamb the result of her narrow life and enumerated many cases of philanthropy toward woman wage earners which had broadened the lives of the donor and recipient alike. Her address was full of illustrations of this order, citing instances of employment found for 50,000 people after the World's Fair at Chicago. Miss Dyer considered that this age was aptly called the "Renaissance of Christianity."

At the close of this profitable talk the Club listened to a song by Miss Trecartin after which an informal reception was held and bountiful refreshments served. The ladies were loath to leave such a pleasant scene but as "time and tide wait for no man," the electric cars came in due time to interrupt this first gathering for the season.

C. G. R., Rec. Clerk.

At the next meeting of the Club, Nov. 5, Miss Alice Ives Breed of Lynn will lecture upon the subject, "Glimpses of Italian cities, Athens and Constantinople."

"A Woburn Boy."

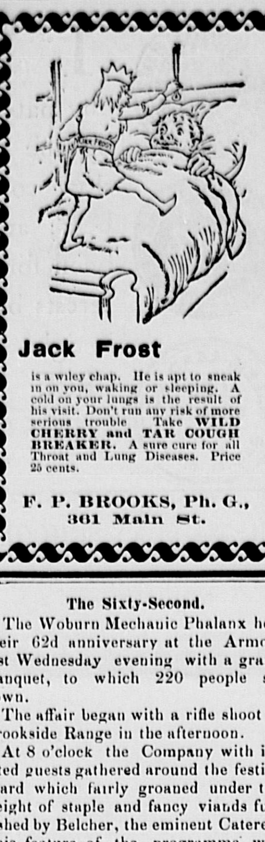
It was forty-one years ago yesterday since Warren Teele came to Davenport from Woburn, Mass. For the past tweniy-six years he has been Assistant Postmaster here, and for years preceding his appointment he was mail clerk on one of the steamers which plied between this city and Dubuque. Mr. Teele was born in 1828, in the last month in the year, the last day of the month and the last hour in the day. He has been the Chairman of the Ground Hog committee in this vicinity for many years.—*Davenport (Iowa) Democrat, Oct. 8.*

Forty-one years ago yesterday Warren Teele arrived in this city from his native home in Woburn, Mass. Mr. Teele has been the genial Assistant Postmaster in the postoffice here for the past 26 years, and for several years preceding this appointment he was mail clerk on one of the steamers which plied between here and Dubuque. In those days there were no railroads and the mail was carried by mail coaches and steamers. Mr. Teele was born on the last day in the year 1828, the last day of the month, the last day of the week and the last hour in the day. He has always been sorry that he was not born an hour later, so that he could have come in for a New Year's present.—*Davenport (Iowa) Republican.*

Warren Teel is a "Woburn Boy" (!), a cousin of Capt. Abijah Thompson, Hon. E. E. Thompson, and connected with the whole Thompson family; and yet for all that, he is a fine man, and highly esteemed.

Those who believe chronic diarrhœa to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhœa ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that effected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhœa. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Billousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.



Jack Frost

is a wiley chap. He is apt to sneak in on you, waking or sleeping. A cold on your lungs is the result of his visit. Don't run any risk of more serious trouble. Take **WILD CHERRY and TAR COUGH BREAKER.** A sure cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases. Price 25 cents.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

The Sixty-Second.

The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx held their 62d anniversary at the Armory last Wednesday evening with a grand Banquet, to which 220 people sat down.

The affair began with a rifle shoot at Brookside Range in the afternoon.

At 8 o'clock the Company with invited guests gathered around the festive board which fairly groaned under the weight of staple and fancy viands furnished by Belcher, the eminent Caterer. This feature of the programme was highly enjoyed.

The postprandial exercises consisted of speeches by Judge E. F. Johnson for the Commonwealth; Mayor John P. Feeney for the city; Col. Whitney and Lieut. Col. Oaks tor the 5th Regiment; Lieut. Col. Benyan for the Brigade; Col. W. T. Grammer for the Old Militia; Marcellus Littlefield for the New ditto; William F. Kenney for the Press; F. E. Wetherell for the Women; Rev. Doremus Scudder for the Church Militant.

There was the very best of music, and everything passed off gaily. Many ladies graced the affair with their charming presence.

Capt. E. H. Lounsbury was Toast Master.

The Phalanx will give their Annual Ball later on.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Drugg'st, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trail at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

Foot Ball.

In the football game last Saturday between the Y. M. C. A. and Malden teams every foot of ground was warmly contested.

The first half was to the advantage of Malden, although they failed to score, for Woburn, sleepy at first, held like a stonewall when their goal was in danger. Malden's trick of putting a man, not through the centre, but over the centre was a good one, but it didn't work long.

The second half saw a great change. Woburn played a strongly aggresive game and by steady rushing on the part of Fowle, Cutler and Dimick, landed the ball within a foot of Malden's goal. The ball was fumbled over the line, but Maloney fell on it, scoring a touchdown. The try for a goal failed but the game was soon over, 4 to 0 in Woburn's favor.

Good for the boys! May they keep up the good work and not be scored against through the whole season.

Dimick runs the team well, and if the boys continue to rally around him success will follow them.

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. THORNTON. This celebrated remedy is for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Boulevard Drive Postponed.

The drive proposed by the Boulevard Association Committee for yesterday afternoon was postponed to next Tuesday afternoon on account of the inclement weather.

The Committees request that owners of carriages who will take the drive will by early mail notify Elmore A. Pierce how many they will accommodate so that they may know how many non-carriage owners will be provided for.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

It's a good thing to keep in the house that Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. It stops that dry, tickling feeling often experienced in the night and always cures the cough or cold. 10c. and 35c. per bottle.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "A Daring Faith." Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Luther G. Barrett. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Mr. Barrett will speak of the work at Jackson College, of which he is President. Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Third Peoples' Sunday Evening. The pastor will preach. Thursday, at 4.30 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—19th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. In the evening Mr. Takutaro Sakai of Magoya, Japan, will speak on "The Episcopalian Mission in Japan."

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "Out of Egypt." Sunday School at 12 M. Junior League at 4 P. M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. Public Service at 7 P. M. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Wednesday Ladies Sale. Thursday, Lecture on Constantinople. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 14, Edward Shandley, aged 41 years, 8 months, 5 days.
In this city, Oct. 15, John H. Cullen, aged 43 years.
In this city, Oct. 16, Bridget, wife of John O'Brien, aged 44 years.
In this city, Oct. 18, Harry H., son of Charles and Alice Bowers, aged 14 years, 2 months, 24 days.

A Musical Event.

Friends from Woburn and Andover recently visited Clarigold Hall bringing with them a graphaphone for acoustic experiments. An impromptu voluntary from the organ diapasons was recorded by the registering stylus, and reproduced several times note for note for guests in the residence adjoining, among whom were Mr. George S. Hutchings, the celebrated organ-builder of Boston, and family. Reproductions of Aeolian pieces were given, alone and with the Saxaphone.

Mr. Clarke has invented a new musical instrument which will reproduce sustained organ tones of every variety, including the human voice, from keys like the organ, without the use of bellows, pipes, reeds or strings.

The Source of Tragedy.

Every modern student of sociology agrees that the most potent and universal source of crime is indulgence in the use of intoxicants. The habit brings sorrow and distress to families, induces insanity and fills the columns of the newspaper press with the horrible details of murder and suicide, the victims and the perpetrators all too frequently being members of the same household, who would be bound together by the ties of love and kinship but for the rum blight, which withers the moral sense and brings the frenzy of hote and hasty homicide. Now, dear friends, are you doing right in not trying to influence some of your friends or neighbors to be cured of this terrible curse—the craving for liquor? Many are telling the wonderful story of rescue, and how they have been restored to their normal condition of body and mind from the curse of the liquor and morphine habits, while under Dr. Springer's Gold Cure treatment. Call on or address, Bay State Sanitarium Co., 404 Main st., Woburn, Mass.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

The attraction at the Columbia this week, "McFadden's Row of Flats" by E. W. Townsend, possesses rare merit both from a popular and artistic standpoint. It is a clear-cut example of what is highest and best in the realm of comedy. It is full of what the stage aptly calls "ginger," but that spicy and pleasing quality which is a very different sort from that which the usual comedy relies upon for fun. There is no approach to questionable puns or horseplay in the entire production. Its fun is humor of the brightest kind. The dialogue is as crisp as Saratoga chips and is shaved into as small pieces, too, for there is not a long sentence or speech in the discourse. Another equally delightful feature is that all wit is direct and simple and everything is so funny and laughable that not a dull moment occurs during its progress.

THE TREMONT.

Last Monday evening, DoWolf Hopper and Sousa's bright and melodious comic opera, "El-Capitan" returned to the Tremont Theatre, Boston, where it had its first production, and where it has during the present week been largely in evidence, for pretty, tuneful "El-Capitan" bigger, brighter and better than ever, has been witnessed by audiences limited only by the four walls of the theatre. Naturally as of yore, Mr. and Mrs. Hopper carry a good part of the performance on their own shoulders, and both of them were encored again and again for their principal specialties, while the singing of Miss Bergen is also a great feature of the performance. The peculiar humor of Alfred Klein and the splendid vocalism of Edmund Stanley, make them unmistakable favorites, while Thomas S. Guise, Alice Hosmer, John Parr, Harry P. Stone and the remaining members of the cast, are excellent in their various roles. If there has ever been a comic opera company in Boston before, which contained as many fresh and pretty faces in its chorus as Mr. Hopper's does this year, it would be difficult to specify when. Two matinees will be given during the Hopper engagement, which is for one week longer.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 6. Oct. 15.				
Lord,	182	157	163—	502
Lowell,	135	133	134—	402
Stevenson,	149	144	133—	426
Hovey,	136	151	142—	429
Estabrook,	123	109	156—	388
Team Totals,	725	694	728—	2147
TEAM 5.				
Sawyer,	162	138	122—	422
Buchanan,	128	117	128—	373
Buss,	144	126	174—	444
Grant,	119	105	138—	362
Hinckley,	87	113	110—	310
Team Totals,	640	599	672—	1911
TEAM 1. Oct. 20.				
Fowle,	110	110	110—	330
Cramphorn,	115	115	115—	345
Linnell,	129	138	142—	409
Atwood,	159	171	170—	500
Knowlton,	136	123	129—	388
Team Totals,	649	657	666—	1972
TEAM 7.				
Richardson, A. L.	110	110	110—	330
Trull,	126	147	128—	401
Converse,	120	120	120—	360
Taylor,	118	104	139—	361
Young,	147	149	160—	456
Team Totals,	621	630	657—	1908

North Woburn.

Rev. S. Bixby is visiting his son in Worcester, Mass.

Mr. George Sibbet of Brookline visited friends in town this week.

There will be a sociable given by the Y. P. S. C. E. Friday evening.

Never write for the press on both sides of a sheet of paper.—EDITOR.

By the death of Harry Bowers we have lost one of our brightest boys.

Mrs. Johnson of Traverse street is quite sick with the La Grippe. Dr. Peck is in attendance.

Miss Rebecca Bliss of Rehoboth, Mass., was the guest of Rev. George H. Tilton and family over the Sabbath.

Last Friday evening Mr. S. W. Merrill gave a stag party to the older members of the N. W. A. A. A very interesting program was carried out, after which light refreshments were served. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Mrs. Frances W. Hill entertained the Woman's Club at her residence on Main street. Mrs. Hill gave a charming address of welcome. Miss Frances Dyer was the guest of the Club and spoke with her usual earnestness upon the advantages of the Woman's Club. Refreshments were served by caterer Belcher.

More pilgrims have visited the Rumford house and examined its historical treasures during the last year than in the five preceding years. They come from all quarters of the country and worship at the Rumford shrine. Miss Mariam T. Hosmer makes a capital keeper of the famous old dwelling, the birthplace of Count Rumford, renowned as a scientist 100 years ago, and is a most intelligent and agreeable cicerone. Being of the same stock of the Count, only farther removed from the original plant, she knows his history and delights in telling it to visitors. Last week among the pilgrims was Asaph Hall, the most eminent astronomer in this country, a long resident of Washington, D. C., but whose home, since his retirement from active duty, has been at Cambridge. He made a protracted visit among the Rumford collection, and took notes.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c. or $1 00 per bottle at Gordon Parker's Drug store.

WINCHESTER.

Last Sunday was Old Peoples' Day at the Orthodox church.

The Baptist Sunday School gave a Harvest Concert last Sunday evening.

The Winchester Firemen will give a grand ball on Friday night, Nov. 5.

The JOURNAL'S friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert, enjoys the new Parkway hugely.

Rev. George H. Perkins will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. church next Sunday.

On Dec. 4 a civil service examination for postoffice clerks and carriers will be held.

A Town Meeting was held here last Tuesday evening for the transaction of business of different kinds.

Mr. John T. Cosgrove is the Republican candidate for Representative to the Legislature from this District.

Mrs. John Maxwell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Victoria Flanders, in Chicago. She will remain some time.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

Burlington.

Harvest Festival and Sunday School Rally at the church next Sunday, Oct. 24, at 10.30 o'clock, A. M. Exercises by the children, appropriate music and decorations. Everybody invited.

CITY OF WOBURN.

OFFICE OF
Sealer of Weights and Measures.
Basements of Court House.

Notice is hereby given to all persons, firms and corporations doing business in the City of Woburn, and selling or buying any goods, wares, merchandise or other commodities by weight or measure, or as a public weigher, to bring in their weights and measures to be adjusted.

The sealer will be at his office every Tuesday and Saturday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock.

JONATHAN C. ELA,
Sealer of Weights and Measures.
Woburn, Oct. 20, 1897.

Woburn Star Course
1897 1898

Second Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, October 25

The event of the season. Prof. Samuel R. Kelley's original

Tableaux D'Art.

Composed of 14 Young Ladies in charming silk costumes, special designs. All students of the New England Conservatory School of Oratory of Boston. Giving one continuous performance of Instantaneous Living Pictures. Chaste and elegant in every respect.

Season Tickets at Brooks's Pharmacy, $1.00.
Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
Doors open at 7. Entertainment at 8.

FAIR!

The Annual Supper and Sale, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society will be held at the

M. E. CHURCH,
Wednesday Ev'g, Oct. 27, '97

Among the Special Attractions will be a **Chinese Department** where Tea will be made and served by Chinamen in costume.

Curio Department, an Orange Tree, Household, Candy Tables. Ice Cream served throughout the evening.

Supper will be served from 6.30 to 8 P. M.

Admission to Sale 10 Cents
Admission to Sale and Supper 25 Cents

REMOVAL!

Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS,
Music Rooms,
No. 2 Bennett Street,

Class or Private Lessons.
Courses include Harmony and Musical Form.

Estate of Rosinda A. Preston,

late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Mass., deceased, represented insolvent.

First Meeting. The subscribers, having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Rosinda A. Preston, hereby give notice that six months from the twenty-first day of September, A. D., 1897, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that they will meet to examine the claims of creditors at the office of Chester W. Eaton, No. 376 Main street, Wakefield, Mass., on the **eighth day of November next,** at two o'clock in the afternoon.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,
WILL E. EATON,
Commissioners.
Wakefield, Mass., October 19, 1897.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

Desirable House TO LET.

10 Rooms; all modern conveniences; handy to electric and steam cars. Rent only $20.
Inquire at THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

To Rent.

A House to let to a desirable family at 12 Lawrence street, Woburn. References required. Keys may be found next door.
Mrs. W. P. SARGENT, 83 Cedar Park, Melrose, Mass.

For Sale.

At a low price, a HOUSE LOT, 4500 feet, in Woburn. Call or address
H., Room 33, No. 181 Tremont St., Boston

Steam Boiler and Engine For Sale

Call and examine them at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

GRAND
Parish Concert!
— AT THE —
First Congregational Church,
WOBURN,
Wednesday Ev'g, Oct. 27, '97
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

By the Church Quartette:
Miss Jennie Trecartin, Soprano.
Miss Gertrude Nickerson, Contralto.
Mr. Mason B. McKay, Tenor.
Mr. Henry C. Hayden, Basso.

— ASSISTED BY —
Hermann Hartmann, Violinist
Walter David, Reciter and Reader

Mr. Daniel N. Hood, Musical Director.

Admission, 25 Cents

☞ Tickets can be procured at Brooks's and Whitcher's Drugtores.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael H. Graham of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Edward W. Hudson, dated January 1, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2254, Page 219, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on **Monday, the first day of November, 1897,** at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle street about seventy and one-half feet; southwesterly by land of Albert A. Ferrin about sixty-six feet; northwesterly by land now or formerly of Theophilus King about seventy and one-half feet; northeasterly by land of Thomas Salmon about sixty-four feet.

The sale will be made subject to taxes for the years 1896 and 1897.

Two hundred dollars will be required of purchaser at the sale.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Assinnee and present holder of said mortgege.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, October 6, 1897.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Hayden, who died in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex to be administered, and not leaving a known widow or heir in this Commonwealth:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles M Ludden, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the said public administrator is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in THE WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSON, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Executor.
Address
Woburn, Mass.
October 5, 1897.

NOTICE! Skirts Cut and Made

Worn and ones renovated, sleeves remodled. All kinds of sewing. Prices reasonable.
Also, Tenement To Let.

Mrs. L. A. GRAMMER
148 Salem St.

☞ Electric cars pass the door.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on **HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN** of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the **Ball-bearing Draw Slide,** saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!

Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

Miss Florence S. Porter,
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.
92 Pleasant Street,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

ARTISTIC
Dressmaking!
Ladies will do well to consult
Mrs. M. CARTER
No. 6 Bennett St.
concerning their Fall and Winter Dresses

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Horse For Sale.

Sound; No Outs; 7 years old; Good Roadster and Business; Every Way Right.
Call on JOHN CUMMINGS, 2d,
120 Bedford St., Woburn

LOST!

Sunday the 19th, **Hand-bag,** containing Ladies' Watch and Pocketbook. If returned to Central House liberal reward will be paid.

CITY OF WOBURN.

LEXINGTON, MASS., Oct. 1, 1897.

To the Honorable the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:

We, the undersigned, being a majority of the Directors of the Lexington Street Railway Company, an association formed under Chapter 113 of the Public Statutes for the purpose of constructing and operating a street railway, hereby respectfully petition for a location of the tracks of said railway in the City of Woburn, with the necessary turnouts, curves, switches, and sidings, together with the right to make such surface and underground alterations of the streets and highways of said city and to erect and maintain such poles, structures and wires therein as may be necessary for the operation of the cars of said Company by electricity as a motive power, through the following streets of said city, namely:—

Commencing on Lexington street at the boundary line between Lexington and Woburn; thence through Lexington street to Cambridge street; thence through Cambridge street to Bedford street; thence through Bedford street to Burlington street; thence through Burlington street to Pleasant street; thence through Pleasant street to a point on said street near to and westerly of the station or depot of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

Also, from Pleasant street, at its junction with North Warren street, through North Warren street to Harrison Avenue; thence through Harrison Avenue to Winn street; and thence through Winn street to its junction with Main street.

ALFRED PIERCE,
LEONARD A. SAVILLE,
WALTER H. PEIRCE,
O. M. GOVE,
CHARLES CUMMINGS,
ROBERT B. TABER,
A majority of the Directors.

City of Woburn—In Board of Aldermen, Oct. 7, 1897. Upon the foregoing petition, It is hereby ordered, that fourteen day's notice be given by the petitioners to all parties interested, that this Board will on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of October, 1897, at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition, when any parties who object thereto, may appear and be heard. Said notice to be given by publication, at expense of petitioners, of a copy of said petition, and this order thereon, in the Woburn *News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

Passed. JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.
A true copy. Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, October 7, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1893, Chapter 417, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday, the second day of November, A. D., 1897,

in the fsllowing places, namely:
Ward One,—Dow's Block, 312 Main Street.
Ward Two,—Fifield Hall, Fowle Street.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon,** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Councillor, Secretary, Treasurer and Receiver-General, Auditor, Attorney-General, Senator, and Two Representatives to the General Court, County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, Southern District.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and Aldermen.
ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

STAR
Lecture Course!
POPULAR,
INSTRUCTIVE,
ENTERTAINING.

The managers of the Star Lecture Course take pleasure in offering the people of Woburn six magnificently Illustrated Lectures showing the world's masterpieces in Art and Architecture; its historic Monuments; sublimest scenery of lakes, mountains and waterfalls; its varied national costumes, peoles, etc., covering the widest range of material, and filled with thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of fifty cents a ticket for the entire course of six lectures. They will be given in the

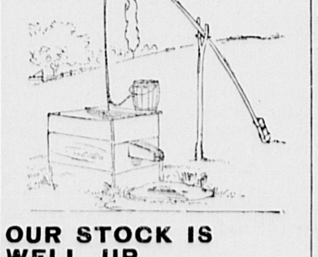
Methodist Episcopal Church,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

and will include the following topics, viz:
Thursday, Oct. 14. Rome, the Eternal City.
Thursday, Oct. 21. Egypt, the Land of the Pharaohs.
Thursday, Oct. 28. Constantinople, the Queen City of the East.
Thursday, Nov. 4. Life Among the Alps.
Thursday, Nov. 11. Paris the Magnificent.
Thursday, Nov. 18. Ben Hur, with Quartet Selections.

☞ Course Tickets will be on sale at Copeland & Bowser's, Legg's Photographic Parlor, Cali's Printing office.

These lectures are to be delivered in the Methodist church by Rev. I. H. Packard, who has had large experience and great success as a lecturer, has visited and thoroughly studied the places and objects described and selected the pictures in the localities to which they pertain.

From Geo. D. Lindsay, D. D. President and Superintendant of Instruction: The chief attraction of some illustrated lectures consists in the pictures thrown upon the screen, but Mr. Packard's words are as vivid as his pictures; and while the latter are clear and beautiful, the lecture without them is a masterpiece of descriptive eloquence.



OUR STOCK IS WELL UP

And overflowing with good things. It will please and satisfy the most skeptical. Come and see

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street, - - WOBURN

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM, Burlington, Mass.

FOR SALE — OR — TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

INVESTMENT.

Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE,
415 Main Street

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
☞ Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
☞ Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.
ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

C. C. STONE & Co.
Meats and Vegetables.
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Everything First-class.
Meat, Sweet and Inviting.
Always on Hand.
The cleanest, freshest, sweetest Fish, Oysters, Clams and Poultry in the Woburn market.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,
One minute to Station. All modern improvements $22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. ☞GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

REMOVED!
Plumbing Garden Hose
There is only one best Range.
That is the Somerset Pallas.
Call and see it at
C. M. STROUT,
DOW BLOCK, Old Post Office Rooms.
Oil Stoves Seeds

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.
Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Have the Baby's Photos Taken
— AT THE —
NOWELL STUDIO,
396 Main Street, Woburn.
We give a Silver Plated Frame with each dozen of baby photos, until Oct. 1.

To Let.

The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.
W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.

In a very desirable location a HOUSE of eight rooms in good order, with small stable. Rent reasonable to right parties.
W. R. PUTNAM,
No. 1 Winn St.

To Let.

A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

Are You The Man?

WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for **Fine Merchant Tailoring.** An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.

Pasters Wanted.
Russell Counter Co.

The advantage of a policeman over a burglar is that the officer has the law on his side. Health has the same advantage over disease. The Law of Nature is for people to be healthy. When they are sick, Nature helps to cure them. Nature's law is the guide for curing sick people. There is no way but Nature's way. What the doctors call many different diseases Nature cures in one way; by nourishing the whole body with good, pure, rich, red blood. That is Nature's way of curing scrofula, erysipelas, kidney and "liver complaint," consumption and every form of eruptive and wasting disease. When you want to help Nature with medicine the medicine must work the same way as Nature works, then it has the laws of Nature on its side to make it powerful. That is the secret of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery's wonderful cures. It assists Nature according to her own laws; it is on Nature's side and Nature helps it; it imparts new power to the nutritive and blood making organs to create a large quantity of fresh, red, healthy blood which drives every germ of disease out of the system and builds up strong healthy tissues and *solid* flesh. The "Discovery" completely clears away every form of blood-disease from the system; It even cures consumption. It is the only true radical cure for that disease; facts and testimony to prove it.

"I would like to tell the whole world what your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done for me. The doctor, who is considered an expert on lung troubles, told me I had consumption. He said both my lungs were diseased and I could not live long. I felt down-hearted for I have dear little children to live for. I just went to him to get his opinion. I am glad I did for now I know what your medicine will do. When I started on the second bottle I was better in every way and was able to take a walk on every fine day. I enjoyed my sleep, my appetite was good, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I began to feel like a new woman. I still had a cough, so I got a third bottle and by the time it was half gone I was completely cured."

(Mrs.) James Gatfield

77 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont., Can.

LITTLE LOVE LOU.

Little love Lou, how your lashes glisten,
Your soft cheek flushes, your soft eyes fill
With dancing drops while the people listen
To hear your tenderly voiced "I will!"
And how you glow when the golden fetter
Encircles your finger and makes us two—
One for the worse and one for the better
And one till death parts us, my little love Lou.

Little love Lou, the great organ closes
The rite with a jubilant thunder song,
And down from the chancel and over the roses
They scatter before you we pass along.
A conquering prince with my laurels on me,
I feel as I traverse the aisle with you—
Oh, prouder than king of the queen I've won me,
I lead out my little wife, little love Lou.
—London Daily Mail.

RAMAPO PASS.

In the summer of 1781 the forces of Washington lay for six weeks at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. Every day Sir Henry Clinton, who was in command of the British in New York, had been expecting an attack, and we now know Washington had been preparing to move against the city, but the failure of Count de Grasse, who was holding the French fleet at the West Indies, to co-operate with the troops on land had compelled him to abandon the project, and he had decided to move rapidly to the south and attack Cornwallis, who was then in Virginia.

But he was very desirous that Clinton should not suspect his plan, for he might prevent the march or send re-enforcements to Cornwallis, and either action would hinder if it did not defeat his project. So the American commander bent all his energies to deceive the British and make them think that New York was still the place to be attacked. Indeed we know that even after the march was begun the French troops, who went by the way of Perth Amboy, there stopped to build ovens and boats and gave out that they were about to attack the posts on Staten Island and then move against the city. There were other means that Washington used, however, to produce the same impression even before his army left Dobbs Ferry, and it is with one of these that this story has to do.

"I want to see Dominie Montagnie!" said an orderly to a company of men who were seated near a tent in the camp at Dobbs Ferry.

"There he is over there," replied one of the soldiers, pointing to a young man not far away.

"That Dominie Montagnie!" said the orderly. "Why, he's only a boy."

"Boy or not, he's one of the stanchest Whigs in all this region. There isn't a better man in all the Continental army," replied the soldier.

The orderly left, and as he approached the young man shrewdly scanned his face. Evidently he was satisfied with what he saw, for he at once addressed him:

"Is this Dominie Montagnie?"

"Yes," replied the young preacher, returning the look to the officer.

"Well, General Washington wants to see you at once."

"Wants to see me? What for?"

"I don't know. Come with me and you will soon know."

Young Montagnie asked no further questions, but arose and accompanied his guide to the quarters of the commander. He had never spoken to him before, but he shared fully in the feeling of respect which all the army had for their leader, and he was somewhat abashed when the general rose to receive him and could scarcely reply to the kind words he spoke when he was presented.

"Yes, I have known of you," said Washington, "and from all I can hear I am certain I can rely upon you. Is this true?"

"I try to do my best, general," said Montagnie modestly.

"That's right. Now, I have a very important commission for you," And the general paused a moment to note the effect of his words, but the young man only bowed, and he continued: "I want to send some dispatches by you to Morristown. You will cross the river at King's Ferry, go up by Haverstraw and through Ramapo pass."

Montagnie looked up quickly at the words "Ramapo pass." Yes, he knew the place and too well. It was a narrow defile among the hills of New Jersey and already had been the scene of some of the most exciting events in the Revolution. And now the cowboys and skinners held it, and if he should once fall into their hands he knew what would occur.

"But, general," he ventured to stammer, "Ramapo pass is one of the headquarters of the Tories, and I shall surely be taken if I try to go that way. Why may I not go by the upper road? I am familiar with every foot of the country."

"Young man," said Washington, stamping his foot in real or pretended anger, "your duty is not to talk, but to obey."

The young preacher saw that all remonstrance would be in vain, and, although he could not understand why he should not be left to select his own route, especially since he was to go through a country he knew thoroughly, he only bowed his head and promised to do his best.

"When am I to go?" he inquired.

"Now—just as soon as you can get ready."

Just at dusk, dressed in citizen's clothing and with the dispatches sewed inside the lining of his sleeve, young Montagnie was carried across the river and started on his journey. Even a horse was denied him, but the hardy young Continental cared little for that, and all night long he kept steadily on his way.

It was about a half hour before sunrise when he came near to Ramapo pass. "My time has come," he said to himself. "If I can once get safely through this place, I have no fear of the rest of the way." But he was more excited than he knew, and he was breathing rapidly as he entered the pass. He grasped his heavy walking stick more tightly and glanced about him. The passage between the hills was becoming very narrow. Beside the roadway there were only a narrow little strip of land and the swift flowing stream that ran noisily on its way. The steep hillsides rose abrupt and rocky. The damp, cool air of the early morning, the noise of the stream, the threatening cliffs and bowlders, which might conceal some of his enemies, all increased the nervous dread of the messenger, and he quickened his steps. Once through, his greatest danger would be passed.

"This will never do," thought Montagnie. "If any one is watching me, I shall arouse his suspicions if I run." And he began to walk leisurely, although his fear increased each moment. Up to this time he had seen no one and had met no interruption on his journey. Perhaps his fear was unreasonable, but he had thought so much and so long of this place and was so familiar with the stories of the deeds of the murdering cowboys there that every sense was alert. Several times he thought he saw faces peering out from behind the bowlders, but he had not stopped and now he was almost through the pass. Yes, he could see where the valley became wide before him, and soon he would be out from under these terrible cliffs, with their long shadows and dark hiding places. He began to breathe more freely now and again quickened his pace.

Hark! What was that? He stopped and listened, and in a moment he knew he had not been deceived. He could hear the sound of approaching horsemen, and they were coming rapidly down the road before him.

He glanced behind for a hiding place, and already had started to climb the cliffs when he caught sight of the approaching men and realized that he could not gain a place of concealment before they would be near enough to see him. Perhaps they had already discovered him. There was nothing left but to resume his place in the road, walk on as though he neither feared nor suspected anything and keep on as bold a face as possible. But if his face was bold, it was the only bold thing about him, for his heart sank when he saw the six men enter the pass and bring their horses to a walk when they noticed the stranger.

He could see their faces now, and his alarm increased when he recognized the leader as Richard Smith. He had been at Goshen when his father, Claudius Smith, along with Gordon and De la Mar, had been hanged. Montagnie knew what a desperado Claudius Smith had been, and what a terror his gang of cowboys had been in Orange county and along the borders of New Jersey. Many rewards had been offered for his arrest, and about a year and a half before this time he had been captured at Oyster Bay and taken to Goshen, where he was chained to the floor of the jail and a strong guard placed over him.

All his efforts to escape had been in vain, and with his two companions he had been hanged, as Montagnie himself knew, for he had been in Goshen on that very day. But Smith's son, Richard, had been avenging the death of his father, and the poor Whigs in that region had been suffering more at his hands than they had from his father. These were the thoughts that were passing rapidly through the mind of the messenger, and there was this desperado, Richard Smith, approaching and with him five men as desperate as he at his back. What villainous looking men they were! He grasped his walking stick more firmly and tried to appear calm.

"Good morrow, gentlemen," said Montagnie.

A gruff word was the only reply, but each man was glancing sharply at him. Evidently they were suspicious, but, as they passed on, Montagnie breathed more easily. The danger was almost passed and in a moment he would be beyond their sight.

But he was not to escape so easily. Without turning his head he was aware that they had stopped and were watching him. The moment was a critical one. Would it never come to an end?

"Hold, stranger!" called one of the men. "You travel early."

The messenger stopped—for there was nothing else to be done—and waited their approach. They soon gathered about him, and he knew his only hope lay in his being calm.

"Yes," he replied, "and neither are you late in your start."

"Whither might you be bound?" said Smith, ignoring his words.

"Oh, up the road here, among the hills."

Smith laughed derisively as he replied: "That won't do. Up the road may lead to Morristown or it may be New York. You'll have to give an account of yourself."

The young preacher glanced quickly about him. Should he try to fight? Six men, armed and mounted, were before him, and they would think no more of shooting him than they would a squirrel by the roadside. But the leader had not failed to note his hesitation, and he turned to his men and said: "Search him, boys. If he's straight, it'll do no harm, and if he isn't it's the thing to be done."

In a moment Montagnie had forgotten his caution. If the papers were found, they would perhaps kill him, and if he must die he would sell his life as dearly as possible. He had been so quiet that the two who approached were taken off their guard when he suddenly whirled his heavy stick and struck one a heavy blow and then turned to the other. With a bound he leaped over the fallen men and started for the cliffs. It was a desperate venture, and every moment he expected to hear the sound of their guns. He struggled on, however, unmindful of everything but his own desire to escape.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" he heard Smith call. "He may be worth more alive than dead. Ha, ha! Who would have thought such a peaceable looking youngster would have given such a rap?" And he laughed again when he saw how angry his companions were. "Take after him; be quick or he'll get away."

Montagnie was struggling desperately to make his way up the hillside. For a moment he thought they had abandoned the pursuit, although he wondered why they did not shoot, but he soon understood it all when he saw two of the men coming toward him. They had known of a path, and, by taking it, had been able to gain the heights above.

To attempt further flight was useless now, and without a word he followed his captors to the road beneath.

"Take him up to the hut, boys," said Smith, and the messenger soon found himself in a rude log house about 200 yards from the road and concealed among the defiles of the hills.

"Now search him," said the leader, and the men immediately began to do his bidding. His three cornered hat was cut into pieces, but nothing was found in it. Next his coat was taken off, and in a moment one of them exclaimed: "Here's something. It's inside the lining." And he cut open the sleeve and took out the dispatches, which he tossed to Smith. The leader quickly opened them, and as he read the others watched him keenly.

"It's a good find, boys, and all right. That's what comes of making a general out of a farmer. Who was the fool that tried to hide this in the lining of a sleeve?" he inquired, turning to Montagnie. "Why, it's the very first place we'd look into. And you must have been drunk to think you could get through Ramapo pass with them. You don't look like a lack wit, but you must have been not to have taken the upper road. But Cli ton will be glad to get this! Now, boys, what shall we do with this fellow, hang him or send him away?"

"Shoot him!" said the one whom the messenger had struck. "It's none too good for him."

"We'll see about that a little later," replied Smith. "We've got to get this letter to Clinton the first we do."

Two were left with the prisoner as a guard and the others soon rode away. For three days and nights Montagnie lay in the hut, bound hand and foot. Not for a moment were the cords loosened, and each day his guard told him they were about to take him out and hang him and leave his body on a tree by the roadside as a warning to all Whigs. The preacher had fully resigned himself and expected daily the threat would be put into execution.

On the fourth day Smith returned, and, after a hurried consultation with the guards, rode away. The prisoner's hands were loosened and his aching limbs were rubbed by the guard, but he had no other thought than that he was being prepared for his execution. Accordingly, when in a few hours he was bidden to follow them out of the hut, he glanced on every side for the rope he thought to see dangling from some tree. As he walked on his thoughts were somewhat bitter against Washington. Why had he insisted upon his coming through Ramapo pass? If he had been left to his own devices, he would have taken the upper road and never would have fallen into the power of these desperadoes.

"Can you ride?" said one of the men abruptly.

"Yes," replied the preacher. Were they about to mount him on a horse and then start the horse off after the noose had been adjusted? He had heard of that plan having been used.

But he had no time for meditation, for they came to a place where three horses were waiting. Almost before he knew what had occurred, the prisoner found himself mounted and riding rapidly along the road, with one guard on either side.

What could it mean? He saw no rope and not a word was spoken. On and on they went, and gradually it dawned upon the young man's mind what the destination was to be. Nor was he mistaken, for he soon was carried across the river and placed in the old sugar house prison in New York, one of the famous provost prisons of that day.

"You're a great one," said the guard to Montagnie the next day. "Those letters you had were all about Washington's plan to attack New York. But Clinton can take a hint, and everybody in the city is getting ready to receive the rebels." Then he took from his pocket a copy of Rivington's Gazette, which contained a long account of his capture, the nature of the dispatches he had carried and the use Sir Henry was making of the information he had gained.

Suddenly, as the guard finished his reading, Montagnie laughed aloud. "What are you laughing at?" asked the angry guard as he left. "I don't see anything funny in that."

But the prisoner did, and all his bitterness toward Washington had vanished in a moment. Now he understood it all. Washington had intended all the time to have him taken prisoner with those dispatches on his person and thus to hold the British in New York while he started for Virginia.

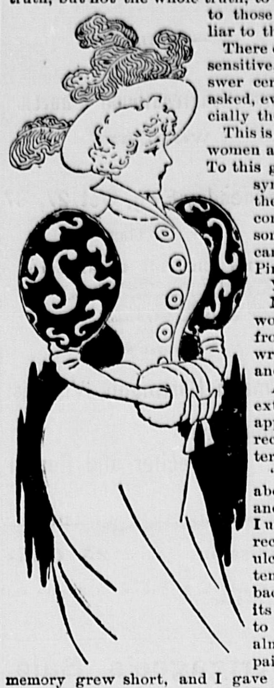
How well he held them we know from the fact that when Sir Henry next heard of him he was already beyond the Delaware, too far away to be pursued, and it was too late to send word or aid to Cornwallis.

As for Parson Montagnie, he was not long kept a prisoner, for the war was soon ended, but for years it was his delight to tell the story of his capture. "I had read about the Greeks holding the pass of Thermopylæ," he would say, "and keeping out the enemy, but I kept the enemy in by failing to hold the pass at Ramapo."—Atlanta Constitution.

WOMEN DO NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Modest Women Evade Certain Questions When Asked by a Male Physician, but Write Freely to Mrs. Pinkham.

An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful, they will lie to their physicians." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.



There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To this good woman they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence than the physician who personally questions them. Perfect confidence and candor are at once established between Mrs. Pinkham and her patients.

Years ago women had no such recourse. Nowadays a modest woman asks help of a woman who understands women. If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

And the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in:

"I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhœa in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pain no longer I was given morphine. My memory grew short, and I gave up all hope of ever getting well. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. My friends think my cure almost miraculous. Her noble work is surely a blessing to broken-down women."—GRACE B. STANSBURY, Pratt, Kansas.

Her Weakness.

"Mrs. Meeker," observed a friend of the family, "is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently, I believe, on a thousand different topics."

"Yes," sighed Mr. Meeker. "And she does."—London Figaro.

We All Wonder.

Little Clarence (after thinking deeply)—Pa!

Mr. Callipers (wearily)—Well, my son?

Little Clarence—Pa, why is it that two headed girls are so scarce when two faced men are so common?—Harper's Bazar.

Literary Notices.

"Self-pity and sensitiveness are dangerous foes of healthy growth," writes Henry Austin Adams in his editorial review in the October DONAHOE'S, wherein he deplores the tendency of many to harbor the thought that they are undervalued, and points out a means to create a happier feeling. In the same department Mr. Adams touches upon various other subjects of living interest and notes carefully the progress of the new movement at Washington for the higher education of Catholic women. Adele Bassford writes very entertainingly of Impressions of Mexico. Rob Lear draws a sketch of Old Georgetown. M. S. McGuirk makes suggestions about Church Music, and points out some of the most serious defects at present lowering the standard. Mary Daly treats of Some Appreciations of the poets. Rev. Charles Warren Currier writing of The Brooks and Taneys contributes the second of his papers on Historic Catholic Families. The short stories are very entertaining, particularly The Shadowy Third, and The Truth About Delling. The Scarlet Glove gains in interest with every chapter presenting some new development in the heroine's fortunes. Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, Albert Doyle, Marié J. Downing, and L. G. Kelly contribute some excellent poetry. Mr. William Hopkins introduces friends to a notable company of People in Print. Susan L. Emery furnishes some deeply interesting information relative to the tragic death of the Carmelite heroines, sixteen in number, who died under the knife of the guillotine. The Question Box, Book Reviews, and other departments complete an excellent edition of this popular monthly.

There is something refreshing and timely in the general contents of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October. The article on Harvesting the Crops gives a most thorough comprehension of the harvests of the United States and their relation to the world. Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, President of the General Federation of Women's clubs, contributes a strong article entitled Women in Finance. Over the signature of Vassar Girl appears College life at Vassar. Wagner admirers will find much to hold their atttention in The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth. An illustrated sketch of William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) appears in the table of contents by his friend, J. A. MacPherson. Christ and His Time, continues in the October number. An American tourist episode in the cathedral district of England forms the plot for a very clever short story entitled In the Shadow of Ely. Hayden Carruth in the October issue begins a short serial in four parts called Starting the Burntwood Breeze. The two other short stories in the current issue are On the Inside Track, and The Bud that Blossomed. Tom Hall, Ellis Parker Butler, Winthrop Packard and Aayden Carruth, contribute some laughable little bits of fiction in the 'Twixt Smiles and Tears department. Poems also appear by Ella Walton, David M. Riley, Walter L. Greene, and Ellis Parker Butler. The literary gossip of the month appears in The Rambler in Literature. The concluding department Lets Talk It over has much to say of interest to the business men generally. It "talks shop." THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. For sale at all news-stands. The W. W. Potter Co., 91 Bedford st., Boston.

Locks and Keys.

There is nothing which more illustrates the progress of science and invention than the decrease in size, weight and mechanism of locks and keys since these instruments were first put in use for the purpose of keeping out intrusive strangers. Years ago these mediums to secret chambers were made of wrought iron and were of ponderous size and weight. The nineteenth century, however, has made wonderful improvements on these instruments. Nowadays a person may carry a dozen keys in his pocket with ease that will open stronger and more intricate locks than the grotesque specimens which prevailed in the days of our grandfathers.—Kansas City Star.

Buried With His Money on Him.

Not long ago a miserly person who had been teased almost to death by his heirs endeavored to cheat them out of his money. Before he died he left positive instructions that he should be buried in a certain suit of clothes. His wish was carried out, but after the funeral his surviving relatives could find no will and no money. Finally one of them suspected that the old man had served them a shabby trick and suggested that the body be exhumed and the clothing examined. This was done, and the coat, waistcoat and trousers were found to be lined with Bank of England notes.—London Letter.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 24.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxvi, 19-32—Memory Verses, 22, 23—Golden Text, Math. x, 32 — Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Festus succeeded Felix, and both were willing to please the Jews at Paul's expense (xxiv, 27; xxv, 9). Paul appealed to Cæsar; therefore the case had to go to Rome. King Agrippa coming to Cæsarea, Festus states the case to him as far as he knows it, which is that it concerns "one Jesus, who was dead, but whom Paul affirmed to be alive" (xxv, 19). Agrippa desiring to hear for himself, Paul is brought forth in the presence of Agrippa, Bernice, Festus and the chief captains and principal men of the city and allowed to speak for himself. He states briefly his early history as an enemy of Jesus, and then more fully his conversion on the way to Damascus and his commission from the Lord Himself.

19. "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." When he heard one speaking to him from heaven, saying, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest," he could no longer doubt but that he had been greatly mistaken and that Jesus of Nazareth was actually alive and in heaven, and at once he yielded to Him, saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" We cannot expect such a vision or a voice from heaven, but the word of God should be to us as much a voice from heaven as that which he heard.

20. "Repent and turn to God and do works meet for repentance." This he preached everywhere, proclaiming that God was in Christ, God manifest in the flesh, and that the only way to turn to God was to turn to Christ (I Cor. iii, 11), and then let your life prove that you had really turned to Him, for while no works of ours can save us, yet if saved by His finished work we will surely show it by our works.

21. "For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple and went about to kill me." Jesus was the cause of all their hatred. There are gods many and lords many in Christendom as well as in heathendom, but there is only one living and true God, who so loved us as to give His only begotten Son for us, and when we receive Him He and His Spirit will be manifest in us and will provoke more or less opposition from the world and also from religious people who do not truly know Him, for the carnal mind, whether religious or otherwise, is enmity against God (Rom. viii, 7).

22, 23. "From Moses and the prophets he continually proclaimed that it had been foretold that the Messiah should suffer and die and rise from the dead before He could be Israel's Messiah or a light to the gentiles. So also our Lord Himself, for Moses and the prophets set forth that His sufferings must precede His glory (Luke xxiv, 25-27). We receive Him, and by His finished work are saved eternally, but if we would reign with Him in glory we must be content to suffer with Him this little while, and by life and doctrine proclaim Him to all the world (Math. x, 37-39; Rom. viii, 17; II Tim. ii, 12).

24. "Paul, thou art beside thyself. Much learning doth make thee mad." He had not been speaking the wisdom of men, but had been telling earnestly the story of Jesus, and to this day those who are much in love with Jesus and carried away with Him are accounted beside themselves. They said of Christ, "He hath a devil and is mad" (John x, 20). The prophets testified that people said, "The Man of the Spirit is mad." "He that departeth from evil is accounted mad" (Hos. ix, 7, margin, and Isa. lix, 15, margin).

25, 26. "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." Yet these are the very words that are not palatable to men of the world. The time will come, is even now come, when many who bear the name of Christ will not endure sound doctrine. They have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof (II Tim. iv, 3; iii, 5). Like Festus, they know all about it, but they will not yield to it and be obedient to it. They know all about Him who is the only Saviour, but will not submit to Him or be ruled by Him.

27. "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." From verse 3 it would appear that the king was well acquainted with the Jews and their affairs and the promises concerning them and their Messiah, but it is not what we know that helps us, but only the knowledge we make use of. It is not the food we look at and can talk about and even prepare for others that benefits ourselves, but only that which we personally appropriate. We must receive Him.

28. "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Another translation is, "Lightly art thou persuading thyself that thou canst make me a Christian." The word "Christian," so common with us, is not a word much used in the Bible, being only found in two other places (Acts xi, 26; I Pet. iv, 16). The word "saint" or "believer" or "brethren" is much more common.

29. "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." He was addressing the king and the governor and the chief captains and mighty men, and yet felt that with the exception of his bonds he was better off than they and that what he had they might well desire to have. What could it be? What but this, that their position and honor were but temporary and transient, while he, though for a time their prisoner, was one with Him who was at God's right hand, a joint heir with Christ, a king and a priest unto God (Rom. viii, 17; Rev. i, 5, 6; v, 9, 10), and that he would surely in due time enjoy His heavenly kingdom.

30, 31. "This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds." This was the conclusion of the king and governor and the others as they went aside after Paul had finished. Pilate bore the same testimony concerning our Lord Jesus, and yet the Jews had Jesus crucified and Stephen stoned and James slain, and they would have killed Paul. Oh, how they hated Jesus of Nazareth!

32. "This man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Cæsar." Shall we say, What a pity he appealed to Cæsar? Or shall we say, "Yes, my Father, this is so, because that Thou hast found it good?" (Math. xi, 26, French Testament). Sometimes God does directly, and sometimes He permits to be done, but He always overrules and controls for His glory and the highest good of His people whom He unchangeably loves even in their perverseness. If Paul erred, as I think from the testimony, in going to Jerusalem at this time, the Lord still loved him, appeared to him and will surely get him to Rome, as He said.

British Naval Officers' Pay.

The relative rates of American and British naval officers' pay in comparison are as follows: Naval cadet, $500; midshipman, £32, about $160; ensign, $1,200; sublieutenant, £91, about $455, with extras as navigator, £45, about $225; lieutenant, junior grade, $1,800; lieutenant, £182 to £256, about $900 to $1,200, with extras up to £73, about $365; lieutenant, $2,400; lieutenants in command, £201 to £274, about $1,005 to $1,370, with extras from £84 to £141, about $420 to $705; lieutenant commander, $2,800; commander, $3,500; commander, £365, about $1,825, with extras to £141, about $705; captain, $4,500; captain, £410 to £602, about $2,050 to $3,010, with extras from £91 to £328, about $455 to $1,640. Thus only the senior captain in the British navy, with full allowance of extras, receives more than our junior captain. But after one gets to be captain things change. In the first place every British captain becomes a rear admiral in a few years, as the rank of commodore is simply temporary, and a rear admiral starts with £1,642 (about $8,210) and may wind up with £2,737 (about $13,685). Our rear admirals only get $6,000 at most, while their comrades of equal rank in the army, the major generals, get $7,500. Then the British sailor has two and sometimes three steps after he gets his flag. He may become vice admiral, with pay ranging from $12,775 to $15,510, and even admiral, with pay and allowances of $17,100 to $19,835. If the British officer pulls along until he's a captain, he's all right. It is just the other way with our officers. Our lower ranks are paid better than the upper ranks proportionately. — Marine Journal.

Poetry With a Sting In It.

On one occasion when William Hamilton Hayne was visiting Samuel Minturn Peck at the latter's home in Tuskaloosa the two poets strolled into the woods and paused to rest beneath the shadows of the pines.

"Here are your favorite pines, Hayne," said Peck. "Let's dream a few poems beneath them."

The languid summer day had its effect on them, and they were soon snoring and dreaming away.

But suddenly both awoke and both started down the home road at top speed, shouting as they ran.

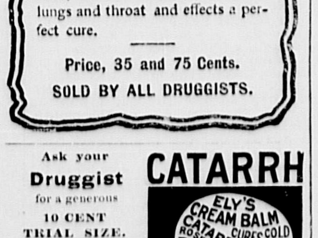
An army of yellow jackets had discovered them, and, not being partial to poetry, had forcibly and feelingly resented its intrusion on their domain.

Later, at supper, Peck asked:

"Did you make a poem, Hayne?"

"No," was the meek reply. "I made a poultice!"

"So did I," said Peck.—Exchange.



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VOL. XLVII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1897. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 47.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent
W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

G. W. WINSLOW, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Feb. 10, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.00 M., 1.00, 1.30 then every 30 minutes until 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, 9.33, 10.33, 11.33 A. M., 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, 9.55, 10.55, 11.55 A. M., 12.25 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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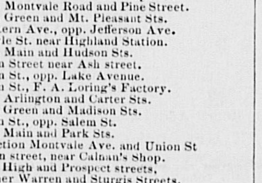

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27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
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37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
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54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
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57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
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69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
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MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
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The Woburn Journal

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing today?
  Nobody knows but mother.
How many playthings are strewn in her way?
  Nobody knows but mother.
How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
How many burns on each fat little fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
  Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted today—
  Nobody knows but mother—
Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay?
  Nobody knows but mother.
How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed?
How many ribbons for each little maid?
How for her care can a mother be paid?
  Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
  Nobody knows but mother.
How many stockings to darn, do you know?
  Nobody knows but mother.
How many little torn aprons to mend?
How many hours of toil must she spend?
What is the time when her day's work shall end?
  Nobody knows but mother.

How many lunches for Tommy and Sam—
  Nobody knows but mother—
Cookies and apples and blackberry jam—
  Nobody knows but mother—
Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth,"
Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth?
How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth?
  Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother's heart know!
  Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother love flow?
  Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white bed?
How many tears for her babes has she shed?
How many kisses for each curly head?
  Nobody knows but mother.

—Mary Morrison in Housekeeper.

A PARIS NOCTURNE.

"The price will do."

"Monsieur is most kind."

"And—ah—tenez, madame. This is the fifth, I believe?"

"No, monsieur," simpered the landlady, slightly drooping her eyes.

"But you told me," began the gentleman with the Bohemian air, Greek nose and shaggy blond curls, "you told me, madame"—

"Yes, monsieur," Mme. Toudouche half stammered. "I—I had forgotten. At the fifth there is a room occupied, and monsieur desired this floor, the fourth, to be quite vacant."

"Yes," loitered the reply. With a remarkably white hand, though large and muscular, the gentleman stroked a clear chiseled chin. Suddenly, with this same hand, he made a sweeping gesture: "I will take all the little suit. But, mind you, I hope for quiet during the week that I am here. I shall rest and drowse most of the time. I shall have no visitors—absolutely none. Frankly, I shall be in retreat. An absorbing affair—a matter of business, most wearisome business—will soon engross me, and hence I am taking this preparatory term of repose. You are sure I shall not be disturbed, madame—absolutely sure?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur, absolutely."

"My name is—er—Duroc—M. Albert Duroc."

"Thank you, monsieur."

"Please let my luggage be sent up. You have no doubt perceived that it is very small. I shall ask you for a cup of coffee each morning—good, strong coffee—a roll and a bit of butter. Pray, let all three be excellent. Stay, madame." And here M. Duroc glanced about him at the shabby but clean apartment. "Perhaps you would prefer that I should give you half my promised sum in advance." He then drew out a purse, and as he did so the old woman's wrinkled face became one immense labyrinthine smile.

After she had gone M. Duroc leaned from one of his high dormer windows and looked at Paris below the slumberous azure of a perfect autumn afternoon. Yonder was the Ile St. Louis, with Notre Dame so near that one could almost make out the grimaces of its ghoulish gargoyles. Ah, dear old Notre Dame, with the adorable sculptures of its main doorway, saints and martyrs all tangled together like roses in a huge wreath! Dear old "other side of the river!" What thrilling memories it evoked! There wound the unforgetable and unique Seine, with its little toylike steamboats, bound for Charenton, for Suresnes, for numberless ports besides. And the stately fawn colored buildings on either bank, skirting so palatially each curvilinear verge. Ah, the delicious days of boyhood! And to be here once again where he had dwelt for so many youthful years! What refreshment after the loud, bustling life of that other Paris, whose boulevards and cafes and theaters and salons teemed with a thousand ambitions, rivalries, hates!

"I will dine over here near the Luxembourg," meditated M. Duroc, "in a little restaurant which has long ago forgotten my existence. Then I will come back to my placid refuge and enjoy the first serene sleep of seven others, all of which, I hope, will be equally serene. Ah, what comfort to be hidden away like this! After Monday next my work must begin. Meanwhile rest, rest, rest before the tremendous task that awaits me."

Later M. Duroc followed out his intent. He took a stroll through obscure yet familiar streets for nearly an hour after dining and then resought his new lodgings. He was a light sleeper, yet a healthful one. Hardly five minutes after blowing out his candle he had fallen into just the suave slumber that he craved.

"La-la-la — la lah — la-la-la — tira, lira, lira—lah—la-la—tira, liraah, lira—lah-r-r-r-r!"

Then the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle and thrum, thrum, thrum of a piano; then the woman's voice and also the piano, both dawning together into awakened conciousness; then a man's basso voice, repeating every tira-lira, every lah, of the feminine one.

By this time M. Duroc was thoroughly awake. He soon lighted a candle and looked at his watch—ten minutes past midnight. The vocal exercises continued. Sleep was now impossible. He anathematized his landlady. Why had she dared to lie like this? Had she not promised him peace? The detested sounds came, too plainly, from a chamber just above him. At a quarter past 1 o'clock they ceased. Soon afterward he heard a man's step descend the staircase, passing his door.

The chain of sleep having been thus rudely broken, it was three good hours before he rejoined its disrupted links. He awoke at about 9 in the morning, full of indignant protest. Finding the landlady below stairs, he poured upon her a torrent of reproaches. Was it for this that she had accepted his advance payment? Had she not assured him that his lodings should be quiet? Of course, all the while, she knew of these two owls up stairs, these midnight cats, with their bass and treble miaulings! And the piano, too—a ramshackle thing at best! Was this honest dealing? Was it not shameless deceit?"

But the landlady could now afford to be a trifle haughty. Had she not those preparatory francs tightly clutched?

"Monsieur is unjust to me, ma foi! I supposed that he would be fast asleep when they began. The young man never comes till midnight."

Duroc gave a groan and swept past his hostess. He hated all chicanery, and he resolved forthwith to quit the lodgings. Then his wound rankled. Those few extra francs were nothing, but the cool imposition of it all!

He would remain for one day more and a night at least. If the tira-liras again woke him, as of course they could not fail to do, he would make of these nocturnal nuisances an emphatic request to keep silent. This would be wreaking a kind of vengeance on his landlady, for neither would she relish having her duplicity publicly disclosed nor would the fair repute of her inn be thereby enhanced.

"Perhaps, after all, though," mused Duroc, "I shall sleep through the clamors of tonight. If not, farewell forever to Mme. Toudouche."

At 10 that evening Duroc ascended his staircase with the intention of retiring. Scarcely had he closed his door when madame's somewhat plaintive voice caused him to reopen it.

"I am so sorry it has happened, monsieur. Of course I realized that monsieur has been perfectly right. I have not an idea who she is. Apparently, however, she is very poor. That touched my heart." And Mme. Toudouche made the motion of widing away a tear. "She says the gentleman is her brother. She pays very little for the room. The piano is her own. She had it brought up herself. And now, M. Duroc, I have come to assure you that you need only command and I will obey."

"Command? Obey, Mme. Toudouche?"

"Yes, monsieur. It is affreux that you should be kept awake like this. I will tell the young girl when she comes tonight that I shall require of her no further pay and that she must at once cease from these disturbing practices."

"What a poor little handful of sous that 'pay' must be!" thought Duroc, with irrepressible cynicism.

Somehow, after the landlady had departed and while flinging himself into the only easy chair that his room contained, a twinge of conscience assailed him. Might he not, after all, be thwarting some purpose of self support on the part of this girl—just referred to as possibly very poor? There might be cogent reasons why she should hold with her brother these weird concerts. "Well, no matter what happens tonight," he meditated, "I will endure it. And tomorrow, if I have been annoyed as I was last night, I can make a change of quarters. Meanwhile, the most merciful plan is to see Mme. Toudouche at once and tell her that she must restrain her veto; that it is my earnest wish."

But soon, as it happened, a drowsiness overtook him and he fell asleep there in the armchair. He was a man in perfect health, but for many past days he had been constitutionally tired by a peculiar pressure of work.

Wakening abruptly after what he felt to have been a long and wholly unforeseen nap, he heard the piano banging up stairs and the tira-liras blent with its notes.

Rubbing his eyes, he laughed aloud. "It's hard to be charitable," he muttered. "How strange I should have fallen asleep like this! I suppose it's my broken rest of last night."

He rose, with the immediate design of disrobing. All at once the sounds ceased. Then came another noise—that of voices. He opened his door and went out into the hall.

Up stairs Mme. Toudouche was vehemently talking. "I meant to wait up for you and tell you, mademoiselle, but I was too fatigued and I lost myself in a long doze. Now I must insist that you stop your singing and playing at this unseemly hour—you and the young man whom you call your brother."

"He is my brother, Mme. Toudouche, just as I have said."

"Yes, madame, she is my sister."

"Well, I can't help that. The gentleman down stairs will not stand it, and he is perfectly right. I"—

Duroc listened no longer. He mounted briskly the steps leading to the upper hall. There he saw in dimness three figures.

"Ah, M. Duroc," exclaimed the landlady, "it's you! Of course you have been distressed again by this wretched business. And slight wonder."

The light from the near room struck full on a pale, girlish face as "mademoiselle" advanced several steps.

"Oh, M. Duroc, may I beg you to let us go on? This young man is my brother, though madame here has hinted otherwise. I cannot play and sing at home. I had the piano brought here. It's the only possession of the least value that we now have left. My brother plays in the orchestra at one of the small Montmartre theaters. He would have time to teach me in the day, but I have no time then. I am always at the bedside of my poor, sick mother. She takes her sleeping potion at half past 11 every night, and till half past 1 it keeps her quiet. In a week from now, my sister, who is a shopgirl at the Bon Marche, will lose her position. They are discharging many hands there now that the dull season has begun to set in. But I have been positively promised a place in the chorus of the new opera at the Comique, provided I can only learn how to use my voice a little better than I use it now. My sister, you see, monsieur, will then become my mother's nurse, and the money that she can no longer earn I will earn instead. At least this is my hope, for it seems too hard that the whole burden of our family maintenance should fall upon poor Achille here. Look at him, monsieur. Achille is not strong. See how pale and thin he is and only just 19! But he has marked musical talent, and he is helping me a great deal. Oh, pray do not have us turned away! It has cost so much for us to get our piano up here and pay the rent of the room—so much, I mean, for us in our forlorn poverty!"

The girl's lips quivered with entreaty as she paused. Her eyes, large and black, were quite tearless, but they burned with a keen, dry shine.

"And what is this new opera," asked Duroc gently, "in the chorus of which you hope to obtain a position?"

"Does not monsieur know?" here politely asked Achille, whose slender frame was as dim to Duroc as the latter's taller and burlier one was dim to him. It is 'Fiordelisa,' by the celebrated composer M. Albert Charantelle. He is the writer of five or six other works, all of which have been great successes here in Paris. It is said that 'Fiordelisa' will eclipse them all. M. Albert Charantelle is a strange gentleman in certain ways, though greatly beloved, I am told, by a wide circle of friends. For instance, when he has thoroughly completed an opera, and everything is ready for the first rehearsal, he has an odd way of disappearing from the world for a week or more and nobody can find his whereabouts. They say that he has now disappeared like this. It is to gain rest, complete rest, or so I have been informed, before the great labor shall begin of putting the opera on the stage. But punctually on the morning of rehearsal he will appear at the Opera Comique and take up his baton and drill the singers and the choruses untiringly for days, until everybody is perfect in every part."

"Ah, indeed," said M. Duroc rather deep down in his throat.

Without another word he moved past the threshold of the small, bare room and seated himself before the little upright old fashioned piano. For a moment his fingers wandered dreamily over its keys, and then, with almost magic amplitude and finish, a gush of the most beautiful melody burst upon the stillness. As it continued it seemed to blossom even more than to sound. You might have fancied it some garland woven from flowers of music by the hands of invisible spirits. The poor little ill tuned piano seemed to its listeners an instrument of diapason divine.

Entranced, intoxicated, the young girl felt her brother's hand clutch her own.

"It is he, Gilberte," gasped Achille. "It is M. Albert Charantelle himself! I once heard him play at a concert, and some one near me say 'If he had not chosen to be a great composer, he would have been the greatest of pianists!'"

"Mon Dieu!" faltered the young girl, and Mme. Toudouche, enveloped in an extremely unbecoming wrapper, gave a whinny of consternation.

Here the music slowly ceased in a ripple of tinkling arpeggios. With his hands dropping away from the keys, M. Albert Charantelle turned toward the young girl.

"My dear mademoiselle, you must accept from me a louis tonight for the sake of your poor mother"—

"Oh, monsieur!" cried Gilberte, bursting into sobs.

"And at 10 o'clock, juste a l'heure, next Monday morning, present yourself with this card at the stage entrance of the Opera Comique. Then you shall see what you shall see. From your tiraliras I feel already quite convinced that you will do excellently well in at least one or two of the choruses of 'Fiordelisa.'"

Gilberte passionately kissed the card. "Oh, Achille, you are right! It is he—it is the real M. Charantelle himself! Ah, what a wonderful stroke of good luck!"

"And now," said the gentleman, running one hand through his short glossy curls while he fixed the gaze of his brilliant, tawny brown eyes first on Achille and then on his sister, "I have to beg a favor of you both. Please give me a few quiet nights from now until Monday next. Will you not kindly grant me this favor?" Achille broke into a laugh at what struck him as the delicate satire of these words, but Gilberte wiped her eyes, from which the grateful tears had not yet ceased to flow.—Edgar Fawcett in Collier's Weekly.

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J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Diffused Light.

The superiority of diffused light over that which is direct is now generally insisted upon by scientific experts, the fact being urged that, while the latter wearies the eyes and predisposes to shortsightedness, the former is, like sunlight, soft and soothing. The principle involved in lighting a room by this method is certainly sufficiently simple and practicable for its general adoption, consisting, that is, in having reflected upon the ceilings and walls the required luminous rays, which thus fall softly on the desk or worktable. All that is necessary to secure this result is to place a reflector not above the source of light, but below it, by which arrangement all the rays are reflected toward the ceiling. In some of the public assembly places and institutions of France unique methods are resorted to in carrying out this plan, as at the school of St. Cyr, where a conical reflector, painted entirely white, is placed under the arc lights, while at the lyceum in Aix a parabolic reflector is used, which is bronzed on the lower and silvered on the upper part. A great light is thus obtained, far more than if direct.

Love Affairs In Guatemala.

If a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean is to be believed, the laws of etiquette in Guatemala are excessively strict. All love affairs, it appears, are carried on by stealth. "The would be lover, denied admission to the presence of his inamorata, frequents the street in front of her house and spends most of his waking hours in pacing the pavement and gazing rapturously at her window, while she, snugly ensconced behind her bars, pretends to ignore him, though delighted to have a suitor and anxious to show him off to all her acquaintances. In Spain this courting in public at long range is known as "plucking the turkey;" in Guatemala, as in Mexico, it is called "playing the bear." Always is it continued for months, sometimes for years, and maybe without success at all.

"The result does not depend upon the wishes of the girl, but upon the will of her parents. After awhile they make inquiries into the young man's character, prospects and social standing. If reports are satisfactory, the senorita's father or big brother scrapes up an acquaintance with the suitor at the club or elsewhere and invites him to the house. But never, never, for one moment is he allowed to see her alone or to walk or drive with her. As to marriage, a civil as well as a religious ceremony is insisted upon by the government. By law the civil ceremony must precede that of the church and by custom the latter is a most tedious and lengthy affair."

Sprain Remedy.

A simple and efficacious remedy for a sprained wrist is to let cold water run on it every morning for some minutes, holding the wrist as far beneath the mouth of the tap as possible, so that the water may have a good fall. After this has been done bandage it tightly, letting the bandage remain till the next ablution. The sprain will be reduced in a few days.

A Superstition Sustained.

"From the way my ears burned this morning some one must have been talking about me."

"Now, that is a strange coincidence. About 9 o'clock, was it not?"

"Yep."

"Well, at that moment some one in the crowd I was in was saying that you had ears to burn."—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Dilemma.

"It's real mean!" the young woman exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" her mother inquired.

"Before I married Herbert I made him promise to pass every evening at home with me, and now he says he's sorry he can't take me to the theater without breaking his word."—London Fun.

Practice and Preaching.

Mrs. Stalefirm (who mistakes Dr. Jovial for a physician)—And where do you practice, doctor?

Rev. Dr. Jovial—Ah, madam, I do not practice. I only preach.—Boston Traveler.

New Paving Material.

Another paving material has been discovered in Florida, at Tampa. It is the pebble phosphate and is said to be very good and cheap.

AYER'S HYGIENIC CEREAL COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.

REQUIRES NO BOILING.

Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.

A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.

Prepared by **M. S. AYER** of Boston.
A Vegetarian for many years.

Price, 20 Cents per Pound.

For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."

M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.

Literary Notices.

THE LIVING AGE reflects as faithfully as ever the age in which we live. It is composed of the best articles of the best periodicals, reproduced without abridgement, and is as much superior to any of them as the masterpiece of the Grecian artist was to any of the beautiful women who furnished each some particular charm for the representation of perfect beauty. Each number as it is received is a delight. The latest issues contain papers by the best-known writers, experts in the subject treated: In the House of Commons Half a Century Ago, by Sir C. Gavan Duffy; Scottish Literature, by Arthur J. Balfour; A Reminiscence of Tennyson, by William Knight; The Antiquity of Man, by Sir John Evans; Contemporaneous Problems; The Colonial Policy of Europe and What that of Spain Should Be, from the Spanish of the late Senor A. Canovas del Castillo; Europe's New Invalid, by John Foreman; Old Fiction, by Augustine Birrell; The Superstitions of Shakespeare's Greenwood, by George Morley; France, Russia, and England of the Jubilee, by Francis de Pressense; The New Sayings of Christ, by M. R. James; A Trappist Monastery in Natal, by Carlyle Smythe; Ethics and Science, by Julia Wedgwood; The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson; Unpublished Letters of George Canning, etc., etc. In fiction, besides an occasional short story, there is at present running a quaint and suggestive story, entitled In Nature's Waggish Mood, translated from the German of Paul Heyse, for THE LIVING AGE. The present will prove an exceptionally good time to subscribe for this unique magazine, for the publishers announce that to all *new* subscribers for the year 1898, the weekly numbers of 1897, issued after the receipt of their subscriptions, will be sent *free*. Send $6.00 to THE LIVING AGE CO., Boston, at once, and receive the benefit of this generous offer.

Superior to All.

"My mother was troubled with weakness and a tired feeling and I had catarrh. We tried different medicines but did not obtain as much relief as from Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has built me up and strengthened my system and I regard it as superior to all others." WILLIAM F. SMITH, 80 Vincent Street, Pawtucket, R. I.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

Lady—I was awfully sorry, Professor, I was unable to come to your lecture last night. Were there many there?

The Professor (Irish)—Um—well—not so many as I expected. But I never thought there would be.

A medical authority states that the voices of singers and actors can be much better preserved if used in theatres lighted by electricity rather than gas.

A Real Catarrh Cure.

The 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm which can be had of the druggist is sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Send 10 cents, we will mail it. Full size 50c.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

The man who is always telling how particular he is about his work is often so particular that he gets nothing done.

One-half of the people are trying to invent schemes to get the other half's money.

Lots of men wear their wife's picture on a lapel button, and let them carry in the wood.

It takes a cheerful man to be thankful that he is bald-headed, thereby saving a barber bill.

Lots of men find out two or three things about the Bible and then they put in their time arguing.

A girl who thinks she is pretty soon shows that she thinks so.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 29, 1897.

OUR CANDIDATES.

It is hardly necessary to print the names of the nominees for State officers on the Republican ticket. But here they are,—all "good men and true," or they would not have been nominated:—WOLCOTT, CRANE, OLIN, SHAW, KIMBALL, KNOWLTON. Put your "cross" against the name of every one of them on election day. Do not stop short of every one; and then vote for your local Republican nominees. They will represent the principles you believe in, while the other candidates are opposed, honestly, of course, to these principles. Stand by those who are your friends in political principle, and you will elect men who will "serve" you instead of doing all they can to overthrow principles you believe in.

VOTE EARLY.

We hope that those Republicans whose business is in Boston will cast their ballots before taking the morning train in. It will be better to do it that way than to postpone the duty until they return in the afternoon.

Concerning what the Democrats do we are not so particular.

Again, we hope that those Republicans who do not go to Boston to earn their daily bread will make it a point to vote early in the day, because they will feel more like getting their neighbors out after that business is off their minds.

Lastly, we hope every Republican in the city will vote the straight Republican ticket.

PRESERVE THE FRUITS.

The Republican voters should remember that it is of as much importance to preserve the fruits of their victories as to win them; and much more so. For this reason they should take the time, next Tuesday, and the earlier in the day the better, to go to the polls and put their mark of approval against the names of Governor Wolcott and his fellow nominees on the State ticket. At the same time, strengthen their hands by voting for your local Republican nominees. Stand by the principles and the policy of your party. You believe in them; stand by them.

VOTE FOR WOLCOTT.

Every man who desires good government in this State can easily find it the right thing to do to vote for Governor Wolcott. He stands for just the ideals of good government, and he who loves his state and her good fame can trust them in the care of Governor Wolcott just as long as he will take the office. He answered all the demands of those who want good honest government, no matter what party they claim as their own.

☞ Mayor Feeney's reply to the scurilous circulars issued by W. E. Harmon and other Lexington Mossbacks anent the Lexington Street Railway in which the city of Woburn was grossly slandered, was a scorcher. The Mossbacks aforesaid are deadset against the Street Railroad, but their opposition will come to grief—sure! Their protests were a shallow mess of stuff; their arguments weaker than diluted dishwater; their ignorance and old foggyism stuck out so far that one could hang his hat on them. If Woburn people had been opposed to the projected improvement Harmon's circulars would have turned them the other way in a giffy. Mayor Feeney did not handle the Mossbacks a bit too roughly; he might have said more in his letter; but then the game wasn't worth the powder.

☞ The Republican party has always met and settled the gravest public questions in this state for the past generation. The voters seem content to allow them this duty. An important question now pressing is that of economy in the state expenses. The Republicans will meet this by insisting upon the utmost economy consistent with the best interests of the state. A wise economy such as the legislators themselves, fresh from their constituents, endorse will be heartily supported by all the Republican leaders.

☞ The Democratic Mass Meeting last Friday evening was a large one. George Fred Williams was escorted to Lyceum Hall amid the glare of red lights and rockets and with music by the National Band. Mr. Lawrence Reade called the meeting to order; Mr. Jonathan Ela was President; and Mr. Williams was the chief speaker. The hall was crowded. The music was fine.

☞ It is the duty of Massachusetts Republicans to give a tremendous majority for the Republican candidates and principles. She has great reason to be thankful that at the last election those candidates and principles. Let the Republicans now emphasize the verdict of 1896 for a change by showing that in 1897 they heartily approve of the change.

☞ Another man at North Woburn is thinking some of joining the Furbush forces. If he finally concludes to do so that will add just so much more to the "Reformer's" strength. And yet the other parties lie supinely on their backs and do nothing.

☞ A few persons who call themselves Democrats but are Democrats for revenue only are circulating the report that Mayor Feeney will not be a candidate for re-election. They need not lay the flattering unction to their souls, for unless we wildly misread the signs of the times no man will be more in evidence on election day than John P. Feeney, Esq.

☞ Mr. Munroe, who is so worried over the possibility of Woburn mechanics and laborers going over and getting jobs away from the Lexington people, is building a residence in that pretty little sleepy village and every man at work on it is a non-resident of the place! That goes to show the difference between profession and practice—with some men.

☞ We did not look for much real work by the Nominating Committee until after the State election, and have not been disappointed. There is reason to believe however that they are thinking hard. Of course not much could be done handily until State politics were out of the way; but after next Tuesday we shall keep an eye out for news from the Committee.

☞ The New York Mayoralty campaign is in as much of a muddle as ever. A great deal of guessing and considerable betting is going on, but nobody really knows anything about the outcome. It is safe to say, however, that the successful candidate will be either Gen. Tracy or Van Wyck, with the chances in favor of the latter. Low and George are running sideshows, and small ones at that.

☞ Judging from the tone of his letter printed in another column of the JOURNAL, we conclude that Mr. M. F. D'Arcy has not much heart in his candidacy for the Legislature. He cannot be blamed for feeling discouraged, for according to the present outlook Messrs. Wood and Grimes will have an easy walkover.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Proposals.
McGrath—Music.
Advertiser—To Let.
F. A. Locke—Piano.
G. L. Cain—Wanted.
Miss Lang—Concert.
W. H. Fay—Citation.
G. A. Blye—Freedom.
J. B. Barber—Wanted.
Mrs. Howe—Cheropodist.
A. P. French—Mort. Sale.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— Quealy Court will give a grand concert this evening.

— The St. Charles parochial residence is to be of brick.

— Don't fail to patronize the Star Course. It is cheap in price, but very fine.

— Rev. W. Bates will preach at the Baptist church Sunday morning. There will be special music.

— New Music Department; all the latest vocal and instrumental music at cut prices at McGrath's.

— It is getting on towards Thanksgiving Day and fat gobblers are beginning to tremble in their boots.

— The Woburn and Burdett football teams try titles tomorrow after noon on the Salem street grounds.

— The Committee on Public Property advertise for proposals for painting on the Johnson schoolhouse. See ad.

— Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch, came out strong on "New Teas" last week. They have the genuine article.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Cuneo & Crovo's store is filled full of the finest kinds of seasonable fruit, and they are selling dead loads of it.

— The Boston Branch are popular dealers in prime coffees. Read the advertisement of Fitz & Stanley in this paper.

— Sunday night is Halloween, but it will be celebrated Saturday night, if the boys know themselves, and they rather think they do.

— The young cornetist, Miss Lottie Calnan, will make her first appearance as soloist at Miss Lang's concert Friday evening, Nov. 12.

— Many cases of heart disease can be traced to the use of coffee. "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee" will assist rather than obstruct nature.

— Moore & Parker, the talented newsmongers, hied themselves to rooms in Dow Block on being washed out of the old stand Friday night.

— The Arlington Relief Corps were handsomely entertained by Post 161 Relief Corps at their Hall last Tuesday. It was an enjoyable occasion.

— Last Tuesday afternoon, Hose 1 was called in to put out a small fire at No. 19, Mann's Ct., occupied by a colored family named Snowden.

— Inspector James Kimball and his squad of hunters have been looking after the interests of the Gypsy Moth around these diggins this week.

— Harry B. Blye is his own man, his father, Mr. George A. Blye, having given him his freedom. He is one of Mr. Waldo Thompson's right bowers.

— Mr. Willis J. Buckman, a leading grocer of this city, has a new advertisement in the JOURNAL this week which makes mighty interesting reading.

— Miss Lang's concert, which everybody is looking forward to with pleasure, will be given on Nov. 12. The best musical talent in the country has been engaged for it.

— Mr. Albert C. Floyd left here last Tuesday for Washington, his home. He has been in the Treasury Department since 1871, and will most likely remain there as long as he lives.

— Last Saturday about 1 P. M., box 23 was rung in for a brush fire on Alfred street; and about half an hour later box 56 came in for a slight fire on a roof of a house on Cross street.

— Supt. Emerson inform us that the attendance at the Evening School is quite satisfactory and that the best of work is being done. The registration is nearly 200, and the average attendance considerably above 100, showing that the School is popular, and that there are people in the city who are determined to obtain an education.

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING

AT LEATHE'S,
425 Main St., Woburn

— Mrs. John Cummings has bought the Deacon Blanchard farm near her residence. We understand that she talks of raising less vegetables and more dairy products. She has a fine estate.

— Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher, the druggist, has not felt very well this week and has been absent from his store a part of the time. Gastric disarrangements appear to be his chief trouble.

— Miss Florence S. Porter is a successful piano teacher and enjoys the confidence of the community as such. She receives and educates pupils in this city on favorable terms, and warrants satisfaction.

— When one of Hart & Co's express wagons broke down on Main street Tuesday afternoon the driver looked as though he thought the world had come to an end. But it was only the hind axle of the wagon.

— DeSeve was recalled twice after each number and showed the art of the virtuoso at its best, recalling Ole Bull in his best days. — *The Springfield Daily Union*. At Lyceum Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 8.

— The Minstrel Show by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. drew a tremendous crowd to Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening. It was one of the best entertainments the Auxiliary have ever given.

— The Ladies' Charitable Society of the Unitarian Church will give a Harvest Supper followed by musical programme, Thursday, Nov. 4th. 25 cents admission. All invited. There will be the usual afternoon meeting.

— Some people are wondering what the trouble is between Ald. Blank and Commissioner Stars. Rumor says they came pretty near having a fight the other day. What is it the poet says about "When rogues fall out" etc.?

— Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, one of America's foremost women, will be the speaker at the 4th Peoples' Sunday evening meeting, Oct. 31, at 7 P. M., in the First Congregational Church. Special music. Seats free. Come all.

— Mrs. Jennings's Employment Office is an institution that our city couldn't very well get along without. Employers and employees, or those who would be such, it is a great convenience. She is doing a good business in this line.

— Benjamin Champney and his daughter Mrs. Alice C. Wyer will return from their summer home at North Conway to their winter home in Woburn this week. The old Artist has done some good work with his brush this season.

— The Boston weather manager has been doing his level best for three weeks to give New England rain and has promised it nearly every day, but slipped up on it bad. One can't almost always tell when to look for rain in this climate.

— Miss Callahan's millinery display window makes a fine appearance for it contains a variety of handsome bonnets, hats and trimmings, all of the latest styles. Miss Callahan is an expert milliner, an artist, and she does a successful business.

— A singular sort of a fog overspread this section of creation last Tuesday night, but it did no harm. It appeared to be a mixture of smoke and water, and was one of the kind that we sometimes hear about that can be cut with a knife.

— Ladies and gentlemen, please be informed that Lend-a-Hand Club will give a dramatic and musical entertainment in the vestry of the Unitarian church on the evening of Nov. 9. Full particulars of the affair will be given in the JOURNAL next week.

— We opine that one of the first things the 1898 city government will do will be to reinstate Mr. A. P. Barrett in the office of Water Registrar, where in all fairness and justice he ought to be now, and would be had it not been for the success of "peanut politics."

— Quite a good many of our Congregational brothers and sisters attended the meeting of the Woburn Conference at Stoneham last Tuesday. They had a good day for it and presumably enjoyed a refreshing season. The exercises are always interesting and heart sustaining.

— Rev. Mr. Packard's Star Lecture Course has so far proved an immense success both as to lectures and attendance. Each one has drawn a full house of the best people in the city, and everybody has been delighted. The next one will be given on Thursday evening, Nov. 4, and the subject will be "Life Among the Alps." The illustrations accompanying this lecture are superb. They represent the grandest and most beautiful features of the famous Alpine range. This lecture alone is worth more than the whole Course costs.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Remedy with a Record.

50 Years of Cures

— Last Monday a Chinaman's kite, high up in the heavens, the kind of a kite that nobody but a Chinaman can make and fly, resembling a flock of wild geese, attracted a great deal of attention here. It was a pretty sight. There is some sort of connection between a kite and a Chinaman's religion.

— The first number on the programme was a reading by Miss Burnett which was exceptionally fine, and although forced to respond repeatedly she was equal to the occasion. This young lady is a decided success as an elocutionist and delighted the audience with her selections.—*Lynn Item*. At Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Monday evening, Nov. 8.

— The reading by Miss Burnett captured the audience, and she was given an encore on every number. She combines beauty of face and figure with a pleasing voice, an attractive stage presence, and much talent. Her selections were well chosen, and her interpretations of them excellent.—*Milford Daily*. At Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Monday evening, Nov. 8.

— Mrs. S. E. Howe, well known in this city as a skilled chiropodist, has a professional card in this paper to which we call attention. It will be seen that she is to occupy her office, 413 Main street (formerly Dr. Lang's dental office), regularly on stated days, always prepared to do the very best work at reasonable prices. Please read her card.

— Mrs. Irish, wife of the Manager of the butter, eggs and cheese establishment on the corner of Main street and Montvale ave., left here a few days ago for her old home at Biddeford, Maine, where she will remain several weeks and visit her relatives and friends there. She loves the Twin Cities on the Saco, and thinks "there is no place like home."

— Rev. Lawrence W. Slattery is Assistant Pastor of the church at Hopkinton to which the late Rev. Mr. Murphy went when he left Woburn several years ago. He kindly sent us a photograph portrait of himself last week which we were glad to receive, for he is a young man after our own heart. His is missed by his Woburn Parish and people very much.

— At the Hotel Vendome, Boston, on Wednesday the 20th, was held the New England Woman's Press Association reception to "Anthony Hope." In conversation with Miss Hosmer Mr. Hawkins remarked that he had lately lectured before the Royal Institution of Great Britain which was founded by Count Rumford in 1799 and which is still in a flourishing condition.

— The Massachusetts Horticultural Society have advertised a Chrysanthemum Show to be given in Horticultural Hall on Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, which, we can assure our readers, will be a show worth going to see. The great Horticultural Hall will be filled with chrysanthemums, one of the lovliest flowers raised, and present one of the most charming sights the eye ever rested on.

— The Boston *Traveler* of Oct. 21 told about "Constitution Relics" and among them a spyglass cane made from the original keel of "Old Ironsides" owned by Postmaster Hagerty of this city, the same having been bequeathed to him by Captain Andrew Manning, an old Bostonian, the grandfather of William A. Hyde, Esq., of the Boston Custom House. It is a valuable relic.

— It was observed that Representative Wood of this city was one of the assembly gathered in the Old South on "Constitution Day." Invitations, we believe, were extended to both branches of the present Legislature which of course included Mr. Wood. And besides that, he is a grandson of one of the brave men who acted a prominent part (capturing the first British soldier and making a prisoner of him) at the Battle of Lexington on April 19, 1775.

— Beginning next week Woburn letter carriers who have served 5 years will wear stripes on both sleeves of their coats as a mark of distinction. Those who will secure this badge of honor, having served 5 years, are: John O'Brien, Edward Callahan, William H. Matthews, Joseph Maguire. Substitutes will wear the letter S on their sleeves to distinguish them from the regulars.

— The next Central Stables auction sale of horses, carriages, harnesses, etc., will be held at 10.30 A. M., on Nov. 9, sharp. A good lot of property will be put up. These sales, held at regular intervals, afford a fine opportunity for owners of property to dispose of it, and should be improved. The Managers respectfully solicit consignments from such owners, and warrant fair play and strict attention.

— There was an Aldermanic meeting on the petition of the Lexington Street Railroad Company for right of way for their proposed line over certain streets in this city, last Monday evening at City Hall. No opposition put in an appearance and after the route has been viewed by the Aldermen a decision will be given. It will no doubt be favorable to the prayer of the corporation. The road will be a fine thing for Woburn.

— The Boston Food Fair will close tomorrow night. It is expected to go out in a blaze of glory. The best music, band and orchestra, will be given all the evening by Sousa's grand combination and the managers have laid themselves out for a splendid closing of one of the best and most successful Fairs that has ever been held in Mechanice Building. Remember that this afternoon, tonight, tomorrow and tomorrow night, will be the last times that it can be seen. Go early.

— Last Friday's Stoneham *Independent* contained a flattering notice of the Unity Concert Company which gave one of their rare musical treats in that village the night before, and which will appear before a Woburn audience in the Star Course at Lyceum Hall on the evening of Nov. 8. The *Independent* begins its notice with "Absolutely above criticism was the concert on Thursday evening in the Congregational church, under the auspices of the Social Concert Course Committee. The selections were unimpeachable, the rendering faultless. Each member of the Unity Concert Company is an artist." And then the reporter goes on and gives each artist a fine compliment.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop.
Choicest Blended Formosa Oolong Tea.
Packed in ½ and 1 lb. Fancy decorated Tin Cans.
The Best Package Tea in this City.
Prices: 30c. per half lb. 60c. per lb.
For Sale by FITZ & STANLEY.
Boston Branch Store.

REMOVAL!
Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS,
Music Rooms,
No. 2 Bennett Street,
Class or Private Lessons.
Courses include Harmony and Musical Form.

— Alderman E. P. Marion has been suffering greatly of late from inflammatory rheumatism, but is now better. He was on the streets last Monday, the first time in three weeks, and was looking pale and lean. He is subject to attacks of the kind and endures a great deal of pain from them.

— Burbank W. R. C., 84, will hold a Bazaar in G. A. R. Hall, No. 424 Main street, on Friday and Saturday evenings, Nov. 5 and 6, with a matinee on the afternoon of the 6th. Tickets 5 cents for children, and 10 cents for adults. Besides the sales and other attractions there is to be a fine entertainment each evening. The Bazaar is to be held to replenish the treasury of the W. R. C. which is now running low. It will be worthy of patronage. —2.

— The largest and handsomest deer brought to this city from the forests of Maine this season was the buck, finely antlered, that hung in front of Linnell's Cash Market last Monday and Tuesday. He was shot by Mr. Will R. Sawyer who with, Dr. W. H. Keleher, recently spent a few weeks in the big game regions of the Pine Tree State, and was well paid for the trip. More deer, caribou and moose are being killed this fall in Maine than ever before, and still they are increasing rapidly.

— Last week the 5th Regiment of M. V. M. held a love feast at the United States Hotel in Boston at which about 50 officers and men were present. The feature of the occasion was the presentation of prizes to the Riflemen of the Regiment who won the State Tricolor and placed them at the head of all teams of the country. Company G Team of Woburn, which had distanced all competitors, were duly bedecked by the much coveted badges of victory a honor. These were: Sergt. G. S. Cutler, Lieut. Thomas McCarthy, Corp. P. D. Gambell, Priv. L. W. Patten, Priv. S. G. Smith. Among the score or more of orators around the banqueting board was Capt. L. E. Hanson of Company G. The boys had a great time.

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish and often fails to digest, causing severe suffering. Such people need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and

Internal Misery

Only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and effectively relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Distress After Eating.

"I have been troubled with indigestion for some time. After eating anything that was sweet I was sure to experience great difficulty and distress. Last fall I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and am glad to say that my stomach trouble has entirely disappeared. I can now eat a hearty meal of almost any kind of food and have no trouble afterwards. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also cured me of nervous spells." JOHN H. HOMRIGHAUSEN, Wheatland, Iowa. Such cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION,
MONDAY, Oct. 4, 1897.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 27, to Oct. 4.

Miss Bancroft respectfully calls public attention to the advantages of her method for developing piano technique. Under this system of muscular training greater speed, more strength and better general technical developement are *guarenteed*, in much less time than can be obtained from other methods.

Children progress rapidly with less practice. Advanced pupils are enabled to play with greater brilliancy and style, overcoming technical difficulties with ease and grace. This method does not tend to *undo* work acomplished through other methods, but is rather, a benefit to pupils taught under any system. Address

12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

— Firemens' Relief Association Ball on Nov. 19. Tickets are selling with a rush.

— You don't have to go to Boston any more for Sheet Music; all the latest can be found at McGrath's. Copyright music, 40c., only 19c.; and 50 and 60c. music 23c.

— We gather from the programme, kindly furnished us by Rev. Dr. March, that Mr. A. B. Dimick, Rev. George H. Tilton, Rev. Joseph Jackson, and Mr. Frank B. Richardson, all of this city, participated in the exercises of the Woburn Conference at Stoneham last Tuesday.

— Shermy Sanborn, son of Dr. and Mrs. Sherman Sanborn, has been engaged by the Music Committee of the Episcopal church of Winchester to sing in their Boys Choir. Miss Jameson, Instructor of Music in the Woburn public schools, and other competent judges, say he has a remarkably fine voice, admirably cultivated for a lad of 13, which favorable report led to his engagement with the Winchester choir.

— The entertainment given by the Star Course last Monday evening was Prof. Kelley's "Tableaux D'Art" composed of 14 beautiful young ladies in charming costumes from the New England Conservatory School of Oratory, and one of the finest things ever seen in Woburn. It was enthusiastically received and applauded from beginning to end, and if it were to be repated Lyceum Hall would not begin to hold all who would apply for admittance. It was simply splendid. There was a large audience composed of the best people of the city, and Manager Folsom was very happy.

— There is a walking cane in one of the windows of Willard Smith's dry goods store which has a history. It was made, about the year 1833, by Captain John M. Robertson, the father of Mrs. Charles A. Smith, and grandfather of C. Willard and Chester R. Smith, from a piece of oak taken from the frigate Constitution when she was built over, about the date mentioned above, and has been preserved in the family ever since, a period of 64 years. Capt. Robertson was a large ship builder at Charlestown and had charge of the gang of shipwrights who rebuilt "Old Ironsides" at that time. The cane is a memento that is well worth being carefully kept.

— Tuesday morning Police Officer Clarence H. Kean brought over to the station a chap who, it was suspicioned, knew something about the partial burning of Larry Martin's liquor saloon at East Woburn between 4 and 5 o'clock that same morning. The fire was evidently the work of an incendiary for boards were ripped off from the cellar window that coal drivers had used to shovel their loads through and which they nailed up securely on leaving. It was in the cellarway near this window that the fire started. It ran from there rapidly to the second story where the chief damage was done. The top part of the building was about ruined, but alas! the liquor escaped.

— Mr. Nelson Valentine and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Berry, the latter a niece, of New Gloucester, Maine, on their return from a trip to Colorado and other Western sections, paid Mrs. Elizabeth V. Bridgham and Miss Lydia J. Valentine, sisters of Mr. Valentine, a visit at their home on Court street last week. Miss Beeman of Waterville, Maine, is also a guest of these ladies. We received from them a great bunch of magnificent roses brought from Denver by Mr. Valentine's party, for which thanks.

— In the interests of Woburn and Winchester's proposed Circuit Boulevard some two score or more of the most influential men of this city, numbered among whom were merchants, manufacturers, officials, etc., all deeply interested in the scheme, took a drive last Tuesday afternoon over the beautiful new Winchester Parkway, thence via West Medford to Malden, and from there to and through the Middlesex Fells, with which everyone of them was highly delighted. The party were conducted by Professor Elmore A. Pierce, the originator and promoter of the Circuit Boulevard, to whom not a tithe of the credit due him has been given, principally because everybody wants the glory of it; and Captain Edwin F. Wyer, who is always found in the van of those enlisted in measures designed to benefit Woburn, and who is an earnest believer in and active worker for the success of the proposed boulevard and parks. The party came home by the way of Stoneham, some of the prominent features of which pretty little village they paused to admire. The Circuit Boulevard was the burden of the party's song and the drive will, we doubt not, give the project an impetus that must make an impression on the minds of the Park Commissioners and assure the building of a beautiful driveway up Mystic Valley at no very distant day. It needed just what the drive proved to be to arouse a proper public sentiment respecting the enterprise, to enlist public interest in it, and to ensure a hearty co-operation of leading citizens in its behalf. It had that effect, in a large and gratifying measure. The interest in the scheme thus aroused ought not to be allowed to wane an iota, but rather, it should be nursed, cultivated, and if need be, boomed. The Committee to whom the matter has been confided, Pierce, Wyer, Feeney, et als., must keep the ball rolling and when the iron is hot enough make a strong appeal to the Park Commissioners for consideration, and the Circuit Boulevard will soon be an assured fact.

Those who believe chronic diarrhœa to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz.: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhœa ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that effected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhœa. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

A Fire.

At 11.30 last Friday night alarm 612 located at Richardson's laundry rang for a fire, which turned out to be in the George G. Hart and Mrs. W. H. Curtis block just south of Woodbury's Corner. Box 62, the right one, failed to respond. The firemen were promptly on the spot and in less than no time had powerful streams of water flooding Cuneo's fruit store, Prior's variety store, Moore & Parker's news depot, Eames & Carter's coal office, and the rooms and halls in the upper stories of the same, and were not long in getting the fire under control. There are no hydrants in the rear of the stores on that side of Main street, as there ought to be, which made the task of the firemen much more difficult. They however worked gallantly and succeeded in saving the buildings, but not without considerable damage. The fire was mostly in Cuneo's fruit store and the rooms above, the damage to the other rooms and stocks being chiefly by water. The origin of the fire could not be ascertained, but was probably accidental, or caused by carelessness by some people in the alley behind the stores. The buildings and stocks were fully insured, and the losses were promptly adjusted by Goddard & Son, Porter, Waldron and other agents.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Miss Florence S. Porter,
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.
92 Pleasant Street,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

COFFEE!

You can buy of us the genuine Mocha and Java Coffee ½ Mocha and ½ Java at

35c. per lb.

You cannot buy it for less money anywhere.

If people who think they are buying the best Mocha and Java Coffee at retail for less than it costs to import would try a pound of our

Boston Blend
At 25c. per lb.

they would get better Coffee and get what they buy, and get the worth of their money.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Empey—Wells.

At 10 o'clock Wednesday forenoon, October 27, at the residence of the mother of the bride, No. 29 Rogers Avenue, Lynn, Rev. William C. Barrows of Somerville, united in wedlock Mr. WILLIAM A. EMPEY of Louisville Landing, N. Y., and Miss MAY F. WELLS, of this city.

The wedding was private, only the families and a few friends witnessing the ceremonies. The rooms were prettily decorated for the occasion, and the guests were elegantly entertained.

The bride and her parents were formerly of Woburn and had many friends here. She will be remembered as a popular salesgirl in Mr. Webster's dry goods store, and her numerous associates in this city wish her a happy life.

Among the invited guests from Woburn who were present were Captain C. P. and Mrs. Jayne, Miss Minnie A. Simonds, and perhaps others.

MR. HOBBS:—In your last issue you say I renewed my acquaintance with Charles Franklin Staine, better known here as Clark. I renewed in this way: When he reappeared here after an absence years, I was free to tell people why he left at the time he did, for I knew all the circumstances and had a hand in them, as he very well knew. Staine, or Clark, heard of what I had been saying and one day called me into Mr. Eames's store and asked me why I reported such stories about him. My reply was: Have I reported anything but the truth? He did not deny it, and that was the way the acquaintance was renewed.

WILLIAM REDFORD.
No. 303 Main St., Woburn.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR.

We Sell Underwear!

We ought to get together. The stock this season is more varied than ever before. Prices are lower than those offered anywhere else. Buying for cash in the early summer and in large quantities, the tariff advance has no terrors for us. You get the benefit. Our grades range as follows:

50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50.

Kindly call and examine

Underwear.
Under Price.
Understand?

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

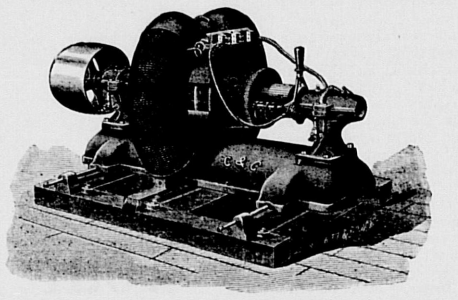
COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

MOTORS AND DYNAMOS.



Armatures and Fields for both Motors and Dynamo rewound. If your Dynamo or Motor is too small, drop me a line and I will exchange for one of larger unit. Manhattan arc lamps for sale (to run on 110 Volt circuit); incandescent lamps with a guarenteed average life of 600 hours; write for prices. Isolated plants installed. I have as good an assortment of first class second hand apparatus as can be found; also can quote you prices on new machines which will insure a sale every time if you are really in the market.

GEO. A. BLAISDELL,
Electrical Engineer and Contractor,
15 Federal Street, Room 303, BOSTON, MASS
Repair Shop 27 Beach St. Long Distance Tel. 2318 "Boston."

FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

It Is Acknowledged

That Connor's is the best place in Woburn to get Waists, Wrappers and Dress Skirts, and if you will examine his line of Hosiery and Underwear this Fall after going everywhere else, you will be sure and buy. Ask to see those 28 cent Fleece Lined Ladies' Hose.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
☞ Remember the number, 335 Main Street.

Cummingsville.

The people of Ward 7 are elated over the prospect of an electric road through it in the near future. The construction of the Lexington Street Railway, which is an assured fact, will be a boon to Cummingsville, one of the best residential parts of the city, for it will open easy, quick and pleasant communication not only with the Centre, and all that that means in a business and social way, but gives an outlet to Lexington, and thence to other localities. The only thing that has retarded the growth of this section has been the difficulty in reaching the more populous centres, for certainly in point of health, character of inhabitants, beauty of landscape, and in other respects, Cummingsville is highly desirable. The Lexington electric road, to run through the best parts of Ward 7, is sure to be built. On Monday evening last the Woburn Aldermen gave the projectors a hearing at City Hall, when it was made perfectly clear that the road is a necessity. There was not an opposing voice at the hearing. Tomorrow, Saturday, the Aldermen will go over the route, with the Supt. of Highways and City Engineer, in order to become better acquainted with it. At a regular meeting of the Board some evening next week a decision on the petition of the stockholders will be given, and nobody doubts but that it will be a favorable one. The stock of the Company has all been subscribed and just as soon as the necessary rights of way are granted active building operations will begin. Its construction will not require a very lengthy period, and by early next summer, or before, Cummingsville will be provided with as fine an electric road as there is in the State. And the people over there can't have it a day too soon.

A Surprise Coming.

There is one paper in Boston that has new features continuously for its readers.

It is not difficult to guess what paper it is. The Boston *Journal* naturally comes to mind at once, for it is that paper which in recent years has displayed remarkable enterprise in securing novelties for its readers.

The *Sunday Journal*, as it was the first, is now the only paper in Boston to give a big eight-page section profusely illustrated with photographs made by the artistic and expensive half tone process. It has been like giving a high-class illustrated weekly and a large, well-filled newspaper all for simply the price of a newspaper.

But the *Sunday Journal* proposes now to give to each purchaser a magazine in addition to the newspaper. An illustrated magazine it is to be, with plenty of emphasis on the illustrated. Fine photographs are to be elegantly reproduced, famous paintings will be shown, fair women portrayed and the beautiful in nature and art displayed. Pictures of men and women who are attracting attention at the time will be a feature, accompanied by articles from pens of talented writers.

Arrangements have been made for such contributors, and the first number will be brought out the last Sunday in this month. The magazine will go only to regular readers of the *Sunday Journal* who leave their orders for the paper in advance.

[Published by Request.]

North Woburn, Oct. 27, 1897.

To the Editor of Wourn Journal:

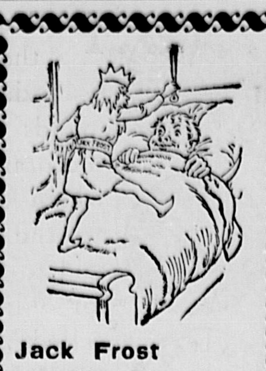
In the last issue of your paper there appeared an editorial in relation to my candidacy for Mayor of this city. In it there were insinuations made that I am not very well known. Now the trouble seems to be with many candidates for office is that they are known too well. You say I am "dead in earnest after the Mayoralty," but I am not so much in earnest after that office as I am after the political ring that is responsible for the injudicious management that has caused the people of this city to be burdened with taxation while they have received but a small share of benefits therefrom. I am in this fight to stay, not only "if it takes all summer" but if it takes years. As your paper enjoys the reputation of being always in favor of fair play I do not doubt but you will give this a place in its columns the same as you gave the editorial to which I refer, remembering that to demand better government is no crime in a nation where freedom, liberty and justice should reign supreme.

Yours for Municipal Reform.
Levi Furbush.

Card of Thanks.

Our buildings on Main street escaped total destruction at the fire last Friday night, we have no doubt, by prompt, energetic and well directed work on the part of the Fire Department, Mr. Albert A. Ferrin, Chief. On account of the absence of hydrants in the rear of the buildings the difficulty in bringing streams to bear on spots most in danger, and other causes, the fire was a very difficult one to fight; but the boys handled it splendidly and much property was rescued from the flames by them. For their very efficient work in our behalf in preventing the destruction of our buildings, and saving them from greater damage by the fire, we employ the columns of the Journal to convey to the Department our hearty thanks.

Mrs. W. H. Curtis,
George G. Hart.
Woburn, Oct. 26.



Jack Frost

is a wiley chap. He is apt to sneak in on you, waking or sleeping. A cold on your lungs is the result of his visit. Don't run any risk of more serious trouble Take **WILD CHERRY and TAR COUGH BREAKER.** A sure cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases. Price 25 cents.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

BY LEW BARKER.

Tell the fainting soul in the weary form,
There's a world of the purest bliss
That is linked as that soul and form are linked,
By a covered bridge, with this.

Yet, to reach that realm on the other shore,
We must pass through a transient gloom,
And must walk unseen, unhelped and alone,
Through that covered bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
For the universal toil
Is the outer garb, which the hand of God
Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim, and the bridge is dark,
And the river it spans is wide,
Yet faith points through to a shining mount
That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet in the next day's march
To climb up the golden ridge,
We must all lie down for a one night's rest,
Inside of that covered bridge.

Croup Quickly Cured.

Mountain Glen, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. Thornton. This celebrated remedy is for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Obituary.

MASON—In Gilroy, October 9th, 1897, Mrs. Phebe Mason, aged 93 years, 6 months, 27 days.

Mrs. Mason was the oldest of the many aged personages of Gilroy. She, until within a few days of her death, was able to attend to her own wants and help along in the household where she was loved and venerated as a good mother should be. She was a great homebody and but seldom on the street.

Mrs. Mason was born in Berwick, York county, Province of Maine, nearly a century ago, her parents being Ebenezer and Sarah (Nason) Tuttle, on March 12th, 1804. When she was a child of three years her parents removed to Somerset county, Maine, where she resided continuously until 1869, excepting five years spent in Vermont. She was the youngest of thirteen children and was twice married; the first time to Dr. Hans P. Hobbs to whom she bore four children, three of whom are living. Her second husband was Geo. M. Mason with whom he had eight children, three of whom are alive.

Mrs. Mason was a lady of great intelligence and took a lively interest in the events of the day as recorded by the press. Although she never united with any church she was a deep thinker about religious matters and her life was an example to Christians. The Bible was reverenced by her as truth and inspiration. Within a few days of her death she sang in a weak voice the old hymns she loved so well.

She was a very proud woman but generous and affectionate and always ready to sympathize with and comfort those who were in sorrow.

Her death was simply the final wearing out of the frail human body—no disease afflicted her and she passed away like the fall of the Autumn leaves, gently and calmly. Her last words were:

"Dear Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do."

Her children in this State are Mrs. Phebe Leitch of Oakland, Mrs. H. C. Morey, Mrs. Jacob Reither and Chas. Mason of Gilroy; Mrs. Abby P. (Hobbs) Beadle of Groveland, Mass., and Mr. George A. Hobbs of Woburn, Mass.—*Gilroy (Cal.) Gazette.*

The Source of Tragedy.

Every modern student of sociology agrees that the most potent and universal source of crime is indulgence in the use of intoxicants. The habit brings sorrow and distress to families, induces insanity and fills the columns of the newspaper press with the horrible details of murder and suicide, the victims and the perpetrators all too frequently being members of the same household, who would be bound together by the ties of love and kinship but for the rum blight, which withers the moral sense and brings the frenzy of hote and hasty homicide. Now, dear friends, are you doing right in not trying to influence some of your friends or neighbors to be cured of this terrible curse—the craving for liquor? Many are telling the wonderful story of rescue, and how they have been restored to their normal condition of body and mind from the curse of the liquor and morphine habits, while under Dr. Springer's Gold Cure treatment. Call on or address, Bay State Sanitarium Co., 404 Main st., Woburn, Mass.

There are so many "would-be" cough cures in the market, that people are often cautious about trying anything new. Before buying any more, hunt up some one who has used Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam and see what he says about it. 10c. and 35c.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

Unitarian.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Cardinal Principles of the Liberal Faith." Sunday School at 12 M.

Methodist.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. G. F. Eaton, D. D. Sunday School at 12 M. Harvest Concert at 6 P. M. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Thursday, Lecture on the Alps. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

Baptist.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. W. E. Bates. Special Music. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7. Covenant Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

Trinity Episcopal.—20th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

Congregational.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Fourth Peoples' Sunday Evening. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will speak. Thursday, at 4.30 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 14, by Rev. James Gilday, Charles Chamberland of Winchester and Mary McGorry of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 19, by Rev. Joseph Keegan, John H. Grimes and Elizabeth O'Connell, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 20, by Rev. Joseph Keegan, George Conole and Mary E. Lynch, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 21, by Rev. Joseph Keegan, John McQuillan and Nellie A. Riley, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 26, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Charles M. Hibbard and Harriet M. Brackett, both of Vermont.

In this city, Oct. 25, by Rev. T. B. Smith, Mr. James G. Ditmars and Miss Edythe E. Howard, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 21, Anna, wife of John Johnson, aged 64 years, 11 months, 21 days.

In this city, Oct. 21, George W. Prescott, aged 77 years, 8 months, 28 days.

In this city, Oct. 23, Ellen J. Carlson, aged 16 years, 5 months, 25 days.

In this city, Oct. 23, James Murray, aged 62.

In this city, Oct. 23, Mary Fay, wife of Alexis Lavigne, aged 82 years, 2 months, 8 days.

In this city, Oct. 24, Sarah, daughter of Michael and Catherine Norton, aged 6 years, 1 month, 4 days.

In this city, Oct. 26, Mary E. Naven, aged 28 years.

The First Parish Concert.

In four part harmony, the ideal is approachable thro' human voices only. In the various combinations of orchestral instruments either the string quartette, or the four solo bass instruments of corresponding register, there is a wealth of tone color, and a fund of resource, but the Almighty reserved it for the human voice to give complete satisfaction. To be sure He has accorded the gift to but few, and of this number still fewer attain the technical acquirements necessary to a finished performance—but when the required conditions obtain, we who hear are the more gratified.

The quartette more than fulfilled their part of the program, for they were well balanced, they intoned well, and sang with great unanimity. Their training had been to good purpose, and they interpreted it conscientiously and yet with freedom. Possibly in "The Song of the Triton," the bass and tenor were a little tardy with the monotorious "clink, clink" but the combination "cl" is a hard one to bring out on time, for there is so much of the aspirate in it.

In the duet, the tenor was a little metallic, but quite atoned for it in his solos later on. These were merely songs requiring no great amount of technique, but nevertheless, calling for careful attention that smoothness should obtain; both his regular numbers and encore were excellently rendered. Miss Nickerson was heard to very good advantage, for her number was sung most artistically. A well deserved encore brought out a fetching little song which could not have been sung to better advantage, had the object of it been present(?)

We have heard Mr. Hartmann before, and for this we are glad, for to judge of his abilities from this concert would not be fair. It was most decidedly an off night for him; at numerous times the "longitudinal vibration" was most unpleasantly distinct, and his harmonies and intervals several times were off color; but the "Serenade" by Herbert was played with a breadth and precision which quite made up for the first numbers, and came like dessert after a course of meat, good enough, perhaps, but not served *a la mode*.

Mr. David of Chelsea made his first bow to a Woburn audience, and we may assure those who did not hear him that they missed a very good thing, for which they can atone by going to Miss Lang's concert later, when he will read again.

His selections are chosen with good taste, and are read in a most finished manner. In not speaking of Miss Trecartin's singing until last, we don't by any means intend to convey the idea that it was least; far from it.

Her work was never on a higher plane, and her song "Why Roses are Red" was rendered in a very nearly perfect manner. The trills, cadenzas, and arpejj were ever crisp, clear and distinct, and the intonation was well nigh faultless. We wish there might have been more than a single encore to this number.

And let us not close without a word for Mr. Hood. His work with the quartette was manifest throughout the whole concert, and his accompaniments were no little addition.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

Sensation and fun predominate in that highly colored drama, "On the Bowery," in which Frank Bush and a host of comic characters disport themselves. The representation of Brodie's saloon is especially well drawn. Chuck Connors's interference with the attempt to arrest the falsely accused hero elicits applause equalled only by that evoked by his jump over the Brooklyn Bridge railing to save the farmer's daughter who alone can clear the hero of the charge against him. The fire scene in which Connors rescues the same girl from the flames, has never been equalled on the stage for realism. Novel specialties enliven the action of the play. The scenery is remarkably fine and effective.

THE TREMONT.

William Dean Howells, in *Harper's Weekly*, in the course of a long review of Mrs. Fiske's production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," said of this actress's work: The fine intellectual severity of Mrs. Fiske's treatment of the character renders it intellectually rather than sensuously perceptible in the impersonation. That impersonation seemed to me a very great one, a very high one, a very human one, in its best moments. Her Tess does not rise above her origin and environment; she is bound to them, as we all are in our several cases, by ties that are ultimately insoluble, though they loose her for a while to the semblance of free will. In her life the inevitable rules; she is fated to fall, and she is fated to sink back into her ruin, and to end her guilt in murder; that is what this fine actress makes you believe, though she does it with no insistence upon a continuous destiny, and only by her almost invariable truth in the successive incidents and events. She does it so perfectly that even her betrayer seems under the same law of fate, and he plays his devil's part so clearly because he must, that you are obliged in honesty to keep your blame in your pocket since you do not really know where to bestow it. Mrs. Fiske will be seen in "Tess" at the Tremont Theatre Nov. 1. New York did not anticipate any such sensation as that which was created by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Tess" but the engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last winter was extended again and again before the craze had permitted all who wished to see the play. The mere announcement that Mrs. Fiske will appear at the Tremont Theatre on Nov. 1st, has started Bostonians to making inquiries about seats, and from the present indications the New York sensation will be duplicated here.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

School Meeting.

The School Board held a meeting on Tuesday evening, Oct. 26.

The following Roster of the High School Battalion was reported and adopted: Major, Charles A. P. Bartlett; Captain Co. A, J. Edward Graham; Adjutant, Everett L. Fraser; First Lieutenant, Co. A, Wallace S. Hall; Co. B, E Gerry Barker; Sergeant Major, W. Herrick Brown; Color Sergeant, John A. Ditmars; Quartermaster Sergeant, George W. Haggie; First Sergeant, Co. A, J. Maxwell Murdock; Co. B, Herbert D. Pierce; Second Sergeant, Co. A, George E. Marion; Co. B, Frederick Kean; Third Sergeant, Co. A, John J. McCormick; Co. B, Frank H. Merrill; Corporal, Co. A, J. Irving Allen, Eugene H. Russell, Ernest C. Warren; Co. B, Harold P. Johnson, S. Otis Ralston, Harry W. Hoskins. A resolution upon the death of Miss Mary E. Naven, teacher in the Montvale school, was adopted. It extended to the family of the deceased the sympathy of the Board in their great loss, and expressed the high appreciation of personal worth and value as a faithful teacher. Miss Naven's funeral was held this Friday morning, and the Board voted that the Montvale school be closed to allow teachers and pupils an opportunity to attend the services.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 2. Oct. 22.

Buxton,	132	150	179—461
Curtis,	118	120	139—377
Bartlett,	121	112	152—385
Marion,	116	127	153—396
Caulfield,	148	150	193—491
Team Totals,	635	659	816—2110

TEAM 4.

Brown,	148	165	144—457
Parker,	115	139	127—381
Smith,	124	138	135—397
Murdock,	115	115	115—345
Martyn,	147	119	123—389
Team Totals,	649	676	644—1969

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

North Woburn.

Miss Helen Nichols returned from a musical engagement, Tuesday.

Mrs. Nina Chase of Uxbridge, Mass., was the guest of Mrs. William Blaisdell.

Miss Mary DeLuce has been visiting friends in Boston the past two weeks.

Mr. Paschal Warland of School street is confined to his bed from the effects of a shock.

Mr. James Eastman and wife of Brunswick, Me., are visiting with Capt. Sawyer's family.

Mr. Perkins and son of New Hampshire have been visiting Mr. Frank Perkins and wife.

Mrs. Joseph and Mrs. Augustine Avery were the guests of Mrs. Leander Thompson this week.

Mr. Warren Cummings, who has recently been surveying in New York State, visited relatives this week.

Mrs. Horace C. Sawyer of Lancaster, N. H., who is visiting the family of the Rev. George Tilton, brings word of a Woburn boy who is settled at Berlin, Coos county, N. H. She speaks of Dr. Henry Warren Johnson and the high respect in which he is held in that community.

The act committed by those who destroyed the railing on the Congregational church steps recently brings up the qustion of what shall we do with the boys? They say they have no place to go and amuse themselves. Now, Mr. Samuel Merrill is trying to build a gymnasium for the boys to go to, and this seems to be a good means of keeping them out of mischief. Why not think about it, gentlemen? and if your name is not on the subscription list, place it there immediately.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisement of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent Cough Remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form.—*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

[Published by Request.]

To the Democracy of the 28th Middlesex District.

Owing to the continued illness of my daughter I will be unable to give any attention to the campaign, and will be obliged to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the voters of the District. If elected, I will endeavor to discharge the trust resposed in me to the best of my ability. For the very generous support of last year please accept my thanks, and rest assured that a continuation of your support this year will be greatly appreciated by

Yours very sincerely,
M. F. D'Arcy.

The First Thanksgiving Dinner.

The first Thanksgiving dinner was celebrated in this country two hundred and seventy-six years ago, at Plymouth, Massachusetts. The whole American army was present—it numbered twenty men. Miles Standish, the backward lover of Priscilla, sat at the feast, while Priscilla served at the tables. The story will appear in the November issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Here Indians and whites sat down together by the tables set in the woods, and enjoyed the roast turkey, beechnuts, clam chowder, fish, salad, cakes, fruit and other delicacies provided. It was at this historic dinner that the first oysters were served. The illustrations of the article show portraits of the Pilgrim fathers.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

Burlington.

A Harvest Festival and Sunday School Rally was held in the church Sunday morning. A delightful autumn day, good music, elaborate decorations of choice flowers and brilliant foliage, a fine display of fruits and vegetables, the children seated on the platform and a fine programme made the exercises a success.

The pastor will be absent next Sunday and there will be no services at the church.

WINCHESTER.

Polls will open on election day at 6 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ordway have gone to London.

The McKay employees will give their annual ball on Nov. 12.

Joseph Dyer of Cambridge is Physical Instructor of the Y. M. C. A.

Dr. Church is attending to his professional calls but is not very rugged.

The opposition to Mr. John T. Wilson, Esq., for Moderator, has busted.

Mr. John Maxwell and daughter went to Philadelphia last week. The daughter will remain all winter.

Your Boy Wont Live a Month.

So Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill st., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had lung trouble following typhoid malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up, saying: "Your boy wont live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to use of Dr. King's New Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for lung trouble. Trial bottle free at Gordon Parker's drug store.

Christian Science WANTED.

"Science and Health" or anything written by Mary Baker Glover Eddy before 1883. Dr. Keyes Christian Scientist, 230 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

WANTED.

An Agent for Woburn to sell the best
WASHING MACHINE
on the market. Call or write to G. L. CAIN, 597 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., at home evenings. If the gentleman from Woburn who called to see G. L. Cain will call again, he will hear something to his advantage.

Freedom Notice.

Woburn, Nov. 1, 1897.

I give my son, HARRIE B. BLYE, his time. I shall pay none of his bills after this date.

GEO. A. BLYE.

Barn To Let.

Very comfortable barn; 2 stalls; carriagehouse, etc. Very low rent.
Call Sunday.
55 Kilby St., Woburn.

Woburn Star Course

1897
1898

Third Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, November 8
— THE —
UNITY CONCERT COMPANY.

Mr. Alfred DeSeve, Violin Virtuoso.
Mr. E. M. Spears, Tenor Soloist.
(7 years with Temple Quartet.
Miss Mabelle Downer, Pianiste.
Miss Elvie E. Burnett, Reader.

The above artists have been before the public too long to need any extended notice, and the management feel sure that this entertainment will please all who favor it with their patronage.

Season Tickets at Brooks's Pharmacy, $1.00.

Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
Doors open at 7. Concert at 8.

WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

SECOND
Grand Concert!

— BY —
Miss A. Josephine Lang,
ASSISTED BY

Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, Soprano.
Mr. Fred. S. Robbins, Clarinetist.
Miss Lottie Calnan, Cornetist.
Mr. Walter Davis, Humorist.
And The Normandie Woman's Orchestra.

Lyceum Hall, Woburn,
Friday Evening, Nov. 12, 1897
Tickets, 50 Cents

Whole house reserved. Tickets for sale at Whitcher's on and after Nov. 5.
Doors open at 7.30. Concert at 8.00.

NOTICE!
Skirts Cut and Made

Worn and ones renovated, sleeves remodled. All kinds of sewing. Prices reasonable.
Also, Tenement To Let.

Mrs. L. A. GRAMMER
148 Salem St.

☞ Electric cars pass the door.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on **HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN** of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the **Ball-bearing Draw Slide**, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

First 3 Days.

Mrs. S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,
No. 413 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
(Formerly Dr. Lang's Office.)

Gives public notice that she will be at her office as above during the

First 3 Days of the First 3 Weeks

of each month for business.
, Public Patronage respectfully solicited.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.

RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

FOR SALE —OR— TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

Desirable House TO LET.

10 Rooms; all modern conveniences; handy to electric and steam cars. Rent only $20.
Inquire at The Journal Office.

To Rent.

A House to let to a desirable family at 12 Lawrence street, Woburn. References required.
Keys may be found next door.
Mrs. W. P. SARGENT, 83 Cedar Park,
Melrose, Mass.

For Sale.

At a low price, a HOUSE LOT, 4500 feet, in Woburn. Call or address
H., Room 33,
No. 181 Tremont St., Boston

Horse For Sale.

Sound; No Outs; 7 years old; Good Roadster and Business; Every Way Right.
Call on JOHN CUMMINGS, 2d,
120 Bedford St., Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

Clerk's Office, October 7, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1893, Chapter 417, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday, the second day of November, A. D., 1897,

in the fsllowing places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 312 Main Street.
Ward Two,—Fifield Hall, Fowle Street.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon**, and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Councillor, Secretary, Treasurer and Receiver-General, Auditor, Attorney-General, Senator, and Two Representatives to the General Court, County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, Southern District.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and Aldermen.
Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN.

OFFICE OF
Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Basements of Court House.

Notice is hereby given to all persons, firms and corporations doing business in the City of Waburn, and selling or buying any goods, wares, merchandise or other commodities by weight or measure, or as a public weigher, to bring in their weights and measures to be adjusted.

The sealer will be at his office every Tuesday and Saturday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock.

JONATHAN C. ELA,
Sealer of Weights and Measures.
Woburn, Oct. 20, 1897.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Department of Public Property.

Sealed proposals for doing the necessary painting in the Johnson Schoolhouse will be received at the office of the Superintendent of Public Buildings not later than 7.30 o'clock P. M. on **Thursday, November 4th, 1897.** Specifications of the work may be obtained from the Superintendent of Public Buildings at his office Municipal Building.

The Committee reserve the right to reject any or all proposals if they deem it for the best interest of the city so to do.

Per order of the Committee on Public Property.
Attest: JOHN LYNCH, Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Gresey, Jr., to the Reading Co-operative Bank, a corporation, dated February 1st, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2536, Page 418, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described on **Monday, the twenty-second day of November, 1897,** at one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on a private street leading from Montvale Avenue, formerly called Railroad street, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:—Easterly by said private street; southerly by land now or formerly of Joseph G. Pollard; westerly by land now or formerly of Esther M. Keith; and northerly by land now or formerly of one Bush. Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

Terms: two hundred dollars to be paid at time and place of sale, and the balance within ten days.

READING CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
Mortgagee.
Oct. 27, 1897.
Arthur P. French, Att'y.
No. 89 State St., Boston, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Hayden, who died in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex to be administered, and not leaving a known widow or heir in this Commonwealth:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles M. Ludden, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the said public administrator is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in The Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSON, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sylvester O'Hara, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William H. Fay of Clinton, in the County of Worcester, or to some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A.D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Estate of Rosinda A. Preston,

late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Mass., deceased, represented insolvent.

First Meeting. The subscribers, having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Rosinda A. Preston, hereby give notice that six months from the twenty-first day of September, A. D., 1897, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that they will meet to examine the claims of creditors at the office of Chester W. Eaton, No. 376 Main street, Wakefield, Mass., on the **eighth day of November next,** at two o'clock in the afternoon.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,
WILL E. EATON,
Commissioners.
Wakefield, Mass., October 19, 1897.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Executor.
Address
Woburn, Mass.
October 5, 1897.

LOST!

Sunday the 19th, Hand-bag, containing Ladies Watch and Pocketbook. If returned to Central House liberal reward will be paid.

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
☞ Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
☞ Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

C. C. STONE & Co.

Meats and Vegetables.

No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Everything First-class.
Meat, Sweet and Inviting.
Always on Hand.
The cleanest, freshest, sweetest Fish, Oysters, Clams and Poultry in the Woburn market.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,

One minute to Station. All modern improvements' $22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. ☞GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

C. M. STROUT
Is now located
in the
Old Postoffice Rooms
Dow's Block.

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.

Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Have the Baby's Photos Taken
— AT THE —
NOWELL STUDIO,
396 Main Street, Woburn.
We give a Silver Plated Frame with each dozen of baby photos, until Oct. 1.

To Let.

The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.
W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
Curtis Greenwood,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

INVESTMENT.

Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE,
415 Main Street

To Let.

A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent reasonable.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

Are You The Man?

WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.

Pasters Wanted.
Russell Counter Co.

Features don't matter so much. Most any features will do if the complexion is clear, the eyes bright and the lips rosy. Hearty, healthy wholesomeness is better than mere beauty of features. A face full of the glow of good health—full of the kindliness and good humor that health brings, is bound to be an attractive face—a face that will make friends. The face tells the story of the whole body. "Murder will out"—and so will "female weakness" and nervousness and other disorders peculiar to women.

If there is a drain on the system and strength, the record of it will show in the face. If there is nerve nagging "bearing-down" pains, dragging and pulling at the most sensitive organs in a woman's body, the face will show it. Abused nerves draw lines of care and worry on the face. Nervous prostration writes its warning on the face long before it comes. Sleeplessness, nervousness and debilitating drains make more wrinkles than age.

Nine-tenths of the sickness of women comes from some derangement of organs distinctly feminine. Nine-tenths of this sickness can be cured and avoided by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There is nothing miraculous about the "Favorite Prescription"—nothing supernatural.

It is the result of rational thought and study applied to medicine.

It has been prescribed by Dr. Pierce for over 30 years. It has made thousands of women healthy and happy, and has brought joy to thousands of homes.

In "female weakness" it acts directly and strongly in healing and strengthening the parts that are most severely tried. It clears out impurities and promotes regularity at all times.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE PATROL.

In the Face of Awful Danger the Men Spread Their Covers and Saved a Big Stock of Goods—Working In a Veritable Shower Bath of Boiling Water.

Charles T. Hill, in a series of articles on the New York fire department written for St. Nicholas, tells the following story of the fire patrol:

An incident that occurred at a severe fire in a big business house will give an idea of what the members of these protective departments have to face at times in order to save property. The fire broke out about midnight in the basement of an immense fireproof building on Greene street, extending a whole block from West Fourth street to Washington place. When the firemen arrived, half the basement, or practically half the block, was in flames, but on account of the fireproof construction of the building the fire was confined to the basement part.

The basement was occupied by a straw hat manufacturer, and the captain of No. 2 fire patrol (one of the first companies to arrive) felt sure there must be a subcellar stored with a most perishable stock. How to reach it before the firemen began to throw water upon the fire was the question. It seemed well nigh impossible to get into the basement through the regular entrances, and to venture in while the fire was raging as it was seemed almost foolhardy, but he determined to reach the cellar at any cost and find out what it contained. After considerable effort he succeeded in making an entrance on the north side of the building (the main body of fire was on the south end), and groping his way through the smoke and darkness, lantern in hand, he found himself in the basement. The heat was intense and the air stifling. Ahead of him in the corner of the basement he could see the flames rolling about, crackling and roaring as they devoured case after case of goods. Peering through the thick atmosphere, it was some time before he could discover anything that looked like the entrance to the cellar, but finally he spied a door about midway in the basement that he felt sure must lead to the subcellar. It was dangerously near the roaring furnace ahead of him, and he thought to himself, "Can I reach that and get into the cellar and back again before the fire cuts me off?" He made up his mind at least to make the effort. So he walked cautiously across the basement floor toward the door, keeping his eye on the fire all the time. It grew hotter and hotter as he advanced, and the perspiration was pouring from his face in great beads, and he was almost suffocated when his hand finally rested on the knob of the door. He opened it and stepped inside. What a relief! The transformation was almost marvelous, for the change from the heated atmosphere of the basement to the cool air of the cellar was like stepping out of a redhot oven into an icebox.

He descended the cellar stairs rapidly, and holding his lantern aloft looked about him. It was as he had suspected. The cellar was filled with immense cases of straw hats, and although, owing to the fireproof floor, the fire probably could not descend, when the many streams got to work the damage by water would be enormous.

He hastily ascended. Peering cautiously out of the door, he found the fire had not advanced any farther. He then made his way quickly through the dense smoke to the street.

He reported to the superintendent of the patrol, who had arrived by this time, the fact that he had been in the basement and his discovery in the cellar, and told him he could do a great deal of good if he could only take the men down and cover up the stock. The superintendent was at first loath to let him do so, for the situation looked too dangerous, but finally he gave permission and the captain gathered his patrolmen about him and armed with covers they followed him to the subcellar to "cover up."

By this time the companies that had responded to the second and third alarms sent out were at work, as well as the companies that had been ordered into the basement, and the air in the cellar was not as pleasant as when the captain had first descended. The fire had begun to "settle," and the subcellar was filled with a thick, murky smoke, while a constant, scalding drip was falling from the ceiling.

In this dim, stifling atmosphere the patrolmen went to work with a will, spreading their waterproof covers over case after case of valuable stock, while overhead they could hear the roaring and cracking of the flames, the splashing of the many streams as they were dashed about, and now and then a dull crash as some heavy piece of masonry was crumbled away by the heat. These were conditions under which few men would care to labor.

At any moment the fire raging in the basement over their heads might get beyond the control of the firemen battling with it, and, spreading, cut off all means of escape, or the steel and iron structure of the building, warped and twisted by the dreadful heat it was being subjected to, might give way and send floor after floor loaded with heavy merchandise crashing down upon them. This and a hundred other possibilities menaced them while they labored in the murky cellar, and when the work was done 101 covers had been spread and property valued at over $100,000 had been saved from destruction.

When No. 2 patrol returned to quarters the next morning (for it was nearly morning before they were through), there was scarcely a member whose neck, hands and wrists were not scalded and blistered to a painful degree, for they had worked during nine hours in a veritable shower bath of boiling water, from which there was no escape.

THE CHIN AS AN INDEX.

A Face Reader Tells What He Thinks of Some Men's Features.

When a face reader was asked for his opinion of an article, "The Chin as an Index," printed in the St Louis Clinique, he replied:

"The thing is unscientific. The writer says the protruding chin marks the get there type of man, that the broad chin denotes dignity, that the dimpled chin indicates coquettishness, that the retreating chin is the chin of failure and that the other kinds of chin which he describes stand for the other traits of character which he associates with them. His statements are unsupported by proofs or illustrations from life or from pictorial art. Had he given the names of people, notable historical persons rather than contemporaries, having chins of the several varieties spoken of, his description of the traits of their possession would have been more entertaining, for in each case presented one could have formed his own opinion as to the correspondence between the feature and the mental quality which he seeks to associate with it. Cortes, for example, Cromwell and Peter the Great were certainly men of the get there type, but he would hardly say that they had protruding chins.

So also in regard to the other kinds of chin, from the dignified and the coquettish to the executive and the humble, I would say, let him show me the portraits of some of the parties whose chins give confirmation to his theory. My own study of the pictured features of the eminent men of past and present times has led me to believe that a face reader must be very wary when he makes remarks upon the chin as an index to character. I could refer you to the features of plenty of men who are yet among the living. Li Hung Chang is not very yielding or helpless or easily discouraged, yet no one who ever saw him failed to observe that he has a retreating chin—one which retreats almost out of sight, so that not even his best friend would speak of it as protruding. What about that? Again, it will be admitted that Bismarck belongs to the get there type of humanity, and yet his chin falls behind the frontal line and also the line of the molar bone. It is far from protrusive. Look at the chin of the pugilist, Fitzsimmons.

"I could take up all of the kinds of chin described in The Clinique's article and show you that plenty of the people who have any one of the kinds do not possess the mental or moral character set down over against it by the writer in that periodical, who must be a very poor sort of face reader.

"There are physiognomists who, after studying a man's features from his chin and nose to his upper story, can make a pretty fair guess as to the nature of his invisible traits, but they cannot always be sure that they get things right, and everybody knows that they often get things wrong, more especially when they have not previously had any knowledge of the man's life or idiosyncrasies.

"I repeat that it is very hard to get at the characteristics of any one's mind by his chin, and, in truth, it is not easy to get at them by any or all of the lineaments of his face. Many a great man has had features which would very surely lead the sharpest physiognomist to draw erroneous conclusions from them. Who, upon seeing the face of Thomas Carlyle, without knowing of his works, would ever have taken him to be the great thinker that he was?

"There have been plenty of heroes whose looks were misleading, and lots of poets whose features could not be made to rhyme, and some saints whose faces would never remind you of a cherub, and any number of other people between whose facial conformation and mental traits it would be impossible to trace the correspondence. I know a strong character who has a neck of no account, an anomalous mouth, inexpressive eyes, a narrow brow and not much of a chin. You could not guess what kind of a soul he had by looking at him. A witty writer once said that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the face of the world might have been changed, and perhaps it might. Look at that feature in Socrates or in some of the mummied Egyptians who were once lords of the Nile, or in several of the English kings, or in nearly all the illustrious Chinese, or in most of the Finnish bards, or in squads of the German princes. I have seen a picture of Captain Kidd, once famous as a pirate, and it seemed, when carefully scanned, as though genius were there. It was said of Mirabeau that he was ugly enough to be the nephew of the Old Serpent. Thus things were, and thus they are yet. So it goes all along in history and all through the inscrutable apparitions of time.

"You had better throw into your waste basket the article of the inconsequential speculator in The Clinique who talks about chins."—New York Sun.

The rich men of the United States are the most generous givers in the world. During 1893 they gave for colleges and benevolent purposes a round $29,000,000. During 1894 they increased it to $32,000,000. In 1895 they gave $32,800,000, and notwithstanding the hard times of 1896 the gifts amounted to $27,000,000.

TRYING ORDEALS FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Women May Avoid Painful Examinations.

To a modest, sensitive, high-strung young woman, especially an unmarried woman, there is no more trying or painful ordeal than the "examinations," which are now so common in hospitals and private practice.

An examination by speculum, or otherwise, is sometimes a positive necessity in certain stages of many diseases peculiar to women, so at least it is declared by the profession. This would not be the case if patients heeded their symptoms in time.

If a young girl's blood is watery, her skin pale and waxy looking, her lips colorless, bowels torpid, digestion poor, her ears and temples throb and she is subject to headache, begin at once to build up her system with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Do not allow her to undergo a physical examination.

Here is a letter from a young lady who requests that her name should not be used, but gives her initials and street number so that any inquiry addressed to her will be received. She says:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—It affords me great pleasure to be able to say a few words in regard to the merits of your Vegetable Compound. I was tempted to try it after seeing the effects of it upon my mother, and now I feel like a new person. I am a stenographer and was troubled with falling of the womb and female weakness in general. I continued to work until I was so weak I could no longer walk, and the last day I was forced to stop and rest.

"I was then so ill that I was compelled to stay in bed and so nervous that I could not hold anything in my hands. The least noise or surprise would cause my heart to beat so loudly, and I would become so weak that I could hardly stand. I suffered for almost a year. It is different now. I can go about my work with pleasure, while before, work was a drudge.

"Trusting that my words of praise may help some other afflicted person, and be of benefit to womankind in general, I remain, Yours in gratitude, L. H., 444 S. East St., Indianapolis, Ind."

KNEW EVERYTHING.

A WONDERFUL OLD MAN WHO PUZZLED HIS TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

He Was Posted Thoroughly on All Subjects From the Largest to the Smallest. He Puzzled All the Experts In Discussions of Their Several Specialties.

A wonderful old man who appears to be the very fountain of knowledge has been traveling regularly between Buffalo and New York and New York and Buffalo.

When the train left Buffalo for New York the other day, one of four men in a smoking compartment said, "Have a Mexican cigarette?" and passed the package around. "Notice," he added, "the Mexicans have cigarette pictures, too, but instead of airy fairies of the stage they rejoice in the likenesses of bishops and saints."

The wonderful old man here manifested himself by saying Mexican cigarette packages also contained pictures of actresses and bullfighters, and when one of the passengers told about having read a book which claimed the ancient Mexicans were the ten lost tribes he did not reply until he had named the most famous matadores and Spanish footlight favorites. Then he said: "The ten lost tribes, as well as Judah and Benjamin, were swallowed up in the surrounding people. The modern Jew is not a Jew at all, according to the latest research. During the latter Roman empire the converts to Judaism, or early Christianity, became a clan, owing to persecution, assumed a type from intermarriage, and their descendants call themselves Jews."

"A friend of mine," said the man who smoked the Mexican cigarettes, "told me he saw in Sonora Indians with blue eyes and yellow hair!"

"Quite right," said the old man. "They are Scotch Indians."

He then explained that 150 years ago a great hunting and mine prospecting party of Scotchmen passed many years in Sonora and took unto themselves Indian wives; hence the Scotch Indians.

In the conversation about Mexico the mysterious man illustrated his discourse with words and sentences from the Aztec, Maya and Apache tongues.

The conversation turning to the subject of languages the old man amused his fellow travelers with examples of Volapuk. With reference to English he declared that, oddly enough, New York English is less like the English of Shakespeare than modern Greek resembles the classic language. The purest English spoken today—that is, English that Shakespeare would understand—he declared, is among the peasants of Ireland. What we call the Irish brogue is the nearest to the way Shakespeare pronounced English.

On scientific, mechanical, historical and religious subjects the old man was a wonder. A physician talked with him and said he had a medical training, a railway man insisted that he was an officer of a railway, a lawyer declared he was a great lawyer or perhaps a judge and, to the confusion of these theories, the learned traveler was equally at home in describing the Klondike region and telling about Egyptian, Babylonian and Assyrian tablets.

The identity of the mysterious man of learning became a topic in the Pullman. There was no name on his baggage. Preparatory to offering bets on the old man's business or profession a drummer talked to him about the state of trade. The drummer then offered to bet he was the president of some big corporation, but the way he recited the family tree of Prince Henri of Orleans baffled the travelers. An electrical engineer was persuaded to drop in and talk and told the now extremely curious passengers, "He knows more about electricity than I do."

Indeed, here was a man who seemed informed on every conceivable subject from ancient history to the latest news of the stage, who discoursed on art with refinement and knew all about famous murder cases and the profit in shoes. A remarkable knowledge of every way gold has been found seemed to give it tip, but when he displayed absolute mastery of aeronautics the puzzled passengers gave it up.

"We have been extremely entertained by your wonderful knowledge," said the drummer boldly as the train neared New York. "Would you mind telling us what university you are the president of?"

The learned man smiled as he replied, "I have never been inside a university in my life."

"Then you are a distinguished savant or perhaps a doctor of divinity. I have never met a greater student"—

"Never studied in my life!"

"Pardon me," exclaimed the baffled drummer, "if I ask you who you are?"

"There is nothing remarkable about me," replied the man of mystery, turning to the travelers who crowded forward, "except that I am the man who remembers what he reads in the daily newspapers."—New York Journal.

At Niagara.

She—How the falls roar!

He—If you had to listen to as much talk from newly married couples as Niagara does, you would want to make a roar yourself.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WON HIS DISCHARGE.

A Soldier Who Very Cleverly Worked the Monomania Dodge.

A soldier belonging to one of the Idaho infantry companies worked the monomania dodge cleverly enough a few years ago and got his discharge from the service as an incapable unfit for military duty. Before entering the service he had been a telegraph lineman, and when he came to the conclusion that he had had enough of the service he developed an uncontrollable mania for climbing to the top of the flagpole on the post parade ground. He secured a pair of lineman's climbers. One evening at dress parade he had been excused on account of illness. When the soldiers were passing in review before the commanding officer at this evening function the ex-lineman was seen to rush across the parade ground in the direction of the flagpole, and in a jiffy he had scaled it to the very top. He paid no attention to the commands that were bawled at him to "come down out o' that," but pulled a small pair of fieldglasses from his blouse and began to survey the horizon. He gave no ear even to the commanding officer's demand that he descend instantly or get shot, nor did he as much as look below when he heard the command given to three members of the guard, "Aim—ready"—Of course, the command "Fire!" was not given. The bluff did not work. The soldier stuck to his perch at the top of the staff and continued his ranging of the horizon with the fieldglasses. The officers of the post were in a quandary, and they were considering the advisability of sawing the flagpole down when the soldier at the top of it climbed down.

"I didn't see any," he said as he was being seized.

"See any what?"

"Indians."

"Is that what you went up there for?" his captain asked him.

"Yes, sir. The Shoshones are about to attack the post."

He was taken to the guardhouse and the post surgeon sent for. The surgeon found the soldier perfectly quiet and rational. He talked as sanely as any man could on general subjects, but he seemed firmly persuaded that it was his special business in the service to watch out for Indians from the top of the flagpole. When he was released, he went directly to his quarters, fastened on his climbers without being observed and made such good time across the parade ground that he had almost attained the top of the flagpole before the pursuers reached the base. This time he remained at the top of the pole for several hours, paying no heed at all to anything that went on below. He was so busily engaged in examining the distant plains with his fieldglasses that he did not even see the soldiers rigging up a net at the foot of the flagpole. He was considerably surprised and grieved when he was jerked into the net by means of a lasso unerringly thrown by a soldier who had been a cowboy. He was out of the service within just the space of time that it required for a reply from the war department to an official letter concerning his condition sent from the post. The members of the guard who escorted the monomaniac to the gate upon his discharge said afterward that there was a broad grin on the ex-lineman's face as they led him out.

"Well, how about the Indians now?" asked one of the guard just as the man was about to be turned loose at the gate.

"Indians be d——d," said the ex-monomaniac, displaying his wad of back pay and allowance bank notes and his discharge. "Are you all jays?"—New York Sun.

Axin a Blessin.

Down in the rural district it happened that the mean man invited the preacher to dinner. The mean man had plenty of money, but he didn't spend it on his table, which on that occasion showed but scant fare.

"Parson," said the mean man, "times air hard an groceries high; but, sich as it is, you're welcome. Will you ax a blessin?"

"I will," replied the parson. "Fold your hands." And then he said:

"Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive—for these greens without bacon, this bread without salt, this coffee without sugar—and after we have received it give thy servant strength to get home in time for dinner."—Atlanta Constitution.

SPORTS OF THE HINDOOS.

Curious Amusements In the East With Buffaloes, Rams and Cheetahs.

Racing and polo tennis and billiards have become more congenial to the rajah and the nawab of today than the elaborate sports and pastimes that whiled away the long days of his ancestors. In some of the Rajput states, however, an effort is still made not to allow the ancient habits to fall wholly into desuetude. Of all the great dynasties of the continent the Rajputs boast the proudest descent, and the origin of the sovereign houses is hidden in the mist of time. In Ulwur the maharaja, who, by his kindliness of disposition and alertness of intelligence, gives the most hopeful promise of future fame, is still a minor, and his territory is under the immediate control of a capable officer of the Indian government. No state in Rajputana has a greater reputation for its breed of horses. It used in the old days to be a famous place for fights between wild beasts and birds, and though the contests are now quite free from all stain of cruelty the show is carefully kept up.

One afternoon of my stay there I saw in the palace grounds a full exhibition of the old kind. The princely mansion, built in the old residency style, stands in a charming "compound," or park, with exceptional surroundings, in that it has before it a large expanse of real turf, kept green by constant flooding, that pleasantly sets off its white walls and its red sun blinds.

First of all there was a parade of the show horses and ponies, Arab and country bred. One by one, as in a circus, they were put through their tricks and paces by the superintendent of the stables, a fine old Mussulman, with red whiskers, who had been all his life in the service of the maharaja's family. A big piebald was particularly clever at walking on his hind legs and hopping on three, holding up the near fore leg.

Afterward came a performing parrot, which, by a nice adjustment of weights, was made to twist a loaded stick round and round until I thought his neck would be wrung off. Then followed some more "business" on the same lines. This was but the preliminary to the exhibition of the afternoon, for, led along the road, there marched two by two buffaloes, rams, black buck and, in the rear, a single cheetah. The last named was purely for show. The other sorts not long ago had to fight out their battles to the bitter end.

Now the horns are muffled and the contest has become a game, which the animals are as well drilled in as a band of acrobats. Two rams, half black, half white, are led to either side of the grass plot and then let go at one another full speed. With a terrific bang their heads come together. You would think that their skulls must be broken, but instead they rebound from the encounter not one penny the worse, and after a few such trials of hardness they are led quietly away. After them the black bucks come to the front and wrestle with their horns interlaced until their keepers think they have had enough of it. In like manner the old buffaloes struggle and struggle, not able to do more than the champion of the modern ring with the gloves on. The cheetah was not asked to display his prowess, but I was told that when some little time before he was put on quarry he had been so idle that he absolutely refused to do his work. In some states, however, cheetah hunts still take place, but as the cheetah generally takes the smaller buck no real interest makes up for the cruelty of the sport. Cocks and quails, with their fighting power gone, followed the animals into the arena. The spurs of the cocks were carefully covered, while the quails were separated the moment they began to fight in real earnest. As for the quails, for sheer pugnacity and desperate courage, they carry off the palm. It is true they had a stimulant not given to the other fighters of the palace, for in their sanded circle was placed a hen, for whose favor they evidently believed they were contending. How far their gallantry would have carried them if they had been allowed to peck at one another's eyes in real earnest I know not, but it is probable that they would both have been left for dead had not their keepers called "time" at the crucial moment. Nobody can complain that the fighting aristocracy of the Rajput race clings with natural pride to its ancestral pastimes, which are but ill supplanted by the alien and borrowed amusements of our own people.—London Telegraph.

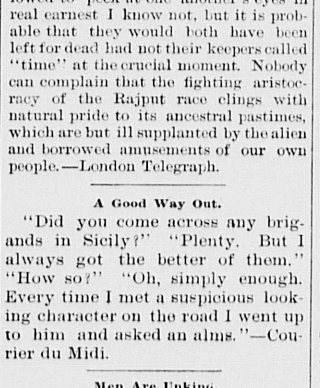
A Good Way Out.

"Did you come across any brigands in Sicily?" "Plenty. But I always got the better of them." "How so?" "Oh, simply enough. Every time I met a suspicious looking character on the road I went up to him and asked an alms."—Courier du Midi.

Men Are Unkind.

Benedict (proudly)—My wife kisses me good night regularly.

Rounder (bitterly)—Women are suspicious creatures, ain't they?—Boston Herald.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 31.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxvii, 13-26—Memory Verses, 21-25—Golden Text, Acts xxvii, 25—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

13. "And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence they sailed close by Crete." Paul, with Aristarchus, a former fellow traveler, and afterward a fellow prisoner (Acts xix, 29; Col. iv, 10), is now at sea on his way to Rome. They touched at Sidom and thence near Cyprus to Myra on the mainland of Lycia, in Asia Minor. There he was transferred to a ship of Alexandria bound for Italy, and after many days of slow sailing rounded the east end of Crete and reached the Fair Havens, on the south coast of Crete. Here they spent much time, until Paul advised them not to venture farther on account of the season, but the master and owner and the majority advised to try and reach the port of Phenice, a little farther west in Crete, and winter there. So with a light wind they started, keeping as near the land as possible. Paul is in the hands, humanly speaking, of those who know not God, but he is really in the hands of God and can trust Him to manage.

14, 15. A mighty wind from the land arose against which the ship could not bear up, and they were compelled to let her run before it. Was this of God or the devil that they were thus driven out to sea? We know that satan is the prince of the power of the air and that he caused the wind that blew down the house upon Job's children and killed them (Job i, 12, 19), but he could not do it without God's permission. God controls the angels who control the winds, and even the stormy wind fulfills His word (Rev. vii, 1; Ps. cxlviii, 8). We must see God alone.

16, 17. The storm increased. Under the lee of the island of Clauda they get the small boat on board which had evidently been towing astern. They somehow undergird the ship, then lower the sail and let her drive under bare poles. What about the condition of the passengers among the 276 souls on board? (Verse 37.) Sailors are not supposed to feel anything, never to know they are sick till they are dead, but many ordinary people do get awfully sick in a storm. This must have been a sad ship. And yet there were some on it very dear to the Lord Jesus.

18, 19. "Exceedingly tossed with a tempest." Well, there is no use to say a word about this unless you have been in such circumstances yourself. It was a bad case, and many doubtless wished that there was no more sea (Rev. xxi, 1). Yet even under such circumstances the Prince of Peace can control one's heart. In health or sickness, life or death, we can be quiet in His loving care.

20. "All hope that we should be saved was then taken away." Surely they were at their wits' end (Ps. cvii, 27), or, as in the margin, "All their wisdom was swallowed up." The case was, as far as human eyes could see, utterly hopeless. It makes one think of the sinner having no hope and without God in the world (Eph. ii, 12), or, as in Rom. v, 6, "without strength." But there is a Saviour for the lost, and only for such. He said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

21. "But after long abstinence Paul stood forth in the midst of them." They had fasted for 14 days (verse 33), and must have felt forlorn indeed and ready for a word of comfort from any one who might have it for them. None but God could help or comfort them, and His servant is ready to be the messenger. He is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort (II Cor. i, 3), but we cannot fully appreciate it or Him till we get into strait places.

22. "And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship." He emphasized it by adding, "There shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you," and he took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all and began to eat (verses 34, 35).

23. "For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve." This and the next two verses are to me the very heart of this lesson. Take the words, "God, whose I am," and think of what is included. His property, which He will certainly care for, His child, whom He will certainly see to, loved by the Lord Jesus as the Father loves Him (John xv, 9), bought with the precious blood of Christ, and therefore as precious to God as that blood is; a part of Christ Himself, a member of His body. We need not hesitate to say, "The most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, owns me," and take all the comfort there is for us. Then consider "whom I serve," and remember that we cannot serve God and Mammon; neither can we serve Christ and please men (Math. vi, 24; Gal. i, 10.

24. "Saying, Fear not, Paul! Thou must be brought before Cæsar, and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." This is a confirmation of the Lord's testimony to him in Jerusalem—"Thou must bear witness at Rome" (chapter xxiii, 11). The Lord's "musts" are as sure as God Himself, whether "ye must be born again" or "all things must be fulfilled." Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, and all His thoughts shall come to pass (Jer. li, 29; Isa. xiv, 24). It was the Lord's purpose that Paul should be His witness at Rome, and therefore it was as good as done, although in this storm everything seemed against it. How blessed are the "fear nots" of God from the first one in Gen. xv, 1, to the last in Revelation! His perfect love casts out all fear, and the soul that rests in Him can truly say, "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." "I will trust and not be afraid."

25. "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." Verse 44 says, "And so it came to pass." Whatever God says is as sure as if it had already come to pass, so we should say continually, "I believe God." The first "believe" in the Bible is in Gen. xv, 6, where it is said of Abraham, "He believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness." It might be literally translated "Abraham amened God," or said amen to God. So did Jeremiah long afterward. See Jer. xi, 5, in the margin. It becomes us to be ever saying "Even so, Father," or, as Mary said, "Be it unto me according to Thy word."

26. "Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island?" There must have been a good reason for that also or it would not have been so. It is written in Ezek. xiv, 23, "Thou shalt know that I have not done without cause all that I have done in it, saith the Lord God." Everything in the life of a child of God is beforehand arranged for God's glory and his highest good. Let us not seek to introduce additions of our own, but be content with His plan.

The Old and Young.

I can conceive of few sadder things in old age than being without younger persons who love us enough to correct us. Yes, correct us, neither more nor less than that, not rudely, of course, nor impertinently, nor in a nagging, disrespectful way, as disagreeable in the manner of the mother to the child as of the child to the mother, but who will correct us in a way which, violating no law of good breeding or courtesy, can yet keep us up to our own best mark.

For the tendency of many of us, when 70 is reached, is to let ourselves go to pieces. We can call it resting on our oars, or describe it with as picturesque a set of symbols as we chose. But for all that a man or woman comes to one of the great critical periods of life about the time that age is reached. They can then either sink under existing conditions, let every encroachment of age have its way, excusing themselves on the plea of years for every failure to meet them gracefully, or they can readjust themselves to the changes years have wrought and with renewed spirit go on, still young and still attractive because still growing and still alive.

And certainly the most adorable old people are the old people who have met age in the latter way and who have kept themselves alive to the criticisms and suggestions of the young. "Have your children told you yet that you turn out your toes?" said one middle aged parent, laughing, to another. His laughter saved him. For all children, when first grown, become absorbed in their parents—it is a mark of their affection—and they are more sensitive to their failures, peculiarities or virtues than to those of all the rest of the world. And certainly no sweeter sight is to be found than that of young girls who are interested in their father's cravat, the latest cut of his vest or his looking his very best on all occasions. For though our fathers and mothers bring us up when a certain period is passed we turn about in all well regulated families and return the compliment. The young educate the old as surely as once the old trained them, and the really fascinating old person is one who has submitted to the process.—Harper's Bazar.

Sea Water of Many Colors.

On a bright, sunny day visitors are often puzzled at the numerous colors visible on the surface of the sea. There will perhaps be some four or five streaks of green, blue, yellow, black and so forth, making the water appear as though it were painted in color stripes of mathematical precision.

To the initiated these several stripes have their meaning. They are nearly all produced by the character of the ocean bed and, as a rule, are only seen in close proximity to land.

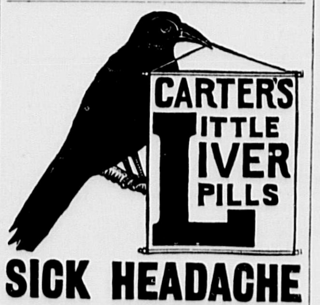
If you see a deep blue or green patch, you may label it deep water, the blue usually being deeper than the green. A yellowish tint signifies a sandy bottom, and, if it is very pronounced, indicates a shoal or sand bank.

Black indicates rocks, although seaweed or cloud shadows will sometimes produce a similar effect.

On the east coast it is no uncommon thing to see a patch of bright red where the sun has reflected the color of the deep brown sand on the surface.

Where the bottom is muddy, as on the Essex coast, a streak of bright silver gray is often seen.

Many people who cannot claim intimacy with the sea imagine the colors are in the sea water itself, whereas its intrinsic tint is bluish green.—London Answers.



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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A.M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent
W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Feb. 10, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, 10.00, 11.00. A. M., 12.00 M., 1.00, 1.30 then every 30 minutes until 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, 9.33, 10.33, 11.33 A. M., 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, 9.55, 10.55, 11.55 A. M., 12.25 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CAVRIER, Div. Supt.

[JA]MES McDONALD,
[P]iano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
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LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton and Funeral Director,
Sexton of Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.
241 Main St., Woburn

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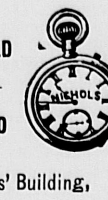
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.



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J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.
Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

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Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

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TAILOR,
Room 5. No. 316 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.
*** All work warranted first-class. Prices reasonable.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,
EYE SPECIALIST.
Graduate of the New York School of Optics, will be at the
Jewelry Store of Linwood E. Hanson, 409 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
THURSDAY, Nov. 4, 1897,
From 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

TWO THINGS Worth Considering.
STAR PEPSIN GUM. 2 packages for 5 cents.
OUR TOOTH POWDER. Large bottle 25 cents.
The former a popular novelty, the latter one of our many standard preparations.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

FOREST HOOPER,
PLUMBER,
Walnut St., Woburn.
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
☞ Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
*** Patronage respectfully solicited.

INVESTMENT.
Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
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Woburn Real Estate Exchange.
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Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

THE ERRAND.

Arise, arise, my trusty page!
Saddle your horse, then spring
Upon his back and speed away
To the palace of the king.
There seek some stable boy or groom
And ask of him, "I pray,
Tell me which daughter of the king
Becomes a bride today."

And if he says, "The dark haired one,"
Bring me the news with speed,
But if he says, "The fair haired one,"
You need not urge your steed,
But leisurely retrace your way
In silence till you see
The ropewalk. Buy a good, stout cord
And bring it home to me.
—Heinrich Heine.

A GAME FOR A LIFE.

I think none of the stories of duels told to me by my friend Depaille impressed me with more horror than the story, told with vivid power, of the encounter between Major Belvois and D'Aubigny, the duelist.

According to my friend, D'Aubigny came of an old family that had from the days of Henri Quatorze given France both soldiers and statesmen, but Jean was a shame and disgrace to the blood of his ancestors. When he chose, his speech and manners were those of the aristocrat, and even at his worst he had an air of distinction and a handsome person, but it was all mere surface polish, and from his youth up he was a living shame. He had wonderful abilities and was a poet of no mean caliber, but he was expelled from school, and after a reckless youth had to leave the army. He had a fortune which he squandered in a few years, after which he lived by gambling—by cheating, it was whispered, though none dared openly accuse him, so terrible had his reputation become.

Then began a career of infamy that one might almost say surpassed that of any of the bravos who wrought desolation in France. Some of them had a qualm of pity at times; D'Aubigny had none. His were the instincts of a tiger. He took a delight in wanton cruelty.

Depaille told me many stories about him, with which I will not trouble the reader, but come to the crowning tragedy of his career, which happened at Aix-les-Bains, whither, at the height of the season, D'Aubigny came and strutted about intimidating everybody. For instance, a wealthy but miserly shipbuilder who had come to Aix to take the waters was told one night a gentleman wished to see him, and the bravo was shown to his room.

"Good evening, M. Allier!" he said, with exaggerated politeness. 'You are wealthy, I believe?"

"Slightly, monsieur, slightly," said the shipbuilder, rather pleased that so notorious a man as the duelist should notice him.

"And I, monsieur, have had the misfortune to become penniless this evening through distressing circumstances," said D'Aubigny, fixing his eyes on the shipbuilder.

"I am sorry to hear it," interrupted the shipbuilder.

"Nevertheless it is a fact," retorted the other. "I suggest to you, monsieur, that a loan of 20,000 francs would be an act of charity."

Poor Allier became pale, and his throat was very dry. "In—in other circumstances I should be glad to do you the favor, monsieur, but at present I have 200 francs I could place at your service for a short time."

"I said 20,000!" was the retort of the bravo.

"Monsieur, I am sorry, but I cannot."

"As you will," said D'Aubigny grimly as he rose. "In that case monsieur wishes me to regard him as an enemy. Very well. My enemies never live long."

The poor shipbuilder, almost paralyzed with fright, tried to obtain better terms for himself, but the bravo was adamant, and half an hour later he retired with £800 in his pocket—a loan, as he euphemistically termed it—and the shipbuilder fled home early the next morning lest he should be further bled.

That same day Henri Coustans, a lieutenant in the army, came to Aix with his mother, who had just buried her husband. Henri was an only son, and he was devoted to his mother, even still one of the most beautiful women in France. On the evening of the third day of his visit he was strolling alone along the promenade, when he came upon D'Aubigny just as the latter, who had drunk freely at dinner, met a peasant girl, a pretty young thing of 17 or so. D'Aubigny planted himself in front of her and demanded a kiss before he would allow her to pass. Greatly distressed, she beseeched him in vain to allow her to pass, and when Henri came up she turned imploring eyes on him. The boy—for he was nothing more—recognizing the duelist, went to her. "Take my arm," he said to her, and then, turning to D'Aubigny and speaking with great courtesy: 'Monsieur, I am sure you do not understand that you are distressing this lady. Kindly allow us to pass."

D'Aubigny looked him over, then laughed insultingly. "Oh, ho, Master Jackanapes," he said, mimicking the other's courteous tones, "you have the impertinence to interrupt a tete-a-tete! Begone, puppy, or I will spoil your nice little uniform!"

The boy's face flushed, but he was firm. "If monsieur is a gentleman, he will allow the lady to pass."

The bravo tried to take hold of his ear, but the lieutenant gave him a push that sent him sprawling on the road, and then, taking the arm of the frightened girl, conducted her some little distance and left her. He retraced his steps, trying to look cool, but he was greatly depressed. He would have to fight, he knew, and he was thinking of his mother.

The bravo, beside himself with anger, had come to meet him and aimed a blow at him with his cane. A crowd had collected, and a meeting was arranged to take place the next morning; weapons, pistols.

When the boy had gone away, there were many to remonstrate with the duelist, and even some of his friends, braving his displeasure, pleaded for one who was at most only a boy and the only son of his mother, but it was all in vain. He roughly bade his friends to leave him to manage his own affairs.

At 5 the next morning young Coustans met his formidable antagonist. He had spent a sleepless night in writing a letter to his mother, which his seconds were to give to her in case he fell.

It was with evident reluctance and only after remonstrance that the two seconds performed their duties, but at last the word to fire was given. The boy disdained to point his weapon at one he rightly regarded as a brute and fired into the air, but that brought in the heart of the bravo only a greater lust of blood, and while the boy stood waiting his fire with a refinement of brutality he raised his pistol with the greatest deliberation twice, thrice and then, with the infernal skill that never failed him, shot the boy through the lungs. Henri fell, and in a few seconds breathed his last after faintly murmuring: "Ma mere! Ma mere!"

The seconds had not the courage to break the news to the mother, but prevailed upon a priest, old in years and saintly in character, to relieve them. The dead boy's letter was infinitely pathetic. He implored his mother to think well of him. He knew the pain it would cause her, but he would not be worthy of his father's name if he allowed a defenseless girl to be wantonly insulted. "If I fall," he wrote in conclusion, "I shall die happy, knowing, mother dearest, you would rather your boy were dead than living a coward."

The mother smiled on the priest. "My Henri is as his father—a knight without fear," said she. Then she laughed pleasantly and fell into a swoon, and in the evening she was dead.

News traveled more slowly in those days, and it was some time before it reached the boy's regiment. The colonel raved, then fell to sobbing like a child, but Major Belvois, harsh of feature, harsh of voice, a crossgrained old bachelor who hid a heart of flesh beneath a forbidding exterior and had loved the boy like a son—for he knew the lad's father—said nothing, but later in the evening, with two companions, he was posting to Aix as fast as the horses could drag him.

He put up at the same hotel as the bravo and, introducing himself, made himself very pleasant to D'Aubigny. In four days he was on terms of great intimacy with the latter. The major lost 200 or 300 francs to him at cards. "I must have my revenge," he said laughingly. "Come to my rooms this evening, and we will have a quiet game with my two friends—a little square party."

"Right," said D'Aubigny, with a smile, and at 9 that evening he was admitted into the presence of the major and his brother officers.

"But produce the cards, mon ami," said D'Aubigny after a good part of an hour had elapsed.

"I rather think not," said the major quietly. 'My friends object to playing with a cheat."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the bravo in an extremity of astonishment.

"Bad taste of theirs, no doubt," said the major quietly.

"Who says I cheat?" asked D'Aubigny in a menacing tone.

"I do, of course," replied the major. "Every one knows it excepting my very innocent friends here."

"Monsieur," asked the bully, starting up, "do you mean to insult me?"

"Oh, no," said Belvois, with a most irritating grimace, 'I never attempt impossibilities!"

"I do, then," cried D'Aubigny in a rage as he struck the major a furious blow.

The major bowed gravely. "That is an insult," he said calmly. "I have a little skill with weapons myself, and monsieur has, I know. Shall we not let fate decide the issue?"

"Yes, yes!" said D'Aubigny, laughing harshly. 'Fate shall decide. Oh, yes, fate shall decide!" And he laughed again.

"Yes, fate shall decide," said the major, "and there is not a better oracle of fate than cards. Our difference shall be settled thus. Here is a pistol, a beautiful weapon. It shall be loaded and placed on the table. He who wins the game shall take the pistol, and at the length of the table he can hardly make a mistake."

"It is preposterous!" said D'Aubigny anxiously. "What game do you propose to play, monsieur?"

"A very simple game," returned the major, producing a new pack of cards. "We left this business to fate, and here are fate's 52 words. Our game is very simple—not skill, but fate. Is it not so? Our friends shuffle, cut and deal out ten cards to monsieur and me. The twenty-first card shall indicate trumps, and trumps only shall count. The queen—place aux dames!—shall be reckoned 20 points, the king 15, the knave 12 and the others according to their face value, the ace being 1. Whoever scores 100 first shall take up the pistol. Simple, is it not? Come, monsieur, seat yourself."

"No!" said D'Aubigny, rising. "I will fight a duel, but not take part in this melodrama. I will go and will send my seconds."

"Not so fast," said the major, locking the door. "We shall fight as I have ordained. Monsieur is not now dealing with a boy, the only comfort and stay of his widowed mother."

"But I refuse," said the bravo loudly. "This is a conspiracy. You mean to murder me. I have been lured here to be murdered."

The major looked at him for some moments. "No, you cannot understand honor," he said, "but we will have some one whom you can trust." And he sat down, wrote a note and sent it by one of his comrades. "I have asked the Duc de Clogny to join us. Perhaps monsieur will have confidence in him."

The duelist scowled, but did not reply.

In a short time the duke came, and the major, after apologizing, explained the circumstances.

The five seated themselves at the table, and then began one of the grimmest duels that were ever fought.

The duke, at the major's request, took the office of umpire, and in silence the cards were shuffled and 20 of them dealt face downward one on another between the two combatants. The next card was turned up. It was a spade.

One by one at the umpire's command the opponents showed their cards. The bravo had the queen and nine of spades, thus scoring 29 points; the major made but 12.

Again the cards were dealt. This time D'Aubigny raised his score to 68; the major had made but 21. D'Aubigny's spirits began to return, and a thin smile came on his lips. The major still sat cool and calm.

For the third time the cards were dealt, and the excitement of the three spectators was fast becoming horror as the game neared its conclusion, and they watched each card with a fascination that was, almost pain. This time the major had five trumps—queen, king and knave—and the third hand finished with the major's score at 81 and the duelist's at 86.

D'Aubigny's confidence had gone. A single card could decide their fate, and his hand trembled. The major was a little paler, but still calm. D'Aubigny, in his efforts to appear calm, was ghastly to look upon. He was sweating at every pore, as indeed were the spectators. One of them afterward gave his impressions. He himself felt so sick that it was only by an effort that he could remain at the table, and as he looked round on his companions he saw that their faces were white and drawn. Nothing in all his life, not even the horrors of the battlefield, ever made such an impression on him.

In perfect silence the cards were shuffled and dealt. Hearts were trumps. 'M. D'Aubigny," said the umpire, speaking with difficulty, "it is your turn to play."

D'Aubigny glanced round the table. Then, with trembling fingers, he took up a card and showed it. It was the king of diamonds.

"Now, M. Belvois." And the major played his card, the three of trumps.

"D'Aubigny 86, Belvois 84," said the umpire hoarsely. "Again, M. D'Aubigny."

This time the bravo showed the nine of trumps; the major's card was worthless.

"D'Aubigny 95, Belvois 84," called the umpire.

Again they were bidden to play, and the spectators, feeling that this was the fatal moment, held their breath, but neither drew trumps.

"Again, monsieur," came the command. D'Aubigny's trembling fingers could only pick up the card at the third attempt. It was the two of trumps.

"D'Aubigny 97, Belvois 84. Now, M. Belvois."

Belvois' iron nerve gave way for a moment, but only for a moment. He commanded himself, took his card and showed it. It was the queen of hearts.

"Belvois 104, D'Aubigny 97. The game is to M. Belvois." The duke rose from the table. The two officers rose also.

D'Aubigny sank back in his chair, the muscles of his face twitching until it was too hideous to look at. Suddenly, with the cry of a wild beast, he sprang forward and snatched up the pistol that lay on the table. "But it is to me!" he screamed, and on the instant fired at the major, but the major's eyes, as he afterward confessed, had never left his opponent's face, as he feared some treachery of the kind. He ducked as D'Aubigny fired, and the bullet only took the skin from the back of his head.

• • • • • • • •

Of what followed those who took part in it were ever after loath to speak, but the major never fired. The agonies of death through which he had passed were too much for D'Aubigny. Directly he had fired he set up an eldritch shriek of laughter. He was a raving, gibbering maniac, hopelessly insane.

He was taken by his friends, to be well guarded until he could be sent to an asylum, but four days later he died by his own hand.—London Tit-Bits.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. **Hood's Pills** cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. *You want the best.* It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. ***There are many Sarsaparillas—but only one Ayer's.*** It cures.

A Curiosity of Literature.

An interesting phase of French literary enterprise is related by Le Gaulois as follows: Some months ago a Paris newspaper ordered a story of adventure from a well known novelist. The price agreed upon was 1 franc a line. The novelist straightway hunted up an old man of letters—the unknown collaborator of many more famous authors—who agreed to write the story for 25 centimes a line. When the work had reached its second part in the course of publication, the novelist learned that his old client was seriously ill. Hastening to his bedside, he found him dying. In agony for the fate of his story, the novelist rushed to the office of the newspaper, got hold of some back numbers in order to pick up the threads of the romance and brought it to a speedy end in a few brief chapters. Then he went to the office with the manuscript.

"What's that?" asked the editor.

"Why, the continuation and end of my story."

"Oh, then you want to change it, I suppose, because, you know, you sent in the last chapters three days ago."

Admirable self possession on the part of the novelist prevented disaster, and he finally evolved this explanation: The old man, whose price was 25 centimes a line, had himself sublet his task to a third writer at 10 centimes, and thus the work had been finished in safety.

A Lesson For Business Men.

The writer recalls the days of military discipline when he served both in and out of the ranks.

He remembers the always cheery order: "Order arms! In place! Rest!"

Then every man did as he pleased. He could talk, he could laugh, he could reach out with his arms, but one foot must be on the line and stay on the line, so that when the order came, "Attention!" every soldier had but to draw a part of himself into position, for part of himself was already in position.

There is a lesson here for business men.

Keep on the line of safety, branch out with your arms, reach into the visionary sky of experiment, but keep one foot on the line of conservative success, so that there cannot be total failure everywhere, and one can draw the unsuccessful part back to the successful part when discretion calls a halt.—Hardware.

AYER'S
HYGIENIC CEREAL
COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.

REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.

A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.

Prepared by M. S. AYER of Boston.
A Vegetarian for many years.

Price, 20 Cents per Pound.

For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."

M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.
Sold by Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch.

Literary Notices.

Booker T. Washington is one of the most striking figures in our American life today. The remarkable wisdom and energy which he has shown in building up the great Tuskegee Institute and in promoting the general industrial education of his race have commended him to the attention of the whole country. His life and the work of the Tuskegee Institute are the theme of a noteworthy article in the New England Magazine, for October. An article related to this in its scope and purpose and one of unusual insight and force is that by Rev. A. D. Mayo, so well known as a minister of education in the South, answering the question: "How shall the Colored Youth of the South be Educated?" His answer, after a very searching survey of the situation, is very much the same which Booker Washington is giving in deeds. "The Homes and Haunts of Israel Putnam" are treated in a scholarly and attractive article by Rev. William Farrand Livingston. The article is illustrated by many pictures of the places described, and by various portraits and memorials of Putnam. Another article is The Story of an Old House and the People who Lived in it, by Sarah H. Swan. The old house treated is the historic home of the Quincy family, which stood for so long a time at the Corner of Washington and Winter Streets, in Boston. Next to this article, in most striking contrast, stands a brief article by Mr. N. O. Nelson, the well-known exponent of profit-sharing, on A Baby Community, being an account of a very modern and radical experiment in Dona Ana, New Mexico. Mr. William Everett Cram, whose articles on the spring, summer and winter birds have charmed so many readers, follows these with an article in the present number of this magazine on the Autumn Birds of New England, beautifully illustrated, like the others, by his own hand. Keene, N. H., is the town which is the subject of treatment this month in the New England's splendid serier of articles on historic New England towns. Mr. Charles T. Scott contributes to the magazine a Chapter on Nom-de-Plumes, full of curious information about the pseudonyms of famous writers. There are excellent stories in the number, and there are some good poems, one of them, The Pines at Intervale, accompanied by a charming view in the Intervale woods. Mr. Meade, in his Editor's Table, takes up the subject of hoodlumism and the lawlessness of law, his chief text being the recent words of Professor Norton at Hazleton. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

Catarrh is a Disease

Which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

Every man pays more attention to his first baby buggy than to the subsequent ones.

People pretend to be very anxious to go to church when the preacher is taking his vacation.

When a woman marries a man to reform him, she soon wishes she had left the job to the police.

Some people satisfy their religious scruples against prize-fighting by watching it through a kinetoscope.

When we see the number of people who bite at bargains from street fakirs, we wonder that so many are poor.

It will Surprise You.

In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, your druggist will supply a generous 10 cent trial size or we will mail for 10 cents. Full size 50 cts.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 5, 1897.

STATE ELECTION.

Gov. Wolcott was re-elected last Tuesday by 86,662 plurality, and every Republican candidate on the State ticket was close up to the leader.

Wolcott carried the Democratic city of Boston by 5,963. This was a remarkable feat, and means the overthrow of Quincy in December.

The Single Chamber amendment of the Boston City Charter was defeated by 5,735, as it ought to have been. This result was due largely to the hard work put in against the amendment by the Boston *Advertiser* and *Record*.

NEW YORK.

Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Greater New York City, was elected by 75,000 majority. Seth Low, the candidate of the Citizens party, a Grover Cleveland Republican, was so deeply snowed under that he will never see daylight again. He is reported as saying that he "deeply deplores the result." Probably. The Democrats elected their State ticket, and perhaps the Assembly. General Tracy's friends made a gallant fight and would have carried the City and State but for the Low bolters. The triumph of Tammany was due entirely to the inexcusable action of the men who claim to be Republicans but supported Low.

OHIO.

The Republicans elected their candidate for Governor, but the Legislature is very close, and Mark Hanna may fail of an election to the Senate.

IOWA.

Republican majority 30,000.

MARYLAND.

Democratic; Legislature in doubt; Senator Gorman may not get there.

NEW JERSEY.

Still Republican.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Rousing Republican majority, as usual.

VIRGINIA.

Strongly Democratic.

SOUTH DACOTA.

Republican. Populist vote fell off 30,000 from last year.

BOARD OF TRADE.

President Lawrence Reade of the Woburn Board of Trade believes that a revival of the organization is possible and therefore he is pleading with the leading business men of the city to hold a mass meeting looking to that end. He has no doubt but that it can be made as effective for public good as it was in its palmiest days, say 10 years ago, and earnestly requests the friends of progress to put their shoulders to the wheel and help the matter along. The Board of Trade was once an active and successful agency in the promotion of the business of the town, and there is no reason that is apparent why it may not be so again.

At anyrate, in its present condition it holds out no hope for usefulness, and unless there is a thorough reorganization and a spirit of enterprise infused into it, no excuse can be given for a longer continuance of its existence. There has not been a meeting of the Board this year. If this is the way it is to be treated, if there is to be no revival of interest on the part of our tradesmen, manufacturers, etc., and no further effort put forth in its behalf, then the sooner the members get together, surrender their charter, and disband altogether, the better and more creditable it will be for them.

THE RIGHT RING.

Mr. Griffin Place had a letter published in the *News* last week concerning the protest of certain Lexington men against the Lexington Street Railway which was worthy of being read with care by our people. It hit the nail square on the head.

The Lexington protestants object to the Street Railway principally on the ground that Woburn is a license city, and although the conclusions which they draw from that fact are unjust, baseless, and deceitfully used for selfish purposes, it is clearly demonstrated by Mr. Place that we are not only open to the charge, but that it is a duty we owe ourselves to place the city on a footing that will remove all grounds for such an accusation.

We infer that Mr. Place has local pride and a warm spot in his heart for Woburn. It is because of this that he would have her change her policy on the liquor question and place herself above reproach. He is right in the matter. We have no faith in the protests of the Lexington men, but Woburn ought to take a course and adopt measures that would make it impossible for anybody to say what the Lexington people did in their circulars.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

President McKinley has named Thursday, Nov. 25, as a day for Thanksgiving and Praise, in accordance with immemorial custom.

It is expected that the Governors of States will adopt the President's date and issue their proclamations accordingly.

MUST FEEL SORE.

Our esteemed neighbors, the Lexington Mossbacks, must feel very sore over the vote on the street railway question in that pretty little village last Tuesday. Despite their protests and abuse of Woburn the vote was 2 to 1 in favor of building the line.

What will the Mossbacks do now, move away?

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Col. Charles F. Woodward was reelected by a handsome margin for State Senator, and Alva S. Wood and James Wilson Grimes, Esquires, were returned to the House.

Our Senatorial and Representative Districts are fortunate in the re-election of these gentlemen. They have been tried and not found wanting.

A BITTER PILL.

Mark Hanna was a bitter pill for a large body of respectable and self-respecting Ohio Republicans to swallow last Tuesday, but it may be he won the prize he fought for, an election to the United States Senate, for which hundreds of men in that State are better fitted and more deserving than he is.

COL. WOODWARD.

Senator Charles F. Woodward carried Woburn last Tuesday by 410 majority, and the District by 1853 plurality, an increase of 100 over last year.

He won in every place in the District. Good for Woodward!

☞ Whenever an election is on the carpet in Woburn the others will never miss it by taking Ward 1 for an example, we mean the Republican portion of it. They vote every time they get a chance to. Last Tuesday all Republicans in that Ward were at the polls except 17, and these were either sick or out of town. If every Ward would do as well the city would be of a stronger Republican complexion than it is now even. It will naturally suggest itself to reflecting minds that Ward 1's good work is largely due to the fact that Capt. E. F. Wyer is a resident of it.

☞ Now for the City election! Gentlemen will please don their helmets and shields, their armor and breastplates, and wade in. All eyes are directed towards the nominating Committee, from whom a report may be looked for in due time. Let everybody stand by the Committee's work. No crawfishing, gents, no wavering, no getting up of backs; endorse the Committee's candidates at the polls.

☞ If Mr. Furbush don't care for office but is anxious only for a cleaner and better city government why don't he join the non-partisan movement, now well under way, which has the same object in view? Here is just the chance he says he is looking for. If he avails himself of it, well and good; if not, then people will have their opinion of the sincerity of his professions.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Globe Co.—Wanted.
City—Reg. of Voters.
F. A. Locke—Pianos.
E. P. Marion—To Let.
C. C. Barton—Mort. Sale.
Tillman—Boston Journal.
E. B. Gerrish—Mort. Sale.
A. P. Anderson—For Sale.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— There were no schools on Tuesday.

— A Boulevard Club is to be organized at once.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— Mr. A. P. Anderson offers his house for sale. Read his ad.

— Tickets for Miss Lang's concert go on sale today at Whitcher's.

— Mr. and Mrs. Chase Cole are visiting friends in New Hampshire.

— The saloons were kept tightly closed during the election Tuesday.

— Mr. E. P. Marion advertises a good single tenement to let. See ad.

— The dance of the Rumford Social Club will be held on Friday evening, Nov. 12.

— The late powerful rain has probably put a period to any more brush fires.

— So far as we have heard Halloween was conducted very quietly and properly in this city.

— Winchester and Stoneham continue to furnish a heft of business in the Woburn District court.

— Mrs. Lawrence Reade, who was seriously injured by a fall a fortnight ago, is much better and doing well.

— The Democracy worked well for Mr. Michael Meagher last Tuesday but Wood carried too many guns for them.

— There was a powerful rain last Monday night and Tuesday. It was very much needed and did a power of good.

— Ald. E. P. Marion was down town yesterday, but he is not well. The effects of his recent illness are apparent.

— It looks as though a big crowd would turn out to enjoy Hanlon's Vaudevilles at Lyceum Hall tomorrow evening.

— A. S. Wood, Esq., carried this city last Tuesday by 200 majority, and all the Wards but 5 and 7. How's that for high!

— The weather last Tuesday was anti-Republican, but they managed to pull through in Massachusetts, and did very well in Woburn.

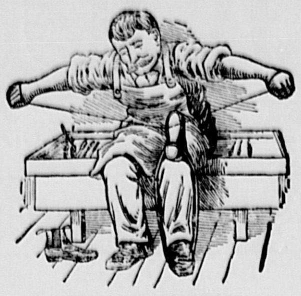
— Hon. M. T. Allen has been quite ill at his home on Church avenue for two or three weeks past. Dr. G. P. Bartlett attends him.

— There was a terrible jangling among the fire gong and bell Tuesday night. The whole electric outfit was disordered in some way.

— Miss Cora M. Looke of Gardiner, Maine, is spending a very pleasant fortnight with Miss Gertrude L. Wood and Miss Helen B. Cook.

— Mrs. Betsey G. Johnson, an estimable lady, resident of the Woburn Home for Aged Women, is 92 years old today, and probably the oldest person in this city. We hope she will reach the century mark well and happy.

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING



AT LEATHE'S,
425 Main St., Woburn

— Dr. Springer has rented the Richardson residence on Walnut st. for a Sanitarium. He has taken a lease for a term of years.

— The Ladies of Trinity Episcopal Parish will hold their Annual Sale and Supper on Friday, Nov. 19, in Grand Army Hall, Bank Block.

— Mr. James Skinner is one of the gentlemen frequently mentioned these days as a candidate for Mayor. He would make a good one.

— Numerous Woburn people have visited the great chrysanthemum show at Horticultural Hall, Boston, this week. It closes this evening.

— It should be borne in mind that Miss Lang's concert will be given on Friday evening, Nov. 12. It is going to be one of the best of the season.

— No need of going to Italy for beautiful sunsets. We had one here last Saturday that would beat the best they have in that country all hollow.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Mr. Fred A. Hartwell received an invoice of genuine Indian River oranges last week and as soon as it was known there was a big demand for them.

— St. John's Baptist Society gave a grand supper last evening. It was well attended and quite a bunch of monay was gathered in for the benefit of the church.

— The funeral of Mr. Herbert Wyman was held at North Woburn last Sunday. It was largely attended. He was the last of a family of five children and 79 years old.

— No matter what the outcome of the city election may be it is agreed on all hands that our present City Tax Collector, John G. Maguire, Esq., will be retained in that office.

— Big mark-down sale of crockery, tin, glassware, etc., at Prior's, Dow's Block, commencing Saturday, Nov. 6. Now is the time to lay in your Thanksgiving crockery. You can buy cheap

— Mr. Fred Gowing is doing a large professional business in this city, Stoneham and Winchester. He treats cases of a nervous character successfully and he and his treatment are popular.

— Mons. DeSeve's violin playing was the feature of the concert, and he received double encores after each of his selections.—*Evening Gazette, Worcester, Mass.* At Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Nov. 8.

— Miss Barrett is the teacher of shorthand and type-writing in the Evening School, Miss Kenney having resigned, the extra work being more than she cared to perform. The School is flourishing.

— Mr. D'Arcy, one of the Democratic candidates for Representative, was considerably in evidence here last Tuesday. He is one of the finest looking men in the District, and it's a pity he's not a Republican.

— The Lexington Street Railway is an assured fact now. Lexington said at the ballotbox last Tuesday that it must go with a big G. The Selectmen can't deny the petition of a franchise, and the road will be built at an early day.

— Mr. Spears sang "Star of Bethlehem," by Adams, and receiving a recall he sang the old, but favorite, "Annie Laurie," showing his clear tenor voice to fine advantage.—*Decatur, Illinois.* At Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Nov. 8.

— The alarm for a fire at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning had a queer origin. Someone went to post a letter and instead of putting it into the proper box tried to mail in a fire alarm box and in doing so pulled in a call for the "fire laddies."

— The marriage of Mr. Walter M. French and Eva E. Wilson of Boston will be solemnized on Wednesday, Nov. 10, at the church of the Ascension, Washington street, Boston. They will reside at No. 8 Greenwood Ave., Woburn.

— Mr. O. Gillette reports the business of clock and watch repairing as good. There is no boom in sales yet, but he is looking for it. However, so long as work on watches remains as good as it now is he isn't going to complain.

— Bear in mind the Bazaar held by the Burbank Relief Corps, No. 84, at G. A. R. Hall, 424 Main street, this (Friday) and tomorrow evenings. Also the matinee for children tomorrow afternoon.

— Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their two children, after nearly a week's visit, left Mr. Walter Knapp's last Monday morning for their home in Vermont. Mrs. Smith is a sister of Mrs. Knapp.

Half a Cent

for a baby! The cost of the few drops of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral that will cure croup, whooping cough and any other cough, if administered in time is perhaps half a cent. It may prolong baby's life,

Half a Century

— In order to make needed repairs on store Prior has moved his large stock of crockery, glass, tin ware, etc., to Dow's Block, Main street, where for the next three weeks he will have a genuine mark-down sale. Cut prices. Every article to be sold.

— City Clerk Finn will please accept our hearty thanks for official courtesies on the morning after election. The JOURNAL will vote unanimously to retain Mr. Finn in the Clerk's office under the new order of things to be inaugurated Jan. 1, 1898.

— Mr. William Kimball of Wilton, N. H., came here on a visit last Saturday and remained over Sunday to hear, as he said, some good preaching. He is aver 80 years old and as spry as a kitten. As near as we could find out he is enjoying life very much.

— At a concert given by the Unity Concert Company at Waltham lately Mr. DeSeve, the violinist, was called back by the audience no less than seven times. He is a great player. The Company will appear in the Star Course at Lyceum Hall next Monday evening.

— The next auction sale of horses, carriages, etc., at the Central Stables will be held at 10.30 A. M., next Tuesday, Nov. 9. The proprietors invite those who have such property to dispose of to consign the same to Mr. G. F. Jones and Charles H. Hanson & Co., for that purpose.

— Three Whists, or more properly speaking, a series of three Whist Parties, will be given in Music Hall at 2.45 sharp, Nov. 13, 27, and Dec. 11, under last year's management. We are informed that they will be of more than ordinary interest, and a large attendance is expected.

— Mr. E. M. Spears of Boston is an excellent singer. His voice, a high tenor, is mellow in every note. Mr. Spears sang "The Shadows Deepen on the Castle Walls," and "My Sweetheart," and responded to two encores.—*Manchester, N. H.* At Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Nov. 8.

— Old Dr. Warren said: "Coffee often produces and always aggravates a bilious habit and I have no doubt but that many cases of confirmed dyspepsia are traceable to the use of coffee, alone." Why then use it when "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee" is such a good substitute and is healthful?

— The instrumental music at the Fifth Peoples' Sunday Evening will be an organ an flute by Messrs. D. N. Hood and Waldo P. Cutler. Chorus B will lead. Miss Jennie Trecartin will sing and Mr. Scudder will speak. Cordial invitation to everyone not in the habit of attending church. Seats free.

— Miss Ruth Marie Sites, who is to speak at the 7 o'clock service at the Methodist church Sunday evening, was born in China. She is a charming speaker, always delighting her audiences. Having returned from a missionary tour in the West, the Young Woman's Missionary Society consider themselves most fortunate in securing her services.

— President Taber of the Lexington Street Railway Company has purchased the Shaker Glen property near the Woburn line, the papers having been passed and the money paid over last Monday afternoon. The property includes about 50 acres, and is a wild and rocky place, entirely suitable for an excursion park, such as the road proposes to establish.

— Mr. David F. Moreland and his wife Mrs. Martha E. Moreland were receiving congratulations last week on the advent of a daughter, Miss Eunice Fay Moreland, into their family. She came along on Thursday, Oct. 28, and is thought (by the parents) to be a beauty. Five boys, a straight, preceeded Miss Eunice, and there were two girls before them.

— The new officers of the St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society, elected last week are: President, Michael E. Doherty; Vice President, John E. Desmond; Rec. Sec., James E. Feeney; Fin. Sec., Wm. H. Downey; Treasurer, Thos. H. Dolan; Trustees, Patrick A. Kelley, chairman, Michael E. Doherty and John McQuillan; Spiritual Director, Rev. James Doherty.

— Officer J. E. Boutwell returned from his hunting trip in New Hampshire last Friday bringing four large handsome deer which he killed near Francistown. Boutwell is a great hunter. He never comes back from his trips with gun and dog empty handed; somehow or other he always finds the game, and when he gets his eye on it there is no longer any hope for its escape.

— George T. Connor's new rooms in Putnam Block are as neat as a pin and commodious. The location is an excellent one. With a fine stock of goods admirably arranged the store looks very inviting and is pleasing to customers. We are glad to learn that Mr. Connor is enjoying a fine run of business and is well satisfied with it. It all comes from keeping the goods people want, fair prices, and honest treatment.

— The following artists took part in the entertainment given by the St. John's Baptist church last week, which by the way was a fine one. The performers acquitted themselves handsomely: W. H. Richardson, tenor soloist, and Miss Gertrude Johnson, reader, of Boston; Miss E. Elnora Williamson, vocal soloist; James A Yancey and Arthur Lew, cornet duet; Mr. Williamson, Trombone, and J. C. Yancey, clarinet, Miss Mary Richardson, pianist.

— Mrs. F. F. Putney leaves next week for her future home at Putney, Dougherty County, Georgia. Putney was her residence 10 years from 1876, so she does not go to a strange place or among strangers. She expects to pass her summers in the North, as the climate there from May to October is too hot for her comfort and health. Mrs. Putney has many friends in this city, besides relatives, who are loth to part with her, and regret that her home is no longer to be in Woburn. She is one of the best of women, a good Christian, and her public work here in years past has been constant, hearty, and successful. We wish her and her husband all the comfort and happiness they may desire or hope for.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

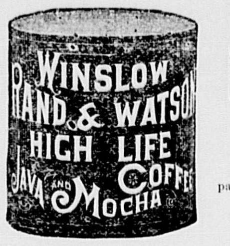
On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.



Winslow, Rand & Watson
High Life Coffee

This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2-lb. TIN CANS; and

NECTAR JAVA COFFEE

packed in 3-lb. Square Tins, are the finest Coffee on the market.

For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

REMOVAL!

Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS,
Music Rooms,
No. 2 Bennett Street.

Class or Private Lessons.
Courses include Harmony and Musical Form.

— A business boom of considerable dimensions has struck the large machine shops of J. T. Freeman & Co., on Main st. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Davis have recently informed the JOURNAL that their establishment has had about all the work it could attend to for three months past. Good times are coming here to stay.

— The U. S. Civil Service Commission have directed that the civil service examination for the grades of clerk and carrier in the postoffice in this city previously announced to be held on Dec. 4, in the Savings Bank building, will occur in the Post Office Building in the city of Boston on said date, under the direction of a consolidated Board of Examiners for the Boston District. Circulars pertaining to this examination and all information, as well as blank applications, can be obtained from N. J. McCarty at the Woburn Post Office.

— Supt. John S. Brackett has made great improvements in the buildings of the North Woburn Street Railway in that village, for which he deserves much credit. It is quite evident that Mr. Brackett is the right man in the right place. That he is a thorough-going street railroad manager his work on the North Woburn Station in the short time he has been Superintendent goes to show. He has had a fine new building erected on the site of the old one, which is spacious, handy, and ornamental, and it has been arranged and finished up inside with a view to the pleasure and comfort of the men and all connected with the business. A nice Superintendent's office has been partitioned off and supplied with all necessary furniture; a door in it leads to a large room provided with every convenience for the conductors and motormen, seats, closets for clothing, and all other needed things; and in connection with these is the spaces for business. These are all lighted with electricity, and make a cheerful appearance. The work which Supt. Brackett has done is a great improvement on the old regime, and is appreciated by North Woburn people.

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when you are sick; if it cures your neighbors and your friends when they are ailing; if it makes wonderful cures of many diseases everywhere, then beyond any question that medicine possesses merit. That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by a combination, proportion and process unknown to other medicines, it has curative powers peculiar to itself. We know it possesses great merit because it has

Made

Cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently cures, when all others fail to do any good whatever.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is known to possess merit or the power to cure disease; it is known to be the best building-up medicine on earth; it is known to be honestly advertised, and for these reasons the people buy and take Hood's Sarsaparilla almost to the exclusion of other preparations. In fact, Merit Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION,
MONDAY, Oct. 4, 1897.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 27, to Oct. 4.

Miss Bancroft respectfully calls public attention to the advantages of her method for developing piano technique. Under this system of muscular training greater speed, more strength and better general technical developement are *guarenteed*, in much less time than can be obtained from other methods.

Children progress rapidly with less practice. Advanced pupils are enabled to play with greater brilliancy and style, overcoming technical difficulties with ease and grace. This method does not tend to *undo* work acomplished through other methods, but is rather, a benefit to pupils taught under any system. Address

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

— Rev. Mr. Packard's theme in the Star Lecture Course last evening was "Life Among the Alps," and proved, as we said it would, exceedingly interesting. The views and descriptions of them were highly enjoyed by the large audience who would gladly have remained an hour longer to see and hear more of them. So far, the Course has proved wonderfully popular and the patronage has been eminently satisfactory to Rev. T. B. Smith and other managers. The next lecture will be "Paris, the Magnificent," on the evening of Nov. 11.

— The Men's League opened the season of 1897–8 in great shape at the Orthodox church on the evening of Oct 28. After the election of Officers for the ensuing year there were speeches by members, eloquent and enthusiastic, and everything passed off splendidly. Next meeting Nov. 17. The new officers are: President, Elwyn G. Preston; Vice President, Dr. Frank W. Graves; Secretary, G. F. Hartshorn; Treasurer, George W. Norris; Executive Committee, Everett P. Fox, Ward W. Hart, Joseph H. Buck. President Bean retired with grace.

— Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lectured in the Peoples' Sunday Evening Course at the First Church last Sunday, on Prisons, Reformatories, etc. It was good. Although about 77 years old Mrs. Livermore retains her mental vigor in a remarkable degree and is as earnest and effective in reform work as ever she was; in fact, the older she grows the stronger in spirit and brain she seems to be. There were other good features. The cornet and organ duets by Mr. W. W. Crosby and Mr. Hood were fine. Mr. Marcus H. Cotton and Mrs. E. P. Fox rendered pleasing solos, and then were remarks by Rev. Dr. March and Rev. Mr. Scudder. The attendance was unusually large.

— The Unity Company's entertainment at Town Hall, Tuesday evening, was the best concert ever heard in Clinton, and should they ever visit this place again, it would require the combined capacity of the public halls to accommodate the crowd. A mutual understanding seemed to spring up between the company and the audience, and while the audience enjoyed a very pleasant evening, the company were equally well pleased with their reception here. Clinton citizens will always have a warm place in their hearts for the Unity Concert Company, and many have expressed the hope of hearing them again soon.—*Clinton (Mich.) Local.* At Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Nov. 8.

— There is to be a fine dramatic entertainment in Lyceum Hall tomorrow, Saturday, evening. It is to be given by Vaudevilles under the management of Walter Hanlon whose name alone is a guarentee that it is to be bright, breezy, clean dramatic treat, for he deals in no cheap sternwheel affairs of the kind. The play is to be "In Love with a Bootblack," with "Going Into the Vaudeville" as an afterpiece, both brimful of rollicking fun and laughter and jollity. Manager Hanlon brings to Lyceum Hall a capital company at the head of which are Mackie and Walker, with Eddie Daley, Charles Case, and other firstclass actors. It will be one of the best dramatic performances ever seen here, and one which will delight all classes of people.

— The portrait of ex-Mayor M. T. Allen has been suspended on the walls of the Council Chamber this week where those of his predecessors had already been hung. The portrait is in crayon by Albert Thompson and is, of course, a fine piece of drawing and finish. Although giving his features accurately and producing a perfect representation of them, no portrait that we ever saw of him conveyed a correct idea of what Allen is like. Invariably they have made him appear a much larger person physically than he is. This is true to some extent of Thompson's picture. The defect, if it be one, is not due to want of skill in the artist. The likeness is perfect, the execution very fine, and Mr. Thompson may well plume himself on having done an excellent piece of work.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gowing who left Wilmington on Oct. 6 for California reached Long Beach in the southern part of that State sound and well after a voyage of two weeks. They went by the Canadian Pacific route and were detained several days on the road which prolonged the journey and prevented an arrival at their place of destination as soon as they otherwise would. A letter from Mrs. Gowing speaks highly of the pleasures of the trip and describes vividly some of the grand scenery through which they passed. At Seattle they put up at Hotel Stevens which is kept by a Nashua, N. H., man, which made it appear like home. Mrs. Gowing's description of the journey and of the country of varied character through which they passed, the cities, mountains, rivers, etc., contained in her letter, is very interesting.

— By courtesy of Officer French we yesterday received an invitation from Mayor Feeney to accompany the Metropolitan Park Commissioners on a tour of inspection of the location for the proposed Circuit Boulevard at 2.30 this, Friday, afternoon. Mayor Feeney succeeded in inducing the Commissioners to come out and view the route, and we suppose that he and other prominent gentlemen will accompany them.

— The Woman's Relief Corps, No. 84, Bazaar will be formally opened Friday evening at 8 o'clock, by the Department Secretary, Miss Mary Elliot of Somerville, and others, escorted by Post 33. Entertainment each evening. Special attraction Saturday afternoon for the children. Ice cream and cake, coffee and sandwiches. R. A. Whitten, Chairman of Committee.

— The South Middlesex Conference of Unitarian churches meets in the Unitarian church, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 10.30 a. m. Rev. B. Fay Mills will deliver the address. Electric cars via. Winchester and Arlington pass the door of the church.

— The Public Library Commissioners have recently taken steps looking to converting the grounds in the rear of the edifice into a Park.

— The alarm from box 23 last Saturday was for a wood pile on fire off Main st. Central Square.

The three-year-old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack, saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business, a member of the firm of Johnson Bros. of that place; and they handle a great many patent medicines for throat and lung diseases. He had all these to chose from, and skilled physicians ready to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family at a time when his child's life was in danger, because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says this is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE
Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.
367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Miss Florence S. Porter,
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION,
92 Pleasant Street,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

COFFEE!

You can buy of us the genuine Mocha and Java Coffee ⅓ Mocha and ⅔ Java at

35c. per lb.

You cannot buy it for less money anywhere.

If people who think they are buying the best Mocha and Java Coffee at retail for less than it costs to import would try a pound of our

Boston Blend
At 25c. per lb.

they would get better Coffee and get what they buy, and get the worth of their money.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

City Government.

COMMON COUNCIL.

The Board held a meeting on Tuesday evening, Oct. 26.

Petition of F. S. McGregor for acceptance of streets referred to Highway Committee. Petition of Harriet C. Blake for street light referred.—Order for telephone in Hose 4 house concurred in. Order for telephone in Hose 2 house adopted. Order passed transferring $2500 from Miscellaneous to Highway Department. Several street lights ordered.

ALDERMEN.

Board held a special meeting on Thursday evening, Oct. 28.

Granted petition of Harriet C. Blake for electric light on Abbott st. in concurrence. Adopted in concurrence order for transfer of any balance of $3000 raised for the Chestnut st. sewer, to general sewer construction. Also for transfer of $2500 from Miscellaneous to Highway Department. Fire Committee were authorized to buy two horses for Hook & Ladder Co.

Wilmington.

There is to be a sunlight hop at Town Hall on Thanksgiving Day afternoon, Nov. 25. American Orchestra of Lawrence will furnish the music. It will be a gay affair.

YOU WEAR UNDERWEAR.

We Sell Underwear!

We ought to get together. The stock this season is more varied than ever before. Prices are lower than those offered anywhere else. Buying for cash in the early summer and in large quantities, the tariff advance has no terrors for us. You get the benefit. Our grades range as follows:

50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50.

Kindly call and examine

Underwear.
Under Price.
Understand?

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

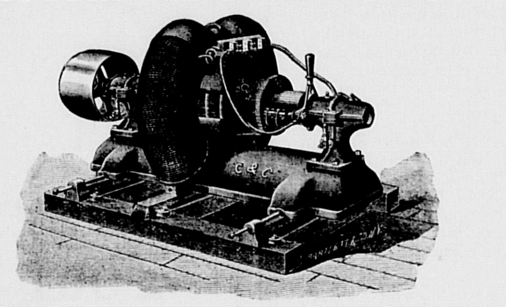
COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

MOTORS AND DYNAMOS.



Armatures and Fields for both Motors and Dynamo rewound. If your Dynamo or Motor is too small, drop me a line and I will exchange for one of larger unit. Manhattan arc lamps for sale (to run on 110 Volt circuit); incandescent lamps with a guarenteed average life of 600 hours; write for prices. Isolated plants installed. I have as good an assortment of two or three hundred second hand apparatus as can be found: also can quote you prices on new machines which will insure a sale every time if you are really in the market.

GEO. A. BLAISDELL,
Electrical Engineer and Contractor,
15 Federal Street, Room 303, BOSTON, MASS
Repair Shop 27 Beach St. Long Distance Tel. 2318 "Boston."

FALL and WINTER STYLES

OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Great Bargain in Skirts

A manufacturer sent us a lot of Skirts on approval. Having just purchased our Fall and Winter line of Skirts we sent word that we could not use them. In reply they stated they would prefer our keeping them and that we might sell them at our own price. Taking advantage of this and wishing to give our customers a good trade we accepted the lot on these terms and have put the lot on our counters to sell for

$1.62 EACH.

They were manufactured to sell at $2 to $2.25 a piece. There is only a small lot and they will not last long.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Belonged to Sawyer of Woburn.

Past Department Commander George S. Evans has in his possession a book that has a history. When he was at the G. A. R. convention at Buffalo Edward M. Painter of Philadelphia turned over to him a little red-covered book entitled "Gift of Piety." Mr. Painter said that he came into possession of it at the hospital at Fredericksburg. On the inside cover was written, "Augustus Thorndike Sawyer, Co. H, 39th Massachusetts Volunteers, Woburn, Mass." Mr. Sawyer's relatives can have the volume by calling on Mr. Evans at the postoffice inspector's office in the postoffice building and proving their identity, as it was given him by Mr. Painter to return to Mr. Sawyer or his nearest relatives.—*Boston Herald.*

August T. Sawyer was born at Brooks, Maine, in 1826. He enlisted in Co. K, (not H) at Woburn Mass., in 1862, and was killed at Laurel Hill on May 10, 1864.—*A P. Barrett's Roster of Woburn Soldiers and Sailors in Woburn Journal,* 1880.

Sawyer married a niece of Abijah and E. E. Thompson, a daugter of their sister, in Boston where her home was. Abijah Thompson was a member of the same Company (K) with Sawyer, 39th Regiment. It has never been doubted that he was killed at Laurel Hill although there has been no positive proof of it.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me, and I want all of my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

10c. buys enough of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam to convince the most skeptical that it will positively cure the cough or cold of long standing, after all other so-called cures have failed. Larger bottles 35c.

Banda Rosa Concerts.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the coming Boston engagement of the famous "Banda Rossa" at Music Hall the week of Nov. 8th. Their splendid success in New York has been followed by even greater triumphs in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, where the Band has been playing during the past week to crowded and wildly enthusiastic audiences. The press unanimously endorsed the verdict of the New York critics that not only was this the finest concert band of the present day, but that in many respects it could give points to all our local organizations, while Maestro Sorrentino is everywhere called a dangerous rival to Sousa and as great a band master as was ever seen in America. During the Boston engagement concerts will be given at Music Hall every evening with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. For the opening concert, selections will be given from Boito's "Mefistofele;" "Carmen" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," it being in these operatic selections that the Band arouses such great enthusiasm, while well known overtures, folk songs, marches,—with solo numbers by Mme. Marguerite Von Vahsel, the excellent soprano, and little Carlotta Stubenrauch, the talented young violinist who has everywhere created a furore,—will lend variety to the programmes, which will be changed at every concert.

Poor Woburn.

The town of Lexington is sour upon our dear little neighboring city of Woburn. The latter wants an electric railway to the former, but the dignified old town of Lexington won't have it within her precincts because Woburn is a license town, and she's afraid some of her people will go over there and get drunk. The Mayor of Woburn has already flared up in two or three columns of type, and now we expect the editors to put on their mittens. Good character like Reading is to be desired, hey, Woburn?—*Reading Chronicle.*

Jack Frost

is a wiley chap. He is apt to sneak in on you, waking or sleeping. A cold on your lungs is the result of his visit. Don't run any risk of more serious trouble. Take **WILD CHERRY and TAR COUGH BREAKER.** A sure cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases. Price 25 cents.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Foot Ball.

Woburn Y. M. C. A. vs. Burdett's Business College was played on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 30, on the Salem street grounds.

WOBURN	BURDETT
r e Buckman	l e Coburn
r t Barker	l t Lincoln
r g Maloney	l g Conwell
c Davis	c Davis
l g Frazer	r g Marr
l t Bullard	r t Staples
l e Dodge	r e Smith
q b Maguire	q b Merrill
r h b Dimick	l h b Ring
l h b Cutler	r h b Clark
f b Fowle	f b Foster

Referee, Sawyer. Umpire, Stetson. Linesmen, Ready and Dow. Timers, Andrews and Hawkes. Time: two 15 minute halves. Burdett kicked off and Davis blocked the ball back into Burdett's territory when after a fine tackle by Fowle, the scrimmages began. By steady rushes, usually with the 5 yd. gain, Burdett carried the ball to Woburn's 15 yd. line. Burdett's interference got in, in great shape, but was always broken up by Woburn.

Woburn secured the ball on the 15 yd. line and Cutler soon placed the pigskin ahead 8 yds, followed by a gain by Fowle of 10 more. Davis of Burdett's, tackled Dimick, in fine shape but not until Harry had made ten yds thro' the line. Then on a fumble the ball changed hands; Bullard stopped the first rush for 5 yds. The ball went now dangerously near Woburn's goal. The 10 yd. line was passed, but on the 5 yd. scratch Woburn held for three downs by as pretty play as one wants to see.

Woburn's ball; Cutler took it 10 yds and Dimick 2 more when after some losing and gaining the whistle blew; Score 0—0, ball on Woburn's 15 yd. line. Woburn kicked off in the second half. After a little negotiating, Burdett formed for a kick and caught Woburn napping on the fake play. It was now Burdett's ball on Woburn's 35 yd. line. Burdett gained some ground but thro' the tackling of Dimick and Fowle who followed the ball well, they were forced to give it to Woburn on downs. Maguire soon spoiled Woburn's chance by fumbling and again it was Burdett's ball. They carried the ball steadily down the field tho' Woburn made them work their best and held valiantly on the 3 yd. line. Burdett was too much for them this time however, and Clark put the ball over for a touchdown. Score 4—0 for Burdett. Goal was kicked by Clark making it 6—0 for them. There was but four minutes more of play, and nothing resulted therefrom.

For Burdett, Coburn, Ring and Clark did very good work, and the result might have been far different, but for them.

Altogether it was the cleanest game of foot ball that has been seen in a long while. The decisions were for the most part quite just, but more, it may be added, both elevens were composed of gentlemen, and this is saying a good deal, in speaking of a game so hard fought as was this one.

The Source of Tragedy.

Every modern student of sociology agrees that the most potent and universal source of crime is indulgence in the use of intoxicants. The habit brings sorrow and distress to families, induces insanity and fills the columns of the newspaper press with the horrible details of murder and suicide, the victims and the perpetrators all too frequently being members of the same household, who would be bound together by the ties of love and kinship but for the rum blight, which withers the moral sense and brings the frenzy of hote and hasty homicide. Now, dear friends, are you doing right in not trying to influence some of your friends or neighbors to be cured of this terrible curse—the craving for liquor? Many are telling the wonderful story of rescue, and how they have been restored to their normal condition of body and mind from the curse of the liquor and morphine habits, while under Dr. Springer's Gold Cure treatment. Call on or address, Bay State Sanitarium Co., 404 Main st., Woburn, Mass.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 6. Oct. 29.

Lord,	162	211	176— 549
Lowell,	149	176	149— 474
Stevenson,	164	129	149— 442
Hovey,	126	172	154— 452
Estabrook,	156	149	162— 467
Team Totals,	757	837	790—2384

TEAM 7.

Richardson, A. L.	150	158	147— 455
Trull,	129	162	138— 429
Sweetser,	146	130	142— 418
Taylor,	153	143	165— 461
Young,	125	144	182— 451
Team Totals,	703	737	774—2214

Free of Charge to Sufferers.

Cut this out and take it to your druggist and get a sample bottle free of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. They do not ask you to buy before trying. This will show you the great merits of this truly wonderful remedy, and show you what can be accomplished by the regular size bottle. This is no experiment, and would be disastrous to the proprietors, did they not know it would invariably cure. Many of the best physicians are now using it in their practice with great results, and are relying on it in most severe cases. It is guaranteed. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drugstore. Regular size 50 cents and $1.00.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Brotherhood of Man." Second Sermon in the Series on Cardinal Principles of the Liberal Faith. Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—21th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. W. E. Bates followed by Communion. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7. Wednesday evening, Prayer Meeting at 7.30. Industrial, Thursday afternoon. Supper at 6.30.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Fifth Peoples' Sunday Evening. Mr. Scudder will preach. Thursday, at 4.30 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: Sermons from Strange Preachers. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 6 P. M. Address by Miss Ruth Sites at 7 P. M. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Thursday, Lecture on Paris Friday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 28, by Rev. I. H. Packard, Robert White and Martha M. Crumley, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 29, Herbert Wyman, aged 79 years, 7 months, 22 days.

In this city, Oct. 31, Frances, daughter of John P. and Bridget Delaney, aged 4 years, 7 months, 11 days.

Election in Woburn.

Owing to unfavorable weather conditions, and because it was an off year, the vote in this city last Tuesday was comparatively light. The total cast for Governor was only 2125, whereas it should have been 500 or 600 more than that. Ward 1 did splendidly and some others came well up to the scratch; but there were some that cannot "point with pride" at their day's work.

It would appear from the vote on Tuesday that Woburn is a Republican city, or rapidly getting to be one. Wolcott received 310 plurality, Wood and Grimes carried the city, Wood by 200 and Grimes nearly as strong; Col. Woodward also had more votes for Senator than his competetor, nearly 410 plurality; from which it is fair to say that Woburn is a Republican city.

Republicans feel very well satisfied with their days work. The following are the correct returns as furnished by City Clerk Finn:

GOVERNOR.

Bascom,	23
Brophy,	28
Everett,	135
Williams,	716
Wolcott,	1026

LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

Buckland,	37
Callahan,	732
Cotter,	138
Crane,	957
Wylie,	38

SECRETARY.

Barr,	36
Nash,	723
Olin,	971
Sawtelle,	29
Wolf,	87

TREASURER.

Brown,	45
Habberley,	29
Shaw,	964
Tobey,	115
Watson,	699

AUDITOR.

Ballam,	38
Douglas,	90
Kimball,	974
Sheldon,	689
Small,	20

ATTY. GENERAL.

Hamlin,	31
Harrison,	36
Knowlton,	965
McClench,	87
O'Keefe,	719

COUNCILLOR.

Atherton,	983
Libby,	118
Maguire,	745

SENATOR.

Graves,	757
Woodward,	1167

REPRESENTATIVE.

DeArcy,	807
Grimes,	890
Meagher,	857
Wood,	1056

CO. COMMISSIONER.

Upham,	1512

REGISTER OF DEEDS.

Childs,	1502

CO. TREASURER.

Hayden,	1503

28TH REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.

	Reading	Woburn	Total
D'Arcy,	107	807	914
Grimes,	632	890	1522
Meagher,	75	857	932
Wood,	524	1056	1580
Thos. A. Joyce,		1	1

The Coming Woman

Who goes to the club while her husband tends the baby, as well as the good old-fashioned woman who looks after her home, will both at times get run down in health. They will be troubled with loss of appetite, headaches, sleeplessness, fainting or dizzy spells. The most wonderful remedy for these women is Electric Bitters. Thousands of sufferers from Lame Back and Weak Kidneys rise up and call it blessed It is the medicine for women. Female complaints and Nervous troubles of all kinds are soon relieved by the use of Electric Bitters. Delicate women should keep this remedy on hand to build up the system. Only 50c. per bottle. For sale by Parker, the Druggist.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

What promises to be one of the best attractions of the season comes to the Columbia next week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, when James H. Wallick will present his successful English melodrama "When London Sleeps." There is nothing sleepy about this play, however, as it is said to be "up to the limit." The play is decidedly different from the usual melodrama and abounds in exciting scenes and sensational climaxes. The plot follows the struggles of an heiress, who is found by her guardian to be connected with a circus and who is taken away from her friends to a home in London. She falls in love with one of the performers in the circus, but her cousin tries in vain to break the ties between them, so that she will plight her troth to him in order that he can secure control of her money.

THE TREMONT.

Mrs. Fiske's great play, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which opened at the Tremont Theatre Monday is attracting crowded houses nightly. The play is full of heart interest and teems with stirring incidents. It is the play of a century, and has been accorded universal praise for its beauty of life and action. Mrs. Fiske's wonderful portrayal of "Tess" is said to be the greatest role undertaken yet by her in a modern drama. All the other roles are impersonated with a vividness and truth to originality that is seldom equalled and never been surpassed. A great scene is the beautiful reproduction of Stonehenge, the circular pile of rocks placed on a mound in Wiltshire and erected by the Druids many centuries ago. It is here "Tess" seeks refuge from her pursuers. Beginning Nov. 15, Mr. E. S. Willard will appear in his new play "The Physician."

North Woburn.

Mr. L. M. Hall and family have moved to Walpole.

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Connors of Elm street this week.

J. G. Taylor, Secretary of the American Tract Society, spoke at the Congregational church Sunday evening.

Mr. J. E. Sewell, formerly Superintendent of the N. W. S. R. R., but now of Bridgeport, Conn., was in town this week.

Mr. James Mack of Pearl st., severed two tendons of the thumb and two arteries of the wrist with an axe on Thursday.

Mr. Benjamin Fish, who underwent an operation some months ago, has returned to the hospital for treatment, serious inflamation having set in.

Mr. R. B. Wyman, the coal-magnate, has leased the Page house on Pearl st. and will move into it as soon as the necessary repairs are made.

About 30 employees of the Lynn & Boston Street Railroad came up from Lynn last Friday evening in a special electric to give Supt. Brackett of the North Woburn Street Railway, a former fellow employee, a surprise party. It was a jolly crowd, and they had a splendid visit. Soon after their arrival they presented Supt. Brackett with a crayon portrait of himself handsomely framed, which was gratefully accepted in a neat speech. There was a spread and other nice things, and at a seasonable hour the party returned to Lynn. Supt. Brackett is very popular with the railroad boys and Company.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. MRS. F. BUTLER, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Russia owns half the world's horses.

In Memoriam—Thomas H. Dunberry.

At a meeting of the Buffers' Union held Oct. 28, 1897, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to the Almighty Disposer of events to remove from our midst our worthy and esteemed brether-member, Thomas H. Dunberry; and

WHEREAS, Intimate relations long held by the deceased with the members of this Society render it proper that we should place on record our love and esteem; therefore

Resolved, That we deplore the death of Thomas H. Dunberry with deep feelings of regret, softened only by the confident hope that his spirit is with those who, having fought the good fight here, are enjoying happiness in a better world.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved wife and family our sincere condolence and our earnest sympathy in their affliction at the loss of one who was a loving husband and father.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing Resolutions be presented to his wife and family, and that they be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL and *Woburn News.*

WM. H. O'BRIEN,
CHAS. T. HENNESSY,
JOHN J. DWYER,
JOHN A. MURPHY,
Com. on Resolutions.

Herbert Wyman.

The death of Mr. HERBERT WYMAN at his home No. 927 Main street, N. W., on Friday, Nov. 29, 1897, removed from our midst one of the oldest native residents of Woburn. He was respected and esteemed in life, and died lamented.

Herbert Wyman was born in Woburn on March 7, 1818, of Nathan and Esther Wyman, and was therefore 79 years, 7 months, and 24 days old at the time of his decease. He was united in marriage to Lydia M. Kimball at Woburn on June 10, 1840, with whom he passed a long and happy life. She died about one year ago.

Mr. Wyman was the last of a family of five children, of whom the late Nathan Wyman, postmaster, was one. He left no children.

The funeral was held on Sunday at the late home of the deceased and was attended by many neighbors and friends.

Burlington.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. — Preaching Sunday at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7.30 P. M. Gospel meeting at 8 P. M.

A Spirited Town Meeting was held here last Tuesday to vote on the acceptance or rejection of the land to build the Centre schoolhouse on. It was a lively one, and the friends of school consolidation won by a vote 48 to 38. Mr. Barker had bargained for the land, and the town accepted it solid and good shape.

The Temple Course.

Dr. Roland Dwight Grant will open a course of lectures at Tremont Temple, Boston, under the management of Ryther, Ricker & Co., on Wednesday, Nov. 10, to be continued every Wednesday to Dec. 15, inclusive. The Course is called "The Temple Illustrated Excursions," the first to be "The Glories of the Mighty Columbia River;" the second, "Yellowstone Park;" third, "Klondike and the Gold Diggings;" fourth, "A Week in the Pope's Palace;" and the fifth, "Secret Forces." Dr. Grant stands at the head of descriptive writers and lecturers, and this course will be a rare literary and pictorial treat.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

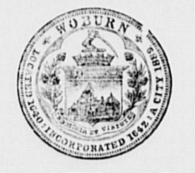
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Christian Science WANTED.

"Science and Health" or anything written by Mary Baker Glover Eddy before 1883. Dr. Keyes Christian Scientist, 230 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN.



City Election.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with provisions of Chap. 271, Acts of 1894, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the CITY ELECTION, on the

Afternoon of Nov. 20, from 2 to 5 o'clock,

Evenings of Nov. 19, 20, 22 and 23 at 7 o'clock;

And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on November 24.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 24.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1895, Chap. 61, Sect. 1.—Every male applicant for registration shall present a certificate from the assessors, or a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, showing that he has been assessed for a poll tax as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, and the same shall be received by a registrar as prima facie evidence of such residence.

Women desiring to register for the City Election are requested to attend the afternoon sessions, but may register at any session of the Board.

Male applicants who became residents of Woburn between May 1 and June 1 of the current year must produce tax bill or certificate of assessment from the place of their former residence, or their applications will not be entertained.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Nov. 3, 1897.

And All For 5 Cents !

An illustrated magazine, with 48 pages of photographic pictures, stories, etc., such as in Cosmopolitan or Munsey's	$0.10
An illustrated art supplement with photographic pictures, news, stories, etc., as in Harper's or Leslie's Weeklies, ...	$0.10
The most complete and interesting and the newsiest Sunday newspaper, ...	$0.05
Worth	$0.25
But Cost You Only	.05

Get it by ordering NOW from your Newsdealer the

Boston Sunday Journal
—AND—
N. E. Home Magazine for 5 Cents

Woburn Star Course

1897
1898

Third Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, November 8
—THE—
UNITY CONCERT COMPANY.

Mr. Alfred DeSeve, Violin Virtuoso.
Mr. E. M. Spears, Tenor Soloist.
(7 years with Temple Quartet.
Miss Mabelle Downer, Pianiste.
Miss Elvie E. Burnett, Reader.

The above artists have been before the public too long to need any extended notice, and the management feel sure that this entertainment will please all who favor it with their patronage.

Season Tickets at Brooks's Pharmacy, $1.00.

Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
Doors open at 7.30 Concert at 8.

WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

SECOND Grand Concert!

— BY —

Miss A. Josephine Lang,

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, Soprano.
Mr. Fred. S. Robbins, Clarinetist.
Miss Lottie Calnan, Cornetist.
Mr. Walter David, Humorist.
And The Normandie Woman's Orchestra.

Lyceum Hall, Woburn,
Friday Evening, Nov. 12, 1897
Tickets, 50 Cents

Whole house reserved. Tickets for sale at Whitcher's on and after Nov. 5.
Doors open at 7.30. Concert at 8.00.

First 3 Days.

Mrs. S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,
No. 413 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
(Formerly Dr. Lang's Office.)

Gives public notice that she will be at her office as above during the

First 3 Days of the First 3 Weeks

of each month for business.
*** Public Patronage respectfully solicited.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

WANTED.

An Agent for Woburn to sell the best

WASHING MACHINE

on the market. Call or write to G. L. CAIN, 597 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., at home evenings. If the gentleman from Woburn who called to see G. L. Cain will call again, he will hear something to his advantage.

House and Land For Sale

House and 10,000 feet of land on Sherman Place. Will sell for $350.
Apply to A. P. ANDERSON.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from $50 to $100 monthly clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to increase your present income from $200 to $500 yearly, by working at odd times, write the GLOBE CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, whether married or single, last or present employment, and you can secure a position with them by which you can make more money easier and faster than you ever made before in your life.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

WANTED! HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

To Rent.

A House to let to a desirable family at 12 Lawrence street, Woburn. References required.
Keys may be found next door.
Mrs. W. P. SARGENT, 83 Cedar Park,
Melrose, Mass.

Horse For Sale.

Sound; No Outs; 7 years old; Good Roadster and Business; Every Way Right.
Call on JOHN CUMMINGS, 2d,
120 Bedford St., Woburn

Tenement To Let.

A SINGLE TENEMENT To Let; in good condition; handy to the centre; fruit. Rent reasonable.
Apply to E. P. MARION,
47 Lowell St., Woburn.

Mr. N. N. Osburn well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

A life spent worthily should be measured by deeds, not years.

Mortgagee's Sale OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Gresey, Jr., to the Reading Co-operative Bank, a corporation, dated February 1st, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2536, Page 418, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described on **Monday, the twenty-second day of November, 1897,** at one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on a private street leading from Montvale Avenue, formerly called Railroad street, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:—Easterly by said private street; southerly by land now or formerly of Joseph G. Pollard; westerly by land now or formerly of Esther M. Keith; and northerly by land now or formerly of one Bush. Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

Terms: two hundred dollars to be paid at time and place of sale, and the balance within ten days.

READING CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
Mortgagee.
Oct. 27, 1897.
ARTHUR P. FRENCH, Att'y.
No. 89 State St., Boston, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Franklin K. Young to The Trustees of the Groton Ministerial Fund, dated March 31st, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 2263, Folio 214, for breach of conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on **Friday, November 26th,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., all and singular the premises conveyed in and by said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in that part of Woburn, Mass., County of Middlesex, called North Woburn, and being lots numbered two (2) and three (3) in Block 25, Section A, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of Land, dated Dec. 10th, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry, Book of Plans No. 59, Plan No. 2, and bounded on the north by lot No. 4 and part of lot No. 27 on said Plan eighty-five feet; on the east by lot No. 1 in said block fifty-seven and 2-10 feet; on the south by Dexter Avenue eighty-six feet; and on the west by Prescott street seventy-one and 5-10 feet; being the same premises conveyed to me by James L. Tyler, Jr., by deed dated Nov. 25th, 1893, and recorded with said deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes or other assessments.

Terms and conditions made known at the time and place of sale.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE GROTON MINISTERIAL FUND, Mortgagee.
Groton, Nov. 2d, 1897.

Mortgagee's Sale OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Paola Galletta of Woburn to Sarah A. Halladay, wife of Charles S. Halladay, in her right, dated September 29, 1893, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, So. Dist., Libro 2226, Folio 82, for breach of the condition thereof, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on **Monday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1897,** at one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings thereon; situated in said Woburn, and being lots numbered three hundred and fifty (350) and three hundred and fifty-one (351) on Felton street, as shown on plan of land in Woburn entitled "Montvale Park Land Co. in the City of Woburn, Mass.;" said plan being recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan B. Each of said lots measures thirty-five (35) feet in width by seventy (70) feet in depth and contains two thousand four hundred and fifty (2450) square feet.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at sale or at the office of C. C. Barton, Esq., 82 Devonshire St., Boston.

SARAH A. HALLADAY, Mortgagee.
Boston, November 1, 1897.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Hayden, who died in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex to be administered, and not leaving a known widow or heir in this Commonwealth:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles M Ludden, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of November, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the said public administrator is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in THE WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSON, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sylvester O'Hara, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William H. Fay of Clinton, in the County of Worcester, or to some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A.D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Estate of Rosinda A. Preston,

late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Mass., deceased, represented insolvent.

First Meeting. The subscribers, having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Rosinda A. Preston, hereby give notice that six months from the twenty-first day of September, A. D., 1897, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that they will meet to examine the claims of creditors at the office of Chester W. Eaton, No. 376 Main street, Wakefield, Mass., on the **eighth day of November next,** at two o'clock in the afternoon.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,
WILL E. EATON,
Commissioners.
Wakefield, Mass., October 19, 1897.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Executor.
Address
Woburn, Mass.
October 5, 1897.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on **HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN** of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the **Ball-bearing Draw Slide,** saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

Desirable House TO LET.

10 Rooms; all modern conveniences; handy to electric and steam cars. Rent only $20.
Inquire at THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.
ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

C. C. STONE & Co.

Meats and Vegetables.

No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Everything First-class.
Meat, Sweet and Inviting.
Always on Hand.
The cleanest, freshest, sweetest Fish, Oysters, Clams and Poultry in the Woburn market.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent. A NEW HOUSE

OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,

One minute to Station. All modern improvements' $22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

C. M. STROUT
Is now located
in the
Old Postoffice Rooms
Dow's Block.

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.

Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Have the Baby's Photos Taken

— AT THE —
NOWELL STUDIO,
396 Main Street, Woburn.
We give a Silver Plated Frame with each dozen of baby photos, until Oct. 1.

To Let.

The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.

W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.

A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

FOR SALE — OR — TO LET.

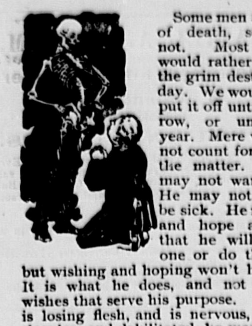
House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

Are You The Man?

WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for **Fine Merchant Tailoring.** An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.

Pasters Wanted.

Russell Counter Co.



Some men are afraid of death, some are not. Most of us would rather not meet the grim destroyer to-day. We would rather put it off until to-morrow, or until next year. Mere wishes do not count for much in the matter. A man may not want to die. He may not want to be sick. He may wish and hope and pray that he will not be one or do the other, but wishing and hoping won't help him. It is what he does, and not what he wishes that serves his purpose. If a man is losing flesh, and is nervous, irritable, sleepless and debilitated, he may wish he would get well, but one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do more than an ocean of wishes. If a man is on the way to consumption, he should make a stop as quickly as possible. He should put on brakes. He needn't be afraid he has consumption if he will do the right thing—if he will just take the right medicine. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures incipient and well developed consumption. Consumption is a germ disease and a blood disease. The "Golden Medical Discovery" kills the germs and purifies the blood. It increases the appetite, helps digestion, makes assimilation perfect, and so builds up solid, *wholesome* flesh. Hundreds of grateful people afflicted with consumption, bronchial, throat and kindred diseases, have testified that it has actually saved their lives. For the sake of the information they contain, some of these letters have been included in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a thousand page, illustrated book, which will be sent *free* on receipt of twenty-one (21) one-cent stamps to pay for mailing *only*. Every family should have a copy for ready reference in case of sudden sickness or accidents. World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LOVE ROCK.

"That's the rock, sir," said the weather beaten old tar.

Ted Rivers looked up and laughed a little bitterly.

"A nice place to propose to a lady," said he. "It seems to me that it would not be so easy as you think to get her there."

The old fisherman looked shrewdly at Ted and winked to himself.

"Well, sir, if you'd like to try for yourself"—

"I'm not thinking about myself at all," burst out Ted, with so much indignation that his companion immediately drew his conclusion.

"I never thought as you were, sir. 'Twas only my little bit of a joke. But yon's the rock, and the gal as is asked there is had for the askin. It's gospel truth, what's more, and it's there as I got my old woman, which wouldn't so much as look at me until I caught her a-sittin on the rim of that there rock. Says I, 'Betsy, I've come to ask you to marry me,' and she looked round sorter scared like, and I says: 'You'm a-sittin on the love rock, Betsy, and it's here as I've follered you, for you're the only gal what I wants. I've set my heart on marryin you,' says I, 'and you're on the love rock.' Then she looks up as meek as a lamb, and she says, 'Yes,' and falls a-cryin as if her heart was broke, for Betsy, she always did admire that young scamp Pete, but she knew as well as me that she'd got to marry me, because I'd asked on the rock. We was so took up with what had happened that we was all but caught by the tide, but we got off in time. The rock's never quite covered, but 'twould be an ugly place to pass a night and next to unpossible to be got off. There's nasty breakers in the best weather and some sharp bits of rock around, so as no boat can get near."

Ted had fixed his eyes on the love rock. He was not listening to the garrulous old man, and he certainly did not believe the superstition about it, but all the same he felt inclined to compass the difficulties in the way and get Millie Lloyd there—it would be as good a place as any he knew for telling the secret which had been his torment for months, and which he now felt was impossible to keep to himself, even if the telling of it meant the ruin of his hopes. He could not endure to see her chatting by the hour with old Fielding, who evidently admired her and was quite equal to asking her to marry him, old villain that he was. And Millie—who could guess what she would do? She was innocent enough to throw away her beautiful young life upon that hardened old sinner out of a pity that she would think was love and because she knew nothing whatever about men and their ways. It was high time for Ted to interfere if he did not want to lose his last chance.

"You try for yourself, sir," said the fisherman, breaking in upon Ted's thoughts and winking to himself again.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Ted hotly. "I'm not a fool."

"More's the pity! More's the pity!" muttered the old man, with a grin that he took care to conceal.

"It's time to be going back," said Ted, pulling his watch out. "Good morning. I've an idea that this would be rather a nice spot for a picnic; not half bad."

Old Jack Grice bent nearly double with laughter the moment Ted's figure disappeared round the cliffs, and then he went home to tell Betsy the joke and gain her opinions on the gentlefolk. She was a shrewd old woman and gave it as her opinion that Ted was in love. Jack slapped his knee in delight and had another laugh at Ted's expense.

Meantime Ted hurried back to the hotel in a sort of panic. He felt uneasy suddenly because he had been absent for several hours, and Fielding might be taking the opportunity. Perhaps even at this minute it might be too late and she be giving herself away. If she did that, she would be true till death to the old scoundrel, and Ted—Ted would be the most unhappy of all men. He would never be able to outlive such a blow.

"Perhaps I ought to have asked her before," groaned Ted, "but I've never been able to think that she cares a rap for me. I'm not worth a thought of hers."

Thus thinking, he drew near to the hotel. A set of tennis was being played on the asphalt court. Millie was not there. He went and leaned on the fence that guarded the cliff and gave a sweeping glance from right to left, taking in the long walk on the top of the cliff and the shore below, both visible from this point. Neither Millie nor Fielding was in view. Then he went round the hotel to the pleasure grounds, and they were not there. So he went in and looked for them in all the public sitting rooms. There was not a sign of either. Until the gong summoned all the visitors down to table d'hote he was unable to find her, and when he heard casually that she had been out for a drive with her mother and had since been resting in her room his heart gave a bound of joy, and the ill temper that had been very visible on his face gave way to his usual sunny smile, and he was the life of the young people at his end of the table.

It was Ted who proposed a picnic and Ted who suggested the best spot for one.

"That's close to the love rock, isn't it?"

"The love rock?" said Ted, with the utmost innocence. "What's that?"

"Why, haven't you heard of the love rock?" cried the lady. "It's one of the many superstitions of the ignorant fisher folk that whoever proposes on that rock will get the answer he wants."

There was a general laugh in which Ted joined, and immediately the love rock was chosen as their destination. With the impatience of young folk the picnic was fixed for the next day, weather permitting or not. A storm had been predicted, but little did they care, and the sager objections of the elders were talked down with many arguments as unanswerable as they were illogical.

"It's not at all the weather for picnics," growled Mr. Fielding, following the group of enthusiasts and looking sourly on Ted and Millie, who happened to be talking together.

"We don't mind the weather," said Millie. Her face was radiant, and she entered into the plans with all her heart. Just lately she had been feeling dull and depressed, but that sensation had vanished, and she was able to turn with a brilliant smile to answer Mr. Fielding.

Ted saw her smile and stepped back aghast.

"I should much prefer a quiet day on the shore," said Mr. Fielding in a lower tone.

Millie glanced at Ted, and then she slipped away. Somehow she now felt out of heart with the picnic. As for Ted, there was nothing he would have liked better than to take Mr. Fielding by the throat and throttle him.

The next morning broke bright and sunny. A brisk wind that afterward became boisterous was blowing from the sea. With baskets of provisions and long sticks—which they called their alpenstocks—the party started for the love rock. It was a large party and a merry one, Ted being the only one who was not able to appear gay. Too much depended upon this day for him to be able to mask his anxiety.

They took their lunch in the shelter of the cliffs. The tide was out, and the love rock stood up gaunt and jagged in full view. They intended to explore it that afternoon.

The tide had turned before the party reached the rock, and now the wind was so strong that a few less daring spirits turned back. Ted kept close to Millie, who refused to give up the object of the picnic, though Mr. Fielding advised and almost commanded her to desist.

"There is an easier ascent farther round," said Ted, shouting into Millie's ear. "Will you come? I've been here before and know it."

The rest were too intent upon the difficulties of their way to notice that Ted and Millie had struggled round to the other side, and the return party were already well on their way home. Clouds were gathering in the horizon, and every moment the wind was rising.

Ted was right in thinking that the farther way was more sheltered; in fact, so well sheltered was it that he and Millie were easily able to ascend, though it was much steeper here. They meant to reach the top first, as Millie said—Ted had other hopes—and take the others by surprise. But he became more and more nervous, and her evident unconsciousness tied his tongue. Half way up they stopped, and as they sat in a nook to rest they heard how fierce the wind was now.

"I'm tired," said Millie, leaning back, "and how very steep it is! I had no idea we had climbed such a precipice. I'm sure I couldn't get down that."

She was frightened, but Ted reassured her and promised an easy descent on the other side. He dared not trust himself to look at her sweet, pale face.

"How the wind is blowing!" said Millie. "And what is that boom? Don't you hear it?"

"I expect it's the breakers somewhere—farther along the shore."

"It makes me nervous. Are you certain that we shall get off all right before the tide surrounds us?"

"If we don't," answered Ted, "we shall all have a rather interesting adventure. At least ten of us are on this rock. The sea never covers it."

"It would be rather good fun," said the girl a little doubtfully.

When she was rested, they started once more on the ascent. Ted did not want to get to the top. He had not yet told her his secret, and he was determined to speak before they left. But a fellow does not like to shout that sort of thing at the top of his voice. Moment by moment he put off the sentence, and, as so often happens, he lost his opportunity, and they reached the top before he had said the words. Millie had to cower down because she could not stand against the wind, and it was all he could do to keep his footing. His hat blew off and was carried he knew not where in a moment. Millie's distress amused him until she lost her hat, too, when his distress amused her.

"How splendidly stupid we are!" cried Millie, laughing gayly. "Can't you see the others, Mr. Rivers?"

"No, they're not up yet." Ted shaded his eyes with his hand. It seemed to be raining in gusts, for he was quite wet. "There's a shower coming on," he shouted. "We must find shelter."

He found a nook for her, and they crouched down just as a furious shower of rain drove down upon them. Ted got wet, for there was room to shelter only one. When the shower was over, he went to look for the rest again, entreating Millie not to follow, as the rock was so slippery it was hardly safe for her. But she insisted on following, and the result was that she slipped and fell, with a cry of anguish. Ted was beside her in a moment, concerned beyond expression.

"Oh, my foot, my foot!" cried Millie. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Let me look at it," he entreated. "I know a lot about sprains, and I won't hurt you."

"No, no, it's nothing," panted Millie, "and it serves me right."

But when she tried to stand she found it impossible, and then she looked up at Ted in terror.

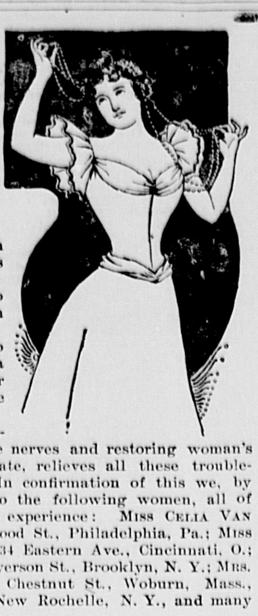
"How am I to get down this wretched rock?" she asked, on the verge of tears.

"When the others come, we'll manage somehow," he answered reassuringly, and in his distress about her he actually forgot the object that had drawn him here. "I wonder why they aren't here now," he added. He stood upon a bowlder and looked shoreward, and then he gasped. Putting his hands to his mouth, he uttered a loud and piercing call, and then he whistled shrilly, but the noise of the wind was louder than his voice, and the sea gulls' shrieking drowned his whistle. Those figures he saw in the distance, bent double against the wind, continued their homeward course steadily.

"What is it?" asked Millie, taking fright. "Why are you calling?"

"It's no good, I'm afraid," he answered. "They've given it up, and it

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS



Is a beautiful possession. If a woman owns one, and if a single pearl drops off the string, she makes haste to find and restore it.

Good health is a more valuable possession than a necklace of the most beautiful pearls, yet one by one the jewels of health slip away, and women seem indifferent until it is almost too late, and they cannot be restored.

To die before you are really old is to suffer premature death, and that is a sin. It is a sin because it is the result of repeated violations of nature's laws.

Pain, lassitude and weariness, inability to sleep, dreadful dreams, starting violently from sleep, are all symptoms of nerve trouble.

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For special symptoms Mrs. Pinkham has prepared a Sanative Wash, which will cure local troubles. Give these medicines a trial.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., if you are not quite satisfied; you can address private questions to a woman.

isn't likely they'll trouble about us. Most likely they think we went home with the others."

"That means"— exclaimed Millie.

"That we must manage to get down as best we can alone, Miss Lloyd."

Millie grew pale, but she set her lips resolutely and said she was ready. With Ted's help she managed to stand, but a shoot of pain brought an involuntary cry to her lips, and when she attempted to take a step forward, though he supported her, she could not bear it and she sank down with a short sob.

"I'd faint," she gasped. "Oh, don't think me a coward, Mr. Rivers, but I cannot, cannot bear it!"

"Then I must go for help," said Ted.

"What! And leave me? Oh, I entreat you not to leave me! I dare not stay here alone."

Ted was in a fix, but suddenly it came into his head that even if they were left here together for several hours he would not mind, and as soon as their absence was discovered a relief party would certainly be sent for them. They were safe, and her entreaty was the sweetest music in the world to him.

"No, I will not leave you," he said.

He looked about until he found a good place for her where the wind would not trouble her. Then he approached her and begged her to allow him to carry her to the spot he had found. Like a sensible girl Millie consented, and very tenderly he carried her, laying her down with so much care that she laughed at him.

"Now you must let me be your doctor," he said, taking her foot into his hand and cutting the laces.

He made a bandage with his handkerchief, soaked it in a pool and bandaged the injured ankle capitally.

"Thank you very much," she said. "That is so nice."

Ted went a short distance from her and sat down, looking toward the land. The booming sound Millie had heard was louder now, and he saw a sudden dash of spray sprinkle the rock before him. He turned and looked seaward. The breakers were already boiling round the love rock. In a few minutes escape would be impossible until the next ebb, and as the rock stood out far it was inaccessible until nearly low water. It was useless calling out now, for no one was in sight.

The tide advanced steadily, and now it had completely surrounded them. A curious thrill of joy ran through him. He glanced back to where Millie sat, bearing her pain patiently. She motioned to him to come to her.

"What do you see?" she asked.

"We are surrounded and will have to stay here until the next ebb. Old Grice told me that no boat could appproach in the finest weather, and now there's a high sea running."

"Are we safe?" she asked, looking at him in terror.

"Perfectly, but it will be cold and wet, and you are suffering."

"Not much," she replied bravely, "and it is all my stupidity. Do you think you can ever forgive me?"

Ted was not able to answer except with a look that brought a rush of color to her pale cheeks.

They sat in silence for a long time, listening to the roar of the breakers. A solitary figure appeared on the shore, but neither of them saw it. It was an old man who stood looking toward the rock through a pocket telescope. Then he shut it up and chuckled.

"Blamed if I don't believe they're there! I'll go and tell missus to make some soup for me. The young leddy'll maybe feel a bit chilly, and doubtless he'll come off of that air rock feelin inclined to reward everybody all round and me in partic'lar."

Chuckling again, old Jack Grice returned to his Betsy and told her that he'd seen what he had seen, and she was to make the best soup as she'd ever brewed and have a good fire and a kettle boiling, for he was going to save the lives of a couple of young folks on the love rock.

In order to be before any one else Jack returned to the shore and got ready his boat and several ropes. Then he sat down and smoked, keeping a lookout for any of the hotel folk who might be coming. When he saw some men running panic stricken toward him, he pocketed his pipe and pretended to be desperately busy with his boat.

"They're as safe there as if they was in their own beds," cried the old man, "but I'm a-goin to get 'em off at the risk of my life. I'm an old man and ain't of much account. If I get drownded, all I ask is as some one'll look after my missus."

Of course no one would allow him to venture on the water in the gale that was blowing, and Jack gave in with much reluctance, but insisted on keeping watch with them, and when the long, weary hours of waiting were over and it was possible to approach the love rock he was the first to dash through the narrow band of water still encircling it and climb up with noble enthusiasm to the rescue.

Millie's foot was better—it had not been much sprained after all, and the perfect rest she had given it made it a very slight matter. With help she was able to descend the rock, old Jack eagerly guiding by the easiest way. When they had got down, he received a tip so large that he had not the slightest doubt that the virtue of the rock had been proved once more, and, indeed, no one of the party who had come to welcome the adventurers was deceived by Ted and Millie's innocent manner, and Mr. Fielding took his departure the next day, which no one regretted. Of course Ted's happiness is entirely due to the fact that he proposed to Millie on the love rock.—Household Words.

A TRIUMPH OF EDUCATION.

Two Blind Children, Who Never Heard a Sound, Talk to One Another.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "Helen Keller and Tommy Stringer," written by William T. Ellis. Helen, the wonderful blind girl whose history is so well known, by personal appeals secured the sum necessary to educate a little boy similarly afflicted. They were separated soon after the education of the boy began, and Mr. Ellis gives the following account of their meeting, after being many years apart: Helen had been for weeks longing to see her little friend, and to many verbal messages had added her own written invitation to Tom and his teachers to visit her at her Cambridge home. Tom himself, although recalling little or nothing of his past acquaintance with Helen, and altogether ignorant of the debt he owed her, had begun to look forward with pleasure to the visit.

I fear that Helen's greetings to her old friends, Tom's teachers, were not so protracted as they otherwise would have been; for all the while that she was welcoming them in feminine fashion her hand was quietly moving about to discover, if possible, her long desired visitor. When she did touch his head, her fingers ran over it lightly for an instant, and then her arms were about his neck. The expressive features of the blind girl lighted up with a rare joy, and throughout the visit her countenance was shining.

"What a fine, big boy he is! The dear little fellow!" were her contradictory exclamations of delight when at last she found her voice. Then her swift moving fingers began to spell messages of affection into Tom's chubby fist. All this time she was running her other hand over his face or lifting up his hands to her own face and curls. Tom's comment of pleasure on touching her soft hair delighted her.

It was many moments before Miss Sullivan, Helen's devoted friend and teacher, could persuade her pupil, with the small company of friends, to be seated. The two blind and deaf children, by some subtle instinct, seemed to know at once their community of interest, and together they sat in a wide window seat, talking with eagerness and ease and absorbed in each other.

This is not the place to report fully the merry chatter and eager words of these two souls that so marvelously dwell apart from the world in their realm of innocence.

The strangeness of their meeting impressed her deeply. She stopped her conversation with Tom long enough to speak of this. She had been reading Tom's hand, following the movements of his fingers, as he spelled out the words with a rapidity that would make an inexperienced onlooker dizzy, by keeping her own hand partly closed over his. "I suppose Tom is not used to having people read his hand in this way," she suggested.

The progress that Tom has made since Helen last met him amazed and charmed her. In answer to an inquiry concerning Tom's education in articulation, his teacher asked him to speak to her with his lips. The strange picture that was then presented I shall never forget. The children sat together, facing each other, each countenance illumined with an animation that the possession of every faculty could not have increased. The older one's accomplishments are remarkable, so that in all things save the senses of sight and hearing she is not one whit behind the most cultured and favored of young women. The other child is following close after her, along the same pathway that she has pursued, knowing not his deficiencies even as much as his companion knows hers and withal richly encompassed by her tender sympathy.

There they sit, neither having seen since babyhood a ray of light or having heard the slightest sound and yet speaking together in articulate, audible words that all present could understand, yet which were not heard by either of the speakers!

One finger of Helen's delicate hand touched Tom's lips, and her thumb rested lightly upon his throat near the chin. He spoke to her sentence after sentence, and she repeated aloud after him the words that he uttered, answering them with her fingers. The significance, the marvelousness of it all, was overwhelming. I doubt if the world has ever seen a greater triumph of education.

FLOATING FIRE ENGINES.

The Powerful and Effective Equipment of New York's Fireboats.

Mr. Charles T. Hill, writing in St. Nicholas of New York's fire department, thus describes the pumps of the fireboat New Yorker:

These pumps have a throwing capacity of fully 10,000 gallons of water every minute, and under the best conditions they have been known to reach 12,000 gallons a minute—over 6,000 gallons more than any other fireboat afloat. The water is drawn in through the sides of the boat, below the water line, into what is known as the suction bay, making an inner reservoir from which the pumps are fed.

There are about 10,000 little holes, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, bored in the sides of the boat just outside these suction bays, and through these holes the water is drawn in and filtered so that no foreign substance may get into the pumps. From the pumps it is forced into an air chamber, thus equalizing the pressure all around, and then into a veritable water main 12 inches in diameter, which runs all around the boat between decks and supplies the various outlets. There are 42 of these outlets, including the four standpipes or monitor nozzles, and they vary in size from 6 inches in diameter down to 2½ inches, the size of the regulation fire hose. Two of the monitor nozzles are mounted aft, on top of the cabin, and a big and a small one on top of the wheelhouse. The two standpipes aft have 2½ inch nozzles, the big one on the wheelhouse having a 3½ inch opening. From the latter a solid 3½ inch stream can be thrown a distance of 320 feet, and if necessary this can be increased to a 5½ inch opening, and a mighty stream of water having that width can be sent thundering out into space over 200 feet. If you could hear this immense stream as it pours into the bay, like a miniature cataract, you could better appreciate the power of this remarkable boat.

No body of fire could very long withstand a deluge like this, and it requires only a few dashes of this massive stream to effectively quench a fire in the rigging or in the upper works of a ship. The small monitor nozzle, mounted on the other side of the wheelhouse, has a 1¾ inch opening, and a powerful stream can also be thrown from this and of course to a much greater distance, for as the stream is reduced in diameter it can go a great deal farther.

To the outlets along the side of the deckhouse and at the bow and stern are attached short lengths of hose to fight fire at close range. The pumps of the New Yorker are so powerful and the pressure of these outlets is so great that it would be impossible for men to handle these lines if there were not some sort of machinery to aid them, and therefore an appliance known as a "rail pipe" is brought into play. This is something like a big rowlock and is set in the gunwale in the same manner that a rowlock is set in the rail of a rowboat. It is fastened beneath the rail with a pin, and between the forks is swung an iron connection, oar fashion, pivoted at the sides. The short length of hose is attached to one end of this connection and a nozzle to the other, and with this device one man is able to control and direct the heaviest stream with ease. The monitor nozzles also can be managed by one man each.

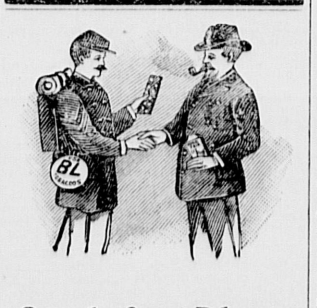
The fireproof construction of the New Yorker makes it possible to get very near a fire and deliver the powerful side streams at short range, and should the heat become so intense that the men are not able to stand by the rail pipes protecting shields are brought into use, behind which they can direct the streams with comfort. These shields slide along inside the rail on a kind of railway, so they can be placed at any part of the boat, and there is one on each side. They are made of two thicknesses of corrugated iron with an air space between, thus preventing the inner lining from becoming heated. They are arched at the top and in shape are somewhat like the shields used to protect the gunners while working at the rapid firing guns on our modern men-of-war.

There is an opening at the bottom of these shields for the nozzles of the rail pipes to project through and an oblong slot above for the fireman to look through and direct the water. With the aid of this protection for the men, and because of her own salamanderlike construction, the New Yorker is able to sail up close to a burning vessel or pier and deliver a broadside of powerful streams where the ordinary wooden fire tug could not come with fighting distance, and her ability to do this and her immense pumps make her without a doubt the most complete and effective marine fire engine ever built.

Wasted Eloquence.

The Teacher—And suppose, my dear children, that you went up to the great marble entrance, and you found it closed, and you rattled on it and called to them to let you in, and there was no reply—oh, my dear children, what would you do then?

Little Jane—Please, teacher, I'd take my pail and go round to the side door and knock three times, like papa does every Sunday.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 7.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxviii, 1-16—Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, Rom. viii, 28 — Commentary by the Rev. D. M Stearns.

1, 2. Having all got safely to land, some by swimming and some by the help of boards and broken pieces of the ship, they found themselves on the island of Melita, or Malta, and received much kindness from the people, who kindled a fire and welcomed them and did what they could to deliver them from the rain and the cold which prevailed. It must have been such a cause of gratitude to find themselves safe on land that they would not think so much of the rain and cold, and yet the kindness of the natives was very refreshing. How much joy might be brought into many a life if we all lived to show kindness to those in need! As we experience in our own hearts the loving kindness of God, which is better than life (Ps. lxiii, 3), we should surely show the kindness of God to others (II Sam. ix, 3), but these people probably knew nothing of the love of God. How often the conduct of one who knows not God puts to shame those who are His!

3-6. Paul was not above gathering sticks with the rest to help make the fire burn. It is Christlike to be ready to every good work, however humble. The meek and lowly scorn not any service they can render to another. Paul was an earthen vessel for God's glory (Gal. i, 24), and God was glorified in him in the storm before all the people on the ship. He now allows a viper to fasten on Paul's hand that before these natives the power of God may be seen in his shaking off the viper and experiencing no harm. This was according to our Lord's words in Luke x, 19, "Behold, I give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

7, 8. "Paul entered in and prayed and laid his hands on him and healed him." This was the father of Publius, the chief man of the island, who was sick of a fever, but the Lord, through Paul, instantly healed him. At one time God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that by handkerchiefs or aprons which had touched his body the sick were healed (Acts xix, 11, 12). At another time Paul had to leave Trophimus at Miletum sick. We cannot always tell whether health or sickness or life or death shall glorify God the most, so we should say as Paul said, "Christ shall be magnified in my body whether it be by life or by death" (Phil. i, 20).

9. "So when this was done others also which had diseases in the island came and were healed." Thus the power of Christ was made widely known, and we cannot think of Paul obeying part of our Lord's command without obeying the other. If he healed the sick in the name of Christ, he would certainly preach the gospel of God concerning His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, to which he had been especially called and separated (Rom. i, 1, 3). Thus not only were bodies healed, but many souls must have been saved also.

10. "Who also honored us with many honors, and when we departed they laded us with such things as were necessary." When people are really blessed, it is not necessary to ask them to give. Gratitude will show itself in some at least. The missionary money which comes to me from year to year in gratitude for the blessing received at the Bible classes convinces me of this more and more, and the abundance for current expenses in my own congregation from the grateful hearts who enjoy the ministry of the word, so that I never need to ask any one for a cent, but merely state the need when there is one and look to the Lord alone to supply it through His willing people, makes me wish that all preachers and teachers would so feed their people that the gratitude would be more manifest to the glory of God.

11. "And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria." Paul had learned to wait, and whether it was two or three weeks in a storm at sea, or three months on shore at Malta, or two years a prisoner at Cæsarea, he knew what it was to "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him" (Ps. xxxvii, 7). Our Lord waited 30 years at Nazareth and has waited over 1,800 years at God's right hand to have His body gathered out of the nations of the earth. We have great need to consider Him, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds (Heb. xii, 3).

12-14. Three days at Syracuse, a call at Rhegium, seven days at Puteoli, then on toward Rome. And every day, whether on land or sea, journeying or waiting, just living to glorify God. Conscious of His loving kindness in storm and sunshine, not because we feel it, but because we know it in Christ; conscious of His constant care of and interest in us; rejoicing that God is for us, Christ is for us, the Spirit is for us, and the angels minister to us (Rom. viii, 31, 34, 26; Heb. i, 14). Sure that all our works are prepared for us beforehand, and we have only to walk in them, doing as occasion serve us, for God is with us (Eph. ii, 10; I Sam. x, 7). Done with all fretting and murmuring and complaining, all of which is sinful; careful for nothing, prayerful for everything, thankful for anything, and rejoicing in the Lord always.

15. Brethren from Rome came to meet Paul and his companions as far as Appii forum and the three taverns, causing gratitude and inspiring courage. It is heavenly to meet on earth those who are our true blood relations. I do not mean so much our kindred as those who are one with us by the blood of Christ. These are often nearer to us than brother or sister. The bond is wonderful. Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love! Paul may have met some of these brethren in other parts of the world or not. We are not told. But they were one in Christ and living for His glory and ready to die for Him.

16. They came to Rome, and Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier who kept him. He was now where God said he would be, and as to bearing witness he had only to watch his opportunity and be ready to use it, or rather let God use him in it. He was in a measure free, even as he was in Cæsarea, and he was in the Lord's hand, who could easily make him more free if it was best. We must have the Spirit of Him who said, "I delight to do Thy will, O My God," His servants for His pleasure, not seeing people or circumstances, but only and always God, all and in all.

Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show!
Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share!

Done With the "Turkle."

"It was in a small town in North Carolina. While standing on the street corner talking we saw an old darky coming toward us with a fishing pole thrown across his left shoulder, while in his right hand he was carrying a turtle, holding him by the tail. The old fellow's face was wreathed in smiles, for he was thinking of the 'turkle' soup he was going to have that day for dinner I called my ventriloquist friend's attention to the old negro as he came shambling along 'Ain't he happy?' said I. 'Visions of turtle soup are floating through his mind' 'Wait till he gets up close to me, and I'll make that turtle speak to him,' said my friend. 'Can you do that?' 'Watch me,' said he.

"Just as the old fellow got alongside a voice, as if from the sky, said, 'Whar you gwine ter drap me?' The old man turned his eyes heavenward and said, 'Hi, who dat spoke?' Just then the voice came again, but this time it was unmistakably from the turtle. Looking down with astonishment and fear, he let go his prize, saying as he did so, 'I'ze gwine ter drap you right 'ere.' And he did. I called to him, 'Old man, come back and get your turtle!' 'No, suh He can stay d'yar I doan' want him!' 'Oh, come back!' said I. 'This man is a ventriloquist, and it was he that made the turtle speak.' Looking at my friend and moving off slowly in the opposite direction, he said, 'I doan' know nothin 'bout yo' whentriloquis, but the devil's in dat turkle, an I'm done wid him!' "—Rochester Post Express.

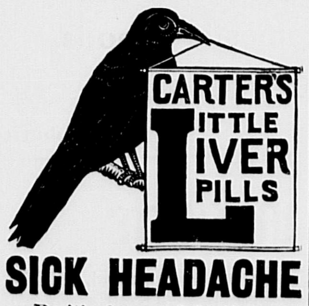
The Effect of Cold.

A bar of lead cooled to a point about 200 degrees F. below zero, according to the experiment of M. Pictet, gives out, when struck, a pure musical tone. Solidified mercury, at the same temperature, is also resonant, while a coil of magnesium wire vibrates like a steel spring.

Failed to Work.

Dinguss—Shadbolt, did you ever look closely at a silver dollar and notice how many faces you can make out on the obverse side? There's the profile of George III, the head and mane of the British lion, the profile of Disraeli and—

Shadbolt—Yes, and you'd like to run your face on a silver dollar if I had one to spare, wouldn't you? It won't work this time, Dinguss. It won't work. I haven't a silver dollar about me.—Chicago Tribune.



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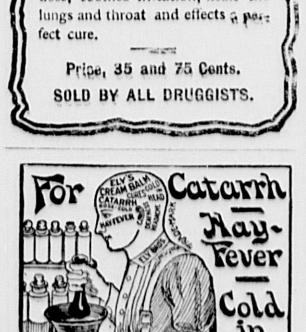

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VOL. XLVII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1897. { Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. } NO. 49.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H., 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.25, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.58, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent
W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15, 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45, 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

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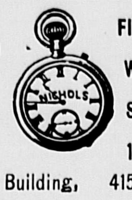

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THURSDAY, Nov. 18, 1897,
From 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

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STAR PEPSIN GUM. 2 packages for 5 cents.
OUR TOOTH POWDER. Large bottle 25 cents.
The former a popular novelty, the latter one of our many standard preparations.
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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

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The Metropolitan
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Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C. E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

Mr. Bret Harte has revived the "Heathen Chinee" in a new poem in The Hatch Mansfield Quarterly, with Abner Dean, Brown of Calaveras and Truthful James, who says:

It was rainin up at Angel's. We war sittin round the bar,
Discussin of "free silver" that was "goin soon to par,"
And Ah Sin stood thar a-listenin like a simple, guileless child
That hears the angels singin—so dreamy like he smiled.

Brown of Calaveras, who had come "waltzing up on his bike," demonstrated with Bryanite eloquence how the ratio of silver to gold should be as 16 is to 1 and drew out of his pocket a heap of silver and laid it on the counter.

"The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone,"
Said Brown, "but this poor heathen won't bow to gold alone.
So speak, my poor Mongolian, and show us your idee
Of what we call 'free silver' and what is meant by 'free.'"

Swift was the smile that stole across that heathen's face. I grieve
That swifter was the hand that swept those dollars up his sleeve.
"Me shabbee 'silvel' allee same as Melican man," says he,
"Me shabbee 'flee' means 'b'longs to none.' So Chinaman catch he!"

This action of Ah Sin was adjudged extreme, and Abner Dean proposed as punishment that Ah Sin should "strike the bimetallic balance on Mr. Brown's new bike." Ah Sin endeavors to adjust his equilibrium, but his pigtail is caught in the wheel, and he comes to grief.

"My poor Mongolian friend," said Dean, "it's plain that in your case
Your center point of gravity don't fall within your base.
We'll tie the silver in a bag and hang it from your cue,
And then, by scientific law, you'll keep your balance true!"

. . . .

And here I would remark how vain are all deceitful tricks—
The boomerang we throw comes back to give us its last licks—
And that same weight on Ah Sin's cue set him up straight and plumb,
And he scooted past us down the grade and left us cold and dumb!

. . . .

But not again we saw his face nor Brown his "silver free!"
And I marvel in my simple mind howe'er these things can be,
But I do not reproduce the speech of Brown, who saw him go,
For my words are pure and simple, and I never yet was low.

A BICYCLE ROMANCE.

It was a wretched looking old bike, and for antiquity would have taken first prize anywhere. My disappointment was intense, and tears of mortification sprang to my eyes, but I forced them back as I noticed the look of anxiety on the face of the old man beside me, who inquired, with some emotion: "Have you got a cold, Kathie? Your eyes are wet." "Yes, Uncle Thomas," I replied, "and summer colds are so hard to get rid of. But never mind my cold. Thank you so much for buying me the bicycle."

"Well, dearie," he replied, "it's not quite a new one, but I thought it would do for you to learn on." Oh, how I did wish he would go away and let me have a good cry, but as he hung about I had to mount and take a few turns round the garden, much to his delight, and he rubbed his hands, exclaiming: "Well done, little girl. You'll be there before any of them, you bet." At last he went indoors, and hiding myself in the summer house I wept copiously. What should I do? Get my prayer book and keep on repeating the collect for rain? Stay in bed the next day and pretend my cold was worse? No, neither of these resources would do, and even if it rained all night, which was not in the least likely, I would have to put in an appearance on the morrow.

Well, there was one spice of comfort left—the roads were inches deep with fine, white dust. I would start early and get a good covering of it over poor uncle's gift, and then, perhaps, some of its many deficiencies might be hid, and then, being naturally light hearted, I dried my tears and went in to prepare tea, that being a duty I did not allow our little maid to interfere with. My mother and I had lived alone for many years, my father, who had died when I was 3 years old, being only a memory to me. He had been captain and owner of a merchantman, but had only been able to leave a very moderate independency for my mother, so we two had always lived very quietly, and it was quite an event in our lives when a letter came from Frisco telling that my mother's only relative was coming home after an absence of 40 years. I had never seen my quiet mother so excited over anything. He was her mother's only brother, and she had only a very dim recollection of his going away.

"I am afraid, Kathie," she said, "that uncle is only a poor man, for although he has corresponded with me at long intervals he has never mentioned his affairs. Still I am pleased to think he is coming." Well, Uncle Thomas followed closely on the letter, and, true enough, his affairs did not seem to have flourished, for his clothes were quite threadbare and his luggage of the scantiest. Like most girls of the present day, my great ambition was to own a bicycle, but unfortunately the buying of one was quite out of the question, although I could ride well enough, my companion, Florrie Floyd, the doctor's only daughter, having let me learn on hers.

Biliousness
Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.
Hood's Pills
The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

So, after once more discussing the matter over with mother, I had to reluctantly give up all idea of joining the picnic, and I had so longed to go for one thing. It was the first time Sir Walter's demesne had ever been accessible, and that itself made me more anxious to see the beautiful grounds that had always been so jealously guarded from intrusion. Sir Walter had died six months before, and the heir that he had never seen had given permission for this special party to hold their meet in his demesne, and, by the way, he had not seen the place himself, but was expected to arrive at an early date. Perhaps I ought to have said that his agent had given the doctor's party leave to see the grounds and not he.

Well, after mother had succeeded in convincing me of her inability to get me even a secondhand mount Uncle Thomas had unexpectedly chimed in by saying, "Well, Kathie, if you don't mind having a very first class bike, I'll get you one." I was both astonished and delighted and kissed the old man effusively and went to bed quite happy, and now, just before the day of the meet, he had brought this monstrosity. Well, I must not be too hard on the old man, but I wished he had bought himself a new coat instead. The collect for rain was unanswered, so was my desire for sudden sickness. I never felt better in my life, and the sky was cloudless, so there was nothing for it but to put a bold face on the inevitable and at the time appointed.

I started, watched from the gate by my evidently admiring uncle. Creak, creak, went the old ramshackle. It was awful! What should I do when I joined the others, every one of whom owned a first class mount? Should I turn back and pretend that I had a spill? Oh, there was no pretense required, for, giving an extra groan, my mount collapsed, and it and I rolled over in the dust below. When I picked myself up, I found the rim off and the spokes all twisted and broken. There was nothing for it but to drag the remains back to the cottage and take up my daily duties, and while feeling sorry for uncle's disappointment I could not but rejoice at my escape from the criticisms of Florrie and her friends.

Still, there was no use hurrying. The day was lovely. So, dragging my wheel to a shady bank, I sat down and began to make a daisy chain and had almost completed it when a gig drove rapidly around the corner. I was on the wrong side of the road and right in its tracks. It took the driver all his time to pull up to escape driving over me, and jumping quickly to my feet I tried to get my unfortunate bike out of the way, but it was useless; its ruin was complete.

Quickly descending, the driver showed great concern at what he called his stupidity, but I only laughed and informed him that he had only completed the wreck, and, almost before I knew what I was about, I told the wheel story of uncle's gift and my disappointment. He seemed quite amused at the recital, and then told me he himself was just going to Cliff Court, Sir Walter's demense, and would have great pleasure in driving me there. I was not hard to persuade, and after he had helped me to place the remains of my bicycle carefully behind the hedge off we started, passing on the road the doctor and his guests. So after all it was I who got the first glimpse of the beautiful court and stood on the terrace among the strutting peacocks when the others arrived, "for all the world," Florrie said, as thought I "owned the place and was waiting to receive them as guests."

I should say my companion en route left me on our arrival, saying his business was with the agent, and just as the others arrived he returned, saying the agent had given him permission to take us not only over the grounds, but through the Court itself. Such a thing had never been heard of before and caused great excitement among us. It would take me a week to tell of the beauties of one of the most stately of "the stately homes of England."

We all wandered at will through the magnificent picture galleries and superb reception rooms, and then to our intense surprise found a choice lunch awaiting us in the great dining hall, where befrilled dames of hundreds of years ago looked down in haughty disdain on us, as though resenting our intrusion, and ancient knights leaned on their swords and seemed to look us through and through.

But the day waned, and much to our regret the time for starting homeward came. It was only then that I began to wonder how I was to get there, but my knight of the morning again offered me a seat, and off we drove, leaving the others to follow. The drive through the fragrant country lanes was most enjoyable, and my companion was very entertaining, telling me of many foreign lands through which he had traveled, and was describing a visit to the ice palace at St. Petersburg when we reached the spot where should have been the remains of my poor bike. But search as we would we could find no trace of them.

I was greatly upset at this, but my companion said perhaps it was best so, and then my uncle would not feel grieved at the state of his gift. Well, quite suddenly a feeling of great shyness came over me, and I began to realize how free I had been with a complete stranger and wondered what mother would think of it all. So I said I would not get into the gig again, but would walk home and make my explanations as best I could.

My friend would have gladly accompanied me, but this I refused, and shyly holding out my hand said: "Goodby. You have been very good to me, and I thank you for helping me today." But he only laughed and said: "It must not be goodby, but only good day, for I will be engaged with the agent at Cliff Court for about a month, and I hope you will let me call on your mother and yourself."

He watched me out of sight, and as I neared home I wondered how I could tell Uncle Thomas of the disaster to my bicycle, but there was no need of explanations, for on reaching home I found poor uncle had met with a sad accident, having fallen from a ladder he had mounted in order to fasten a climbing rose tree above his bedroom window. One of his legs was badly broken and he had received other serious injuries. Still, he managed to ask me if I had had "a happy day" when I stood crying at his bedside.

"Oh, yes, dear uncle," I replied, "the happiest day in my life, I am sure," on hearing which he smiled feebly and then lapsed into unconsciousness.

He was in great danger for weeks, and when my knight of the picnic called I could only see him for a moment or two. He left his card for mother and the name on it was "Mark Urquart."

Well, it became a daily thing for him to call to inquire how our invalid progressed, and sometimes I sat in the old summer house with him, but I did not understand the hold he had got on my heart till he told me he would be leaving in another week, his business with the agent being over.

Oh, how my heart ached when I thought of him going away, and he must have seen my grief in my face, for he told me he could not go unless I went with him. In vain I spoke of my uncle's illness, my mother's loneliness. He would insist on speaking to my mother that very night, and after quite a prolonged interview my mother called me in and, greatly to my surprise, told me she was quite willing for me to be married privately on account of my uncle's illness. She said Mark had quite satisfied her as to his ability to keep a wife. So the next week we were very quietly married in a neighboring town and then went to the Westmorland lakes for a week.

We had arranged to stay with mother for another week before taking up a house for ourselves, but as we traveled homeward Mark asked me if I knew that Sir Frederick, Sir Walter's successor, was to arrive that night to take possession of Cliff Court. I said no, and that it would be delightful for us to mix with the crowd that would be waiting to welcome him before going on to the cottage.

So, Mark being agreeable, we took a fly from the station and arrived as a light was being put to an immense bonfire on the hill. Mark said we would go in by the side gate and escape the crush, and we reached the terrace without difficulty. The peacocks should have been gone to roost, but the noise had evidently roused them, and they were strutting about just as they had been that other day. Just as I was going to remind Mark of that time a great cheer went up, and a crowd came rushing around us crying "Long live Sir Frederick!" and Mark said: "Forgive me, Kathie darling, for deceiving you. I am Sir Frederick!"

Then before I could realize what he really meant Florrie came running up and said: "Didn't I say that other day that you were just like the owner receiving your guests? And now you are really part owner. I wish you much happiness."

Oh, dear, it had all come to me so unexpectedly that I felt faint, and asked Mark (for I could not call him Frederick) to take me to mother. He told me she and uncle, who had improved very quickly, were waiting in the Court for me, so I hastened in and found them in a cozy, quiet morning room. Mother clasped me in her arms and asked my forgiveness in aiding Mark, who had told her his real position the night he proposed to me. But while she was speaking we heard Mark say:

"Is it possible that you are Uncle Thomas?"

You see, owing to uncle's accident he had not seen him before. My uncle laughed and said:

"I suppose my little game is up," and while mother and I looked from one to the other for some explanation, Mark said:

"I find that after all it is I who must introduce Uncle Thomas to you. We are old friends and traveled together from Frisco. He is the famous American millionaire, Thomas Gilford Banks. The latter name he adopted some years ago."

So it turned out that Mark (whose name was Frederick Mark) had not married a poor girl after all, though he thought he had, for I am my uncle's sole heiress, and he gave me a bicycle worthy of a millionaire as a marriage present.—Belfast News.

After.... Taking
a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into mole-hills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking
Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

THE FRENCH ARISTOCRACY.

How Some Plebeian Names Attained to the Patrician Degree.

Under the government of July, and also when the second empire came, many of the old families were averse to entering the diplomatic service, where their names would have been a pledge of welcome abroad. Resort was therefore had to what are called in France hommes de carriere. These had not and could not have any other authority than their talents gave them. This was not enough either for the government or them. They were therefore made barons and counts. Some of them acquired their titles from foreign governments. The court of Rome, while not prodigal, rarely refused to grant a title of count when asked for it. Several French charges d'affaires, and even embassadors, got their semblance of nobility from Rome. Some still exist which had no other origin.

The operation was at times rendered awkward by the too plebeian form of the name. Ne change pas de nom qui veut, but with a little smartness and the help of the chancellor's office the difficulty could be got over. If the name began with De, which is the particle indicative of nobility, it was an easy matter, the only thing necessary being the separation of the initial syllable from the rest of the name. For instance, M. Delamare became M. de Lamare, M. Delestrade was transformed into M. de Lestrade and M. Dervilley signed "D'Ervilley." But the operation became a little more troublesome when the name was a very commonplace one, such as Durand, Regnault or Dupont. In that case the name of a town or a political division was added, and the gentleman called himself Dupont de l'Eure or de Nemours, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Durand de Romorantin, and so forth.

When no name of a town or village was available, the would be nobleman applied for permission to add his mother's maiden name to his own, especially if it had an aristocratic sound. In this way a certain embassador, whose family name was a ridiculous one, but whose mother's name, though plebeian, was easy to disguise, dropped by degrees his own name and retained only the maternal appellation, just prefixing the particle "de" and the title of baron conferred on him under the empire. In the elevated circle in which he moves, thanks to his intelligence and superior education, no one suspects that his real name, if he went by it, would associate him more intimately with kitchens than with diplomatic salons.

A fair idea can be formed of French society as it exists today. A tenth part, at most, consists of old families that have survived the revolutions and who live generally in retirement, far from the busy, noisy world. Many have placed their sons in the army, and a number cultivate their land, some of them with an energy worthy of being imitated by professional farmers. Nearly all their names can be found in the list of the Agricultural society of France, mingled in equal proportion with the names of the men most esteemed in scientific agriculture. Three-tenths at least belong to what is called la noblesse de la contrebande, while another tenth are connected with the higher liberal professions, literature, the sciences, pure and applied, the different classes of the institute and the upper professorships. The remaining half consists partly of politicians, many of whom have held office, and partly of great financiers, a large number of whom are of foreign origin, some of them occupying, owing to their intelligence, their wise conduct, their generosity or the circumspection they display in their delicate position, a very high place in public esteem.

Such are the elements forming French society at the present time. It has no pronounced vices, little pride, enough vanity not to care to be caught in fault, a sufficiently moderate thirst for pleasure to allow others, sprung from the ranks, to take the lead, fairly broad principles, measured convictions, elevated judgment in matters of taste and intellect, a love of country that has nothing narrow about it, and, to crown all, a charity so beneficent, so efficacious, that slanderous tongues attribute it to a selfish desire to satisfy oneself in helping others. For our part we look upon this kind of egotism as being equal to a virtue.—Nineteenth Century.

Irish In the Sixteenth Century.

They live in huts made of straw. The men are all large bodied, and of handsome features and limbs, and as active as the roe deer. They do not eat oftener than once a day, and that is at night, and that which they usually eat is butter with oaten bread. They drink sour milk, for they have no other drink; they don't drink water, although it is the best in the world. On feast days they eat some flesh half cooked, without bread or salt, as that is their custom. They clothe themselves, according to their habit, with tight trousers and short, loose coats of very coarse goat's hair. They cover themselves with blankets and wear their hair down to their eyes. They are great walkers and inured to toil. The most of the women are very beautiful, but badly got up. They do not wear more than a chemise and a blanket, with which they cover themselves, and a linen cloth, much doubled, over the head and tied in front. They are great workers and housekeepers, after their fashion.—From "Captain Cuellar's Adventures In Connacht and Ulster."

The Reason For It.

Men's garments button toward the right side and women's garments usually button toward the left side. This custom dates back to the time when citizens were compelled to go about armed. When a lady took a gentleman's arm, she usually walked on his left side, thus leaving his right arm free to use his sword to defend her. Her left arm was thus at liberty and her garments buttoned from the side opposite from that of the gentleman's in order to suit it.—People's Friend.

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A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.
REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.
A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.
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Literary Notices.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November is a fine number. Its contents are unusually fresh and interesting, which is saying much for a magazine that is always entertaining and instructive. Many of the papers are admirably illustrated by competent artists. Among the more notable ones are: With the Greek Soldiers, A Pair of Patient Lovers, The City to the North of Town, The New Japan, In Memoriam, The Century's Progress in Biology, Daniel Webster, The Great Stone of Sardis (a queer story), Joshua Goodenough's Old Letter, Who Made the Match? Spanish John, and many others, all excellent.

***HARPER'S is sold by the New England News Co., 14-20 Franklin street, Boston; and by Horton at the Woburn Bookstore.

THE LIVING AGE has so long maintained a conspicuous position in the current literature of the day that it requires only to be known to be valued. At this season, when the reading public are deciding upon their subscriptions to periodical literature for the ensuing year, we feel it incumbent upon us to call especial attention to this weekly magazine. There is no single work published which is so calculated to inform and entertain readers with the spirit of the age—critical, political and literary. In the issue of November 6 will be given the first instalment of a new serial story, With all Her Heart, translated for THE LIVING AGE from the French of M. Rene Bazin. This novel, in its recent presentation in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, aroused the greatest interest, attracting the attention of litterateurs both in France and England. A vivid portrayal of life in a French industrial town, it is interesting alike as a social study, and as a realistic, yet delicate story of modern life. Its literary and ethical qualities are so unusual that *Les Annales Litteraires et Politiques* described it as "an epoch-making story." *The London Athenæum* characterises it as "a work of fine and searching analysis, full of charm, and redolent of a perfume which is exquisite and possesses no disquieting element." To all new subscribers to THE LIVING AGE for 1898, will be sent gratis the eight numbers of 1897, containing the first instalments of With all Her Heart.

Began to Run Down.

"For several months I was troubled with indigestion and I had little or no appetite, and what food I did eat gave me distress and I began to run down. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine relieved me so that I could eat without distress." MRS. E. S. MERRISEU, 35 Essex St., Melrose, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy, efficient. 25c.

In the average man's opinion, he laughs best who laughs at the average man's jokes.

General Fitzhugh Lee is being considered for the Presidency of the University of Virginia.

Sometimes the June bride looks at the October bride with a sympathetic interest that amounts almost to pity.

An Opportunity You Now Have

of testing the curative effects of Ely's Cream Balm, the most positive Cure for Catarrh known. Ask your druggist for a 10 cent trial size or send 10 cents, we will mail it. Full size 50c.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

The Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, the historian of Methodism, died in San Jose, Cal.

Queen Victoria is interested in the Klondike developments.

A perfect gentleman is the man who never disagrees with you.

Some people's sympathy never gets to the point of lending money.

Puck's motto is: "Price, ten cents. 'What fools these mortals be.'"

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1897.

THE CIRCUIT BOULEVARD.

Last Friday another step was taken towards carrying out the plan for the boulevard projected a year or more ago by leading men of Woburn and Winchester. It is known as the Circuit Boulevard.

At half past two o'clock on that day William B. de la Casas, Chairman, and Edwin H. Haskell, A. L. Richards, Col. Thomas L. Livermore, members of the Metropolitan Park Commission, accompanied by John Woodbury, Secretary of the Commission, William T. Pierce, Engineer, and Frederick Law Olmstead, Jr., Landscape Architect, were met at Winchester by Mayor John P. Feeney, Hon. Edward D. Hayden, Hon. Edwin F. Wyer and Elmore A. Pierce, all of Woburn, and Samuel W. Twombly, Esq., of Winchester, where the party took carriages and drove over the proposed line for the boulevard. The object was of course to show the Commission the attractions of the route and the feasibility of the scheme to beautify Woburn and Winchester.

So far as one was able to judge from remarks made by members the Commission were very favorably impressed with the country through which they passed, with its beauties and adaptability for parkway purposes, and the reasons urged by the entertainers for building one. The drive extended from a point in Winchester up Mystic Valley to the east side of Woburn, thence on through Woburn City Park, and then to the Public Library via Wyman and Winn streets where the party disembarked for an examination of the beautiful public edifice on Pleasant street which contains a library of 40,000 volumes of books the use of which is free to every resident Woburn. The building and its contents, its art gallery, and the ornithological and minerological collections,interested the guests very much and were greatly admired.

Re-entering their carriages the party proceeded on to Horn Pond and the Commissioners had pointed out to them as they passed along the exceptional advantages which the route offered for an extension of Winchester Parkway from Mystic station or near it, to the centre of this city. They appeared to be duly impressed with these advantages, and it was quite apparent that they regarded the Circuit Boulevard plan with favor.

Stress was laid on the desirability of the route from the Public Library in this city to a point on the Winchester Parkway as a continuation of the splendid piece of boulevard just completed along Mystic Lakes from West Medford to Winchester, and the rare natural beauties which need only the touches that the landscape architect would be able to give them to make them surpass any other land and water scenery in this section of country, not excepting Middlesex Fells. The natural beauties of the route from Winchester to Woburn are far superior to those of the Winchester Parkway except perhaps in the matter of water, and in this respect it is its equal. Beginning at the Public Library, in the rear of which the Library Commissioners are seriously contemplating the laying out of an ornamental Park in the near future, and in virtual connection with such a Park, the route, as contemplated by the party last Friday, would run across Town Meadow to Meadow Brook, down the brook to North Warren street, thence via Ellis street across Pleasant street, and via Water street, to Horn Pond. A short stone bridge would connect this point with the roadbed of the partially built and now abandoned Mystic Valley Railroad on the west side of Horn Pond. From these the line would follow, and the Commissioners would appropriate, said roadbed its entire length to a point on the Winchester Parkway a short distance below Mystic Station on the Boston & Maine line.

With the Library Park as a starting point, with its brooks, woodlands, ponds, hills and picturesque ledges, a Parkway more beautiful than any in the Metropolitan system can be constructed at a much less expense than some already built have cost. It would afford a magnificent drive through scenery as delightful as any that can be found in the vicinity of Boston, from Woburn Centre to West Medford, almost 5 miles, and thence through as fair and beautiful a country as the sun shines on to Bunker Hill Monument.

SUB-COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The non-partisan Nominating Committee held a meeting last Monday evening to hear and act on the report of a sub-committee appointed to draw up a set of rules to regulate and govern the action of the whole in their work of presenting the names of candidates to be voted for next December. Hon. George F. Bean, President, presided, and the sub-committee submitted the result of their labors through George W. Norris, Esq., Chairman.

The report raised a breeze, something more than a gentle zephyr, at once. Lawyer Curran, Ald. Ela, and some other Democrats, opposed certain rules and in their opposition used language above normal temperature. Dr. Harlow, John W. Johnson, Esq., President Bean, Hon. E. D. Hayden, Capt. E. F. Wyer, George W. Norris, Esq., Major Hall, Judge Johnson, Lawrence Reade, Esq., Lawyer Converse, Lawyer Riley, and others, discussed the report, or parts of it, more or less dispassionately, some pro and some con. With a few modifications the report was adopted.

To a disinterested spectator it was apparent that there existed in the meeting a spirit which if persisted in would prove inimical to future harmony in the Committee. Such spectator could not free himself of the impression that certain members of the Committee will bolt the non-partisan movement unless everything goes their way, because like Ephraim they are joined to their idols and will not give them up. However, such a course by a few members, or any considerable number, cannot effect the standing of the Committee who, in discharge of the trust reposed in them by the people, will go on until their duties are performed.

The rules agreed on by the sub-committee, while not faultless, were all good, and their adoption would hurt nobody who was in the movement for the public weal. And it appeared that the attacks of the objectors were not aimed so much at the letter of the law as to the spirit which they thought animated it. The flurry in the meeting might well be attributed to partisan jealousy.

Adjourned to next Monday evening.

☞ Mr. Levi Furbush, Reform candidate for Mayor of this city, has a letter in a late issue of the Boston *Post* which deals in a severely condemnatory manner with the Woburn non-partisan Nominating Committee. He has no faith in the Committee, indeed he looks upon it as a delusion and a snare, and warns honest voters ("God save the mark!") to beware of its wiles. He points out with caustic pen the deadly dangers that lurk in the so-called non-partisan movement, and tells the people, by implication at least, that Levi Furbush is about the only man in town who is fit to be Mayor. Levi is into the business clean up to his neck, and if the people refuse to elect him and the city consequently goes to "the demnition bowwows" it will be no fault of his.

☞ What, if anything, are the temperance men doing towards carrying this city for prohibition in December? Have they given up the fight, abandoned the contest in disgust? We should hope not. But what are they doing? Are they organized, or will they be, for the fray? We have men among us who say that the cause of temperance is dear to their hearts. They pretend to be devoted to its success soul and body. They say they work for it, pray for it, and pass sleepless nights over it. But what are they doing to redeem Woburn next December? That's what we want to know.

☞ At the conference of the Democratic members of the Nominating Committee held at the Central House last Saturday evening no official action was taken on questions that came before it. Informally the idea was given out that if things didn't go to suit them in the Committee they would withdraw and go into the Democratic caucuses. This, it is to be feared, some of them will do. But if they do not intend to abide by the decisions of the Committee the honorable course for them to pursue is a different one from that which is contemplated.

☞ Dr. Harlow said at the Committee meeting Monday night that all he asked for was the nomination of good men—the best in the business. He didn't care a continental whether they were all Republicans or all Democrats or a mixture of both, but didn't say how it would be about Mugwumps. Lawyer Curran thought that the Doctor's was a singular stand to take—a sort of visionary squint at things; but then Lawyer Curran is a "practical politician," you know.

☞ Robert Thomas's Old Farmers Almanack for 1898 has made its welcome appearance at the JOURNAL office in season for Thanksgiving Day. It is still published by William Ware & Co. of Boston, a firm, we suspect, contemporary with Mr. Thomas, who issue it this season in the same style in which each number has appeared from the beginning, 105 years ago. We prize it above rubies.

☞ It is a simple matter of American history that Democratic free trade or low tariff has brought just such depression in a greater or less degree as was experienced under Wilson-Gormanism, while Republican protective tariffs have brought just such prosperity as was witnessed under the McKinley law, and is now coming back again under the Dingley protective tariff.

☞ The Committee last Monday night voted "hands off" in the matter of the Ward Aldermen. An endorsement by the Committee of the Ward nominations was considered, but the proposition met with strong opposition and the idea was given up. That seemed a good way of disposing of the question.

☞ There are a large number of prominent citizens who would like to see Mr. E. C. Cottle nominated by the Charter Committee for Mayor. They believe he would be the right man in the right place. There is certainly no one in the city who would fill the Mayor's Chair more acceptably than Mr. Cottle.

☞ According to the official reports of the government, compiled under a free-trade Democrat, the farmers of the country lost in decreased consumption and decreased values one thousand million dollars a year during the last Cleveland administration.

☞ It is strange that the Democratic editors and statesmen who are reviling the Dingley law as oppressive and unconstitutional never advocate a return to the just and ample Wilson law.

☞ Governor Wolcott has followed in the wake of President McKinley and proclaimed Thursday, Nov. 25 as Thanksgiving Day. His proclamation is a good one as such proclamations go.

☞ The Democratic City Committee hold a meeting this evening to make arrangements for holding caucuses for the city election.

For Sale or To Let.

House of 13 rooms and out-buildings and an acre of land, 138 Canal St. Two separate tenements, 6 and 10 dollars per month, or 15 dollars per month for whole place. No one but responsible persons need apply.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., Woburn

☞ Mayor Feeney will be a candidate for re-election all stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

McGrath—Goods.
J. W. Shaw—To Let.
Trinity Church—Fair.
R. P. Tillman—Journal.
59 Pleasant St.—To Let.
Min. Pub. Co.—Salesmen.
Van Steenberg—Dressmaking.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— Bear in mind Miss Lang's concert this evening.

— Work on the Fowle block progresses in good shape.

— Read the advertisement Rooms to Let at 59 Pleasant street.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— There was no school on Tuesday afternoon on account of the storm.

— Charles Bowers Winn Camp of S. of V. were inspected last evening.

— We thank Representative Wood for copies of late Chicago newspapers.

— Buy your Thanksgiving crockery at Prior's mark down sale, Dow's Block.

— Friday Night Club will hold its first meeting on next Friday evening, Nov. 19.

— As we go to press, Nov. 12, the first snowstorm of the season is raging like fury.

— Prior is making things hum in his temporary store in Dow's Block. Great cut in prices.

— Some of the best talent in the country will appear in Miss Lang's concert this evening.

— The Christian Endeavor Society, L. W. T. A., will hold a social at 7.45 P. M., Nov. 16.

— It was only 26 above yesterday morning. The ground froze considerably during the night.

— The big rainstorm cleared off in the lovliest kind of style Tuesday evening, and Nature smiled again.

— Mr. C. M. Strout reports that his change of base to the Dow Block has had no unfavorable effect on his business.

— Young Tenney, he too clung to the JOURNAL piping job like grim death and helped O'Brien put it through kiting.

— Mr. Josiah Leathe advertises the Leathe homestead on Canal street for sale. It is a good property and a desirable location.

— Observe and read carefully the change in the time-table of the Lynn & Boston Street Railroad, East Middlesex Division.

— Publisher Call sends out the *Corner Stone* on time and fine shape this month. It contains all the church news of the town.

— The Sunny Circle of King's Daughters will hold a meeting at 4 o'clock this afternoon in the parlor of the Orthodox church.

— Mrs. Dr. Frank W. Graves is visiting a sister and other relatives in New York. If our memory serves us rightly, she is a native of that city.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn,sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Next Friday evening, Nov. 19, the ladies of Trinity church will hold their annual sale in G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Block. There will be a supper.

— Read the manager's announcement of the next number in the Star Course of entertainments. It is going to be one of the neatest things that ever came over.

— Prior's mark down sale of crockery, steel enameled and tin ware, glass ware, wagons, doll carriages, etc , will continue another week at Dow's Block. Now is your time to buy.

— Jones and Hanson's horse mart and auction sales at stated periods are growing in popularity. The thing bids fair to become a permanent Woburn institution and a successful one.

— Physically speaking Lawyer Allen has his ups and downs about as regular as clockwork. Just now he isn't as sturdy and robust as he would like to be, but hopes to be in better case in due time.

— A civil suit for personal damages inflicted on the plaintiff by the defendant with a ladder—a curious weapon either for offence of defence—was up for trial in the District Court last Wednesday.

— We understand that Mr. Elmore A. Pierce was greatly encouraged by the visit of the Metropolitan Park Commissioners last week and that he now sees daylight for the Circuit Boulevard. It really does look that way. No doubt the Commissioners thought well of the plan and we shall be greatly disappointed if they don't set shovels operating hereabouts next spring.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is
GOOD
for all diseases that have their origin in impure blood. It is
BETTER
than other sarsaparillas, better made, of better ingredients and by better methods. Its record of cures proclaims it the
BEST

— The management of the Woburn Star Course have placed the tickets for its remainder (7 entertainments) of the course at $1.50 for choice reserved seats, or 75c. for admission. "A word to the wise," etc.

— Ladies who are beginning to look around for holiday presents should take pains to examine Copeland & Bowser's stock of beautiful jars and pots for house plants. It is the handsomest ever seen in this city.

— A goodly company of Woburn women attended the meeting of the Woburn–Andover Branch of Foreign Missions at the Congregational church at Melrose Highlands yesterday. They had good weather for it.

— Mr. John W. Shaw advertises for rent the dwelling recently built by him near the corner of Charles and Main streets, this city. It is a nice place, with modern improvements. The rent will be reasonable.

— Mr. Amos Cummings has been opening and shelving Christmas goods for a week past in order to have them ready when the "Merry" season comes. He shows a large variety of novel things for Christmas presents.

— Coffee should not be used especially by fleshy or bilious persons. It thickens the blood and apoplexy is oftentimes the result of its use. "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee" contains all the elements of nutrition.

— Mr. Irish, manager of the store on Main st. and Montvale ave., will make a flying visit to and stay over Sunday at his old home in Biddeford, Maine, tomorrow night. Mrs. Irish has been there a fortnight or more.

— When deer becomes so thick and tame that they can be killed with stones, as a New Hampshire man killed one the other day, it is about time for some of our Woburn hunters to stop bragging over their great feats.

— If it hadn't been for Daniel O'Brien, the boss pipeman at Freeman & Co's, there is no telling when the JOURNAL block would have got its steam heating fixtures in. He stuck to it good and strong and conquered at last.

— Bradford, Thomas & Co., one of the largest wholesale dry goods houses in Boston retires from business Dec. 1. McGrath purchased ten thousand dollars worth of winter goods there this week. Call and see the wonderful bargains.

— Supt. Wallis is authority for the statement that in due time the plant of the Electric Light and Power will receive a new, up-to-date outfit. That is what it needs, and when got it will be one of the best establishments in the country.

— A boom in leather making in this city is not conspicuously in evidence. It is coming, but the advance agent has not put in an appearance yet. There are a good many idle men in town who would like to work if they could get anything to do.

— Stone, the popular Main st. marketman, is fixing things up and getting a good ready for Thanksgiving Day trade. All the ingredients necessary for the first three or four courses of a bangup Thanksgiving dinner will be for sale at Stone's market.

— Brother Norris has a realizing sense of the fallibility of politicians, hence his rule last Monday evening that the Committee shouldn't try to cheat each other. Its introduction was just like scaring a hen off her nest—it set the whole barnyard to cackling.

— Last Wednesday evening St. Theresa Court, 109, and Emerald Court, 53, M. C. O., both of Peabody, visited Quealy Court of this city and were handsomely entertained. A supper, dance and social intercourse were prominent features of the evening.

— Novelty evening at Lyceum Hall, Nov. 22, Woburn Star Course, when Prof. Floyd, Prestidigitateur, Illusionist and Entertainer, with Maynard & Coffin the popular Blind Vocalists and Instrumentalists, will give an entertainment sure to please all who are fortunate to attend.

— Guess the ground has got well soaked by this time. The rain a week or so ago did a good job, but the one which set in Monday night and continued all day Tuesday finished up the business in fine shape. The wet must have reached pretty near down to the centre of things.

— Local politics are warming up in this city. Just at present everything is in an embryotic condition. The people are patiently waiting for the nominations, but some of them are grinding knives, all the same. It looks now as though the campaign is to be a red hot one.

— Hugh Martin goes on and builds a nice piece of road, irons it out smooth, and puts on the frills and trimmings, and the next day Crilley, or the gas folks, or somebody, comes along and digs it all up, and then where is Martin's neat piece of work with its frills and trimmings?

— The Woburn Encampment, I. O. O. F., will open a series of dancing assemblies at Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17. They have engaged Tripp's Orchestra of Melrose, a first class one, to furnish music for the course. Mr. Alvah H. Foster is to be General Manager.

— Woburn can boast of the ablest football team in this section of country. They have downed about everything they have run up against this fall and looked over their shoulders for more world's to conquer. With this and the boss rifle team in the State why shouldn't Woburn be happy?

— Rev. Dr. March preached at Reading last Sunday. We hope the senior Twombly, Editor and proprietor of the *Chronicle*, went to meeting that day, for if there is a man in the sleepy old town of Reading who needs religion, and needs it bad, it is the Nestor of the Middlesex press.

— The "Wonderful Sweet Family" will give an entertainment in the vestry of the First Baptist church on Friday evening, Nov. 19. Price of tickets 15 cents. Nearly a dozen bright young ladies will fill the characters of the "Family," for which rehearsals are now in progress. The entertainment will be a novel one and cannot but highly please an audience.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop.
Choicest Blended Formosa Oolong Tea.
Packed in ½ and 1 lb. Fancy decorated Tin Cans.
The Best Package Tea in this City.
Prices: 30c. per half lb. 60c. per lb.
For Sale by FITZ & STANLEY.
Boston Branch Store.

— Off against the intense interest taken in the question of Mayor, Aldermen at Large and Board of Public Works, it should be remembered that three members of the School Committee are to be elected. No poor material should be selected to fill the vacancies. The Board can bear a little toning up.

— If a foot of snow should fall on Dec. 1, 1897, and remain on the ground until June 1, 1898, wheelmen would have to hang up their fiddles and pedestrians would get a chance to rest and tone up their nervous system which had become shattered from constant fear of death from bicycles.

— The Hanlon Theatrical Company who played at Lyceum Hall last Saturday evening gave a fine entertainment and deserved a larger audience. It was a from fair to middling house—just enough to pay expenses with a dollar or two over—whereas the Hall should have been filled from pit to dome.

— A good idea of the beauties of Shaker Glen, which the Lexington Street Railway Company have bought for a Park and pleasure grounds, may be obtained by looking over Mr. Elmore A. Pierce's collection of photographic views of some of its lovliest features. Its rural charms are many and rare.

— Rev. Dr. March has generously given the oil portrait of himself which has for years hung on his study walls to the Charitable Society of the First church and it has been hung in the church parlor. It was an appropriate disposition of the portrait and everybody will be glad that it has found a permanent home just where it belongs.

— The Lend a Hands had mighty bad weather for their dramatic performance at the Unitarian church last Tuesday evening. Nevertheless, there was a fairly good turnout and everybody got his money's worth and right change back. The reports on the street Wednesday were to the effect that the performance was a praiseworthy one.

— Particular attention is hereby respectfully solicited for the advertisement of a Supper and Sale by the ladies of Trinity church, to be held next Friday afternoon and evening, Nov. 19, in G. A. R. Hall, Post 161, Savings Bank Block. It is to be their annual affair of the kind and will no doubt attract a large gathering of people. A prime supper may be depended on.

Good

Blood is essential to health. Every nook and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's

Blood

Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. It is because of its great power to purify the blood that

From

Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomplished so many wonderful cures. It makes the blood pure, drives out the germs of disease. Thousands today enjoy good health as the natural result of taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

REMOVAL!
Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS,
Music Rooms,
No. 2 Bennett Street.
Class or Private Lessons.
Courses include Harmony and Musical Form.

— Mrs. N. E. Van Steenberg, dressmaker and hairdresser, occupies Room No. 3 in Mechanics Block where she will be pleased to receive patrons. In her dressmaking she guarantees the latest styles and the best of work, with prices ranging from $4 up. Ladies who patronize her hairdressing department will be satisfactorily served at all times. Prices: shampooing, 50 cents; singing, 25 cents.

— Willis J. Buckman has everything in his well patronized store necessary for the composition of Thanksgiving pies, cake, puddings; pickles, cheese, fruits; and almost everything else. Thanksgiving Day comes two weeks from yesterday. Anybody might know from the looks of the markets that it was close at hand. Drop into Buckman's and see what he has to sell you for your Thanksgiving dinner.

— It wouldn't be fair to "crowd the mourners," but the rank and file are getting anxious about the nominations for City officers. They want to begin talking just as soon now as possible, to be given the privilege of abusing somebody, of finding fault, and giving the Committee fits. The rank and file are being deprived of precious privileges, and we would suggest that the Committee try to hurry up the cakes a little.

— Rev. Doremus Scudder, pastor of Woburn First church, entertained by invitation about 50 clergymen of the Woburn Conference last Tuesday. To do ample justice to so large a number he induced the King's Daughters to prepare and manage the dinner for them in the vestry of the church, which duty they performed in the most admirable manner. We understand the ministers enjoyed their visit with Rev. Mr. Scudder.

— People contemplating putting in electric motors to run machinery will do well to remember that Mr. George A. Blaisdell carries on an extensive business in that line in Boston and also that he is a firstclass electrician. He puts in plants of all sizes, furnishes single motors and sets them up, and supplies everything needed in the business. He is a Woburn man and Woburn people ought to patronize him, especially as he is A 1.

— The next Central Stables auction sale of horses, carriages, harnesses, etc. will take place at 10.30 a. m., Tuesday, Nov. 16. The sale on the 9th was a very good one, consignments by Woburn and other owners being on the increase. The regular sales make a firstrate opportunity for the people to dispose of their horses and carriages, and the longer they run the more the privilege is appreciated. Please bear in mind the date of the next auction—Nov. 16.

— The next and last number in the Star Lecture Course will be given next Thursday evening, Nov. 18, and the subject "Ben Hur." The lecturer, Rev. Mr. Packard, has kept "the best of the wine for the last of the feast," and if we are not greatly mistakened the Methodist church will have all it can possibly do to accommodate the audience that evening. Things have been provided for to go with the lecture that will make it by far the best entertainment given here this season.

— Woburn merchants tell us that they have good customers at Lexington, and expect many more when the Lexington Street Railroad is completed. Not a few ladies with a plenty of money in that town regularly buy their dry goods and millinery in this city, and some of them come here by the way of Boston too. This being the case at the present time, what may not our merchants reasonably expect in the way of trade from Lexington when the two places are connected by an electric road with half hour trips? They will do well to reach out for that business.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.
367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

— At the meeting of the Men's League of the First Congregational church to be held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, Hon. Sherman Hoar will speak on "A Day with a Member of Congress." Mr. Hoar was a conspicuous member of the Fifty-second Congress, and as the Prosecuting Attorney for the United States in the famous Bram case made a great reputation. The meeting will be held in the lecture room of the church at 7.30 and the public are cordially invited to be present.

— We have been informed by the marketmen of this city, who of course are disinterested and therefore should be implicitly believed, that this town has never, in all its long and honorable history, seen such stacks on stacks of spareribs, sausage, souse, pork steaks and tenderloins, beef roasts, hind quarters of lambs, corned mutton, chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, as will be opened out at the markets in this city several days before the annual and glorious Thanksgiving Day. "Wait for the Wagon!"

— Messrs. J. W. & E. F. Johnson have had plans made for an entertainment hall, or opera house, in the upper story of the Skating Academy and are seriously considering the question of building one. The plans provide for a stage 30x50 feet and a seating capacity sufficient to accommodate any crowd of people likely to apply for admittance. The hall, if decided on, will be finished and furnished in modern style, and thus "fill a long felt want." The proprietors also contemplate building a street from the west end of the big building around its rear to the east end, and level down that section of Meetinghouse Hill.

— In view of the daring act of a brace of highwaymen in holding up and robbing an Arlington butcher of $16 early one evening towards the end of last week in Burlington, our advice to certain elderly gentlemen of that town is to make shorter stops at Woburn Centre and reach their homes before sunset. We refrain from giving names, but have several of them in our mind's eye who will do well to heed our kindly admonition. Burlington is getting to be one of the wickedest places in this Commonwealth, a paradise for highway robbers, and a stamping ground for evil doers by night; and we consider it unsafe for the elderly gentlemen aforesaid to be away from their domiciles after nightfall.

— On the 16th of last January Mr. B. H. Nichols transplanted from his Main st. place to the grounds of his new residence on Academy Hill a pear tree, and when he insisted that it would live and bear fruit this fall some of his neighbors declared that he ought to be put into a straight jacket. Well, the tree was carefully replanted in its new home and taken care of, and this fall, just as Mr. Nichols said it would, it bore pears as large and fair as any other trees, and as to quality we can testify from personal experience that they were fine. A plumtree, transplanted at the same time, also bore fruit, but an appletree, although it blossomed late in the season, failed to fructify. How would those neighbors have felt if they had put Mr. Nichols into a straight jacket last January?

— Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather conditions the Unity Concert Company, with DeSeve as star attraction, drew a good audience to Lyceum Hall last Monday evening. The seats were well filled,although not crowded,as they should, and doubtless would have been but for the rain. The concert gave great satisfaction, and in every respect the rendering of a capital programme was fully up to the manager's representations. Mr. Folsom, an old and successful entertainment purveyor, is reliable and never falls short of giving public just what he promises, and that was the case last Monday evening. Every number was the best of its kind, and its kind was of the highest quality.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS BANCROFT
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

COFFEE!

You can buy of us the genuine Mocha and Java Coffee ⅓ Mocha and ⅔ Java at

35c. per lb.

You cannot buy it for less money anywhere.

If people who think they are buying the best Mocha and Java Coffee at retail for less than it costs to import would try a pound of our

Boston Blend
At 25c. per lb.

they would get better Coffee and get what they buy, and get the worth of their money.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

The Unity Company are a strong combination. They appear before the best audiences in New England and always with marked success. The audience at Lyceum Hall were delighted with the whole performance, and those who failed to be present lost a genuine musical and literary treat.

— Mr. Robert B. Eaton and Mrs. Page Eaton got back from their Western trip last Wednesday in good health and spirits. They were away five weeks and passed a large share of the time in Nebraska where Mr. Eaton has landed interests. He told a JOURNAL man that the people of Nebraska have never been in better financial sledding than they are now.

The three-year-old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack, saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business, a member of the firm of Johnson Bros. of that place; and they handle a great many patent medicines for throat and lung diseases. He had all these to chose from, and skilled physicians ready to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family at a time when his child's life was in danger, because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says this is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

SEEING'S BELIEVING.

Not always true of clothing Wearing has a deal to do with it. We should have it read

Wearing's Proving.
Our Clothing Wears.

Just now we are talking about OVERCOATS. The air is "shrewd and nipping," and a well made cold-excluder is a necessity.

Our $15 Blue, Black and Brown Kersey Overcoats

are of such extraordinary value that no arguments are necessary. A glance at our stock will convince you.

There is no advance in prices at our store as all our goods were contracted for before the tariff changes went into effect. The benefit is yours.

Attentive clerks will show you whether you want to buy or not.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

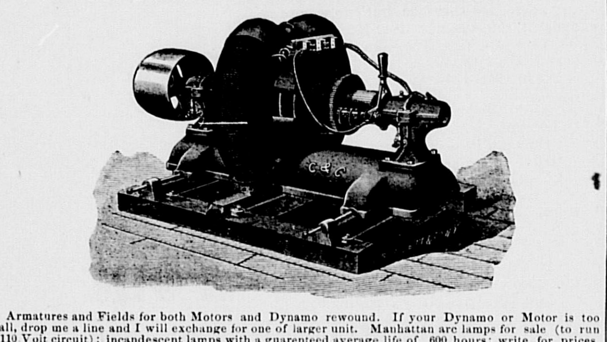
COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

MOTORS AND DYNAMOS.



Armatures and Fields for both Motors and Dynamos rewound. If your Dynamo or Motor is too small, drop me a line and I will exchange for one of larger size. Machines altered (to run on 110 Volt circuit); incandescent lamps with a guarantee of 600 hours; write for prices. Isolated plants installed. I have an assortment of first class second hand apparatus can be found; also can quote you prices on new machines which will insure a sale every time if you are really in the market.

GEO. A. BLAISDELL,
Electrical Engineer and Contractor,
15 Federal Street, Room 303, BOSTON, MASS
Repair Shop 27 Beach St. Long Distance Tel. 2318 "Boston."

FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

It Is Acknowledged

That Connor's is the best place in Woburn to get Waists, Wrappers and Dress Skirts, and if you will examine his line of Hosiery and Underwear this Fall after going everywhere else, you will be sure and buy. Ask to see those 28 cent Fleece Lined Ladies' Hose.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 3. NOV. 3.

Richardson, J. F.	135	173	134— 442
Nichols,	156	147	133— 436
Brigham,	137	135	176— 448
Willoughby,	124	134	134— 392
Hanson,	149	204	172— 525
Team Totals,	701	793	749—2243
TEAM 2.			
Buxton,	120	114	136— 370
Curtis,	130	190	136— 456
Bartlett,	98	137	138— 373
Marion,	106	148	170— 424
Caulfield,	159	143	162— 464
Team Totals,	613	732	742—2087
TEAM 5. NOV. 5.			
Sawyer,	141	147	146— 434
Buchanan,	148	134	116— 398
Buss,	151	135	153— 439
Grant,	141	126	136— 403
Hinckley,	110	139	118— 367
Team Totals,	691	681	669—2041
TEAM 1.			
Fowle,	110	110	110— 330
Cramphorn,	124	116	146— 386
Linnell,	120	120	120— 360
Atwood,	176	111	130— 417
Knowlton,	131	132	150— 413
Team Totals,	661	589	656—1906
TEAM 6. NOV. 9.			
Lord,	167	192	165— 524
Lowell,	147	187	143— 477
Stevenson,	116	140	161— 417
Hovey,	162	148	151— 461
Estabrook,	141	113	125— 379
Team Totals,	733	780	745—2258
TEAM 4.			
Brown,	169	140	134— 443
Parker,	125	122	132— 379
Smith,	172	116	158— 446
Murdock,	131	105	155— 391
Martyn,	116	120	163— 399
Team Totals,	713	603	742—2058

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c. or $1.00 per bottle at Gordon Parker's Drug store.

City Government.

ALDERMEN.

The Board held a session on Thursday evening, Nov. 4. Mayor Feeney presided.

Petition of J. H. Callahan for sidewalk repairs, referred; of J. H. Winn to use land for cemetery purposes, granted; of Lexington Street Railway Co. for location, granted on conditions.

Portrait of ex-Mayor M. T. Allen, by Thompson, accepted and ordered to be hung.—Several incandescent street lights granted on petitions.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The welcome announcement of the reappearance of Mr. E. S. Willard, the cleverest and most popular actor that England sends us, will be hailed with pleasure by his many admirers in Boston and its suburbs. His five weeks engagement which will open on Monday next at the Tremont Theatre with Henry Arthur Jones' new play "The Physician," will prove a welcome dramatic and artistic treat as his repertoire this season embraces four plays he has never presented here besides all his well-liked older successes. "The Physician" is a play well constructed, interesting in plot and full of dialogue of great literary finish, which is always characteristic of the plays of Mr. Jones. Special and appropriate scenery by Homer Emmons of New York and that completeness of detail which is always a feature of Mr. Willard's performances, will make the first Boston production of this play unusually attractive. It is respectfully suggested that intending patrons during Mr. Willard's engagement will find it convenient to be seated by the time advertised for rising of the curtain. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday of next week of "The Physician." Seats now on sale.

How to Cure Billous Colic.

I suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. MRS. F. BUTLER, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

The Time

To take medicine is when you are sick. The place to get what your doctor tells you to take is right here.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Woman's Club.

The Woburn Woman's Club at its last gathering had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Professor Edward Cummings of Harvard. A double interest was manifest since the lecturer was a former resident of our city and a graduate of the Woburn High School, Class of '79.

His subject, "The Dilemma of Charity and Progress," has a practical bearing in the present age when charity seems to be a menace to civilization, which is but another name for growth of sympathy. Philosophers of all ages from Plato to the present time have been dinning into the ears of their contemporaries the fact that unintelligent sympathy tends toward degeneration.

Much was said of the law of natural selection as implying that something must be rejected which strengthened the idea expressed in the truth of the survival of the fittest. Improvidence and the like are with us alway, and the question of today seems to be how to deal with these enemies. The pessimistic say there is no remedy, but on the other hand the optimistic are inclined to use every conscientious effort to better existing circumstances.

Religion and philanthropy, the speaker said, were often but Furies in disguise, distributing among the weak, shining weapons without instruction as to the proper use of the same. Philanthropy, we were told, was often hampered by false methods, namely lack of organization on the one hand, and excess of organization on the other, the former meaning survival of the weak, and the latter much rigidity and machinery.

The truth confronts us, that if men are to be saved their past records, as found in the books and machinery of associated charities, are not so important as that these citizens shall be inspired to undertake individual effort. This should incite men to beware of anything which seems to teach that charity consists of distributing money or anything short of *people* themselves. This charity must be businesslike, and it is a matter of congratulation that habitual, expert inquiry is instituted as to the worthy cases.

It seems as though the day had come when the sum of five and twenty dollars was the price of redeeming a soul slightly damaged by fire. Professor Cummings told of a personal friend, known for his benevolence, who was annoyed by too frequent impostors and his wrath waxed hot, so that he expressed the wish that some mechanical device might be arranged to entrap these impostors. His idea was that of a deep covered water tank, into which the pretender should be placed. This vat should have appropriate scripture texts on its four sides, and a pump by which the prisoner might pump out his own salvation. The tank was compared to a workhouse to the end that the occupant might be reformed; the pump was gospel work. Two exits there were to be, one Improvement, the other Death. This method he claimed would be better than a life of thraldom forever.

Before the gates of this reformatory stand organized charities. Thus, and thus only, shall the "Dilemma of Charity and Progress" reach a satisfactory solution through the philanthropy of the future, which shall be "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove."

C. G. R., Rec. Clerk.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole will lecture before the Club November 19. Subject, "Originality in Art and Literature." Lecture will be at two o'clock, and none but members and invited guests will be present.

The Source of Tragedy.

Every modern student of sociology agrees that the most potent and universal source of crime is indulgence in the use of intoxicants. The habit brings sorrow and distress to families, induces insanity and fills the columns of the newspaper press with the horrible details of murder and suicide, the victims and the perpetrators all too frequently being members of the same household, who would be bound together by the ties of love and kinship but for the rum blight, which withers the moral sense and brings the frenzy of hote and hasty homicide. Now, dear friends, are you doing right in not trying to influence some of your friends or neighbors to be cured of this terrible curse—the craving for liquor? Many are telling the wonderful story of rescue, and how they have been restored to their normal condition of body and mind from the curse of the liquor and morphine habits, while under Dr. Springer's Gold Cure treatment. Call on or address, Bay State Sanitarium Co., 404 Main st., Woburn, Mass.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me, and I want all of my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Leadership of Jesus." Sunday School at 12 M.

ST. JOHN'S BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Walter Gay. Christian Endeavor at 6 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Friday evening, Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. George Bullen, D. D. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7. Wednesday evening Church Business Meeting at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—22d Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "The Highest Success." Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 6 P. M. Public Service at 7 P. M. Subject: "How the City was taken." Tuesday, Class Meeting. Thursday, Lecture on Ben Hur. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Annual Municipal Sermon. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Sixth Peoples' Service. Chorus A and Miss Nickerson will sing. Preaching by Mr. Scudder. Thursday, at 4.30 P. M., Woburn Workers. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

Married.

In Winchester, Nov. 9, by Rev. John W. Suter, James R. Graham, and Aggie Anderson, both of Woburn.

In Boston, Nov. 9, by J. C. Jenkins, J. of P., Edward A. McIntire of Woburn, and Mary Kerrigan of Winchester.

In Newton, Nov. 9, by Rev. W. H. Davis, Alfred Willoughby of Woburn, and Sarah C. Monroe of Newton.

In Boston, Nov. 10, by Rev. Edward L. Atkinson, Walter M. French of Woburn, and Eva E. Wilson of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 7, Mildred F., daughter of Patrick and Mary Cannon, aged 3 months.

In this city, Nov. 10, Rosanna, daughter of Hugh and Hannah McCall, aged 9 years, 5 months.

North Woburn.

Miss Harriet McKinstry is boarding in Boston for a few months.

Mrs. Ames of Randolf, Vt., has been visiting Mr. J. W. Clark and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Austin have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. J. P. Bixby, this week.

Mrs. Charles H. Vose of Wareham, Mass., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark of Tidd Ave.

Mr. J. M. Kimball of Lancaster, N. H., has been visiting his brother, Mr. B. F. Kimball of Winter street.

Rev. Geo. H. Felton gave a very interesting lecture, illustrated by dissolving views on Nineveh, Sunday evening.

Miss Carrie Nichols, formerly a resident of this place, but now of Kirksville, Mo., is visiting Miss Amanda Severens of West street.

Household Gods.

The ancient Greeks believed that that the Penates were the gods who attended to the welfare and prosperity of the family. They were worshipped as household gods in every home. The household god of to-day is Dr. King's New Discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds and for all affections of Throat, Chest and Lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried for a quarter of a century and is guaranteed to cure, or money returned. No household should be without this good angel. It is pleasant to take and a safe and sure remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles at Parker's Drugstore. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Burlington.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. — Preaching Sunday at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7.30 P. M. Gospel meeting at 8 P. M.

The other night an Arlington man, a butcher by profession, was waylaid by a brace of highwaymen on wheels in this town, or in the edge of Billerica, and at the muzzle of revolvers robbed of about $20. What are we coming to? It will get so after a little that no Burlington man will dare show his head outdoors after sunset. The highwaymen have not been caught.

The people of this town deeply sympathize with Mr. Edward S. Barker, who owns and occupies the splendid Frothingham estate here, in his financial troubles, which have come upon him from loose methods of bookkeeping, and in no other way. He has for years carried on a very large insurance business in Boston, in which and other legitimate ways he has made a great deal of money, but as I understand the matter, he has failed to keep the many odds and ends of it as safely in hand as he should have done. Mr. Barker is an enterprising, go-ahead, generous hearted man, who wants to see everything about him on the move, and to accomplish his many public schemes he has suffered his finances to get into the drag. Nobody doubts for a moment his thorough honesty, and his only fault has been carelessness. I learn that he has arranged for the satisfactory settlement of all his financial obligations and will come out all right. Every Burlington man hopes this is so.

To Cure Catarrh

Do not depend upon snuffs, inhalants or other local applications. Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and can be successfully treated only by means of a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purifies the blood and removes the scrofulous taints which cause catarrh. The great number of testimonials from those who have been cured of catarrh by Hood's Sarsaparilla prove the unequalled power of this medicine to conquer this disease. If troubled with Catarrh give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial at once.

The Late Herbert Wyman.

The obituary notice of Mr. Herbert Wyman which appeared last week was not as full as the facts warranted. He was first married to Lydia Kimball by whom he had one child, a daughter, who became the wife of Mr. George H. Perkins, a noted Woburn and Boston school teacher. Mrs. Wyman lived but a few years after marriage, and in 1849 Mr. Wyman married Lucy A. Page with whom he lived very happily 46 years. She died about two years ago.

The fruits of the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Perkins were seven children, six of whom attended the funeral of Mr. Wyman, including Miss Emily Perkins, a popular teacher at Wyman Green. Mr. Wyman had no children by his second wife. He was a man esteemed by everybody and was not infrequently honored with public trusts.

The Talk of the Town.

When the Boston *Sunday Journal* arranged to give the New England Home Magazine free every Sunday (both comming for five cents) it made the tremendous newspaper success of the season. Although a greatly increased number had been printed early last Sunday morning not a copy was left in Boston and hundreds of people were vainly trying to buy. Next Sunday will be even more attractive, containing Harvard, Yale and Pennsylvania foot ball photographs, a full report of the big game at Cambridge, a new story by Capt. King, photographs of Sembrich, society leaders of Boston, beautiful children and prominent men, besides rare Salon paintings. To be sure of getting these it will be well to order the *Sunday Journal* and New England Home Magazine early.

One of our customers writes, "I never risk taking a cough cure recommended by my friends, I have always found yours an immediate relief and after a few doses a positive cure. Why then should I take anything, but Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam."

Willoughby—Monroe.

MARRIED: At Newton, Mass., on Nov. 9, 1897, by Rev. W. H. Davis, D. D., Mr. ALFRED WILLOUGHBY of Woburn, and Mrs. SARAH C. MUNROE of Newton.

The nuptial ceremonies were performed at the residence of the bride on Centre street at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and were witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends.

Mrs. Willoughby is well known in Newton where she has many friends and is highly esteemed. She is about 75 years old.

The groom, Mr. Willoughby, has long been a resident of Woburn and no one has more well wishers or is more generally liked than he is. He is an estimable citizen and it is to be regretted that he is to leave Woburn for a home at Newton. He is 74 years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby have known each other since their school days, and, after many years' separation, met again last summer during a sojourn in Maine.

Bride and groom will please accept the hearty congratulations of the JOURNAL.

Timothy Frye.

The subject of this notice was born at Windsor about 68 years ago, and died at his home at Shirley, Mass., Nov. 9, 1897.

His first wife was Sophronia Seeley, sister of the late M. S. Seeley, to whom he was married on May 25, 1853. On Dec. 22, 1881, he was married to his second wife, Caroline P. Knight, who survives him. He was a respected resident of Woburn many years, a currier by trade, and for a long time an employee of Stephen Dow & Co., tanners.

On July 27, 1864, he was mustered into the United States service and after serving his term was honorably discharged on Nov 16, 1864.

About 10 years ago Mr. Frye moved to Shirley, this State, which was his home up to the time of his death. He is kindly remembered by many Woburn people. He always bore a good name and was highly regarded by all who knew him.

The remains will be interred in Woodbrook cemetery this afternoon.

Mr. N. N. Osburn well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Literary Notices.

While New England and the country are celebrating the centennial of the launching of the Constitution it is timely and fitting that the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE should give us, as it does in the opening pages of its November number, a thorough historical article upon the famous old frigate. It is the most thorough and important article upon Old Ironsides which has been given the public. Very appropriately there finds place in the same number a valuable article upon Esek Hopkins the the First Admiral of the American Navy. Brandon, Vermont, is the New England town which is treated in the magazine this month in its notable series of articles upon the citis and towns of New England. Brandon is a beautiful town and a busy one, and has had a history of which it is properly proud. A Painter of Monadnock is the title under which Mr. Charles E. Hurd, the literary editor of the *Boston Transcript*, tells the story of the noteworthy work of the painter, Mr. W. P. Phelps, who for many years has painted the sturdy old mountain in all its varying aspects. The Children's Institutions of Boston are carefully described and discussed by Mr. William I. Cole of the South End House, Boston. An interesting letter of Daniel Webster, written many years age, to be read at a certain celebration on Cape Cod, and never hitherto published, appears in this number of the NEW ENGLAND, accompanied by a full-page reproduction of the portrait of Webster in Healy's great painting of Webster's Reply to Hayne. Rufus Choate, almost at the beginning of his career, gave a noteworthy address upon The Importance of Illustrating New England History by a Series of Romances Like the Waverly Novels. The address has become almost forgotten and the NEW ENGLAND readers a real service in resurrecting it and reprinting it in its current number. A paper which will be read with enjoyment by all New England people is that entitled A Few Types from an Old New England Town. An article of historic value is that entitled Two Champions of Religious Liberty in New England. A Thoroughbred and A Fool and His Wife are the titles of two short; and there are excellent poems by Abbie Farwell Brown, Edward Payson Jackson and others. Mr. Mead in his Editor's Table takes up the question of tenement house reform, which he discusses chiefly in its relation to the situation in Boston. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

McKay machinists ball tonight at Town Hall.

The postoffice is open on Sundays from 11.45 to 12.45.

The Winchester Amateurs expect to give an opera next January.

Mabel McKim will give a social dancing party at Lyceum Hall on Thusday evening, Nov. 18.

Everyone in this town sympathizes with Mr. E. S. Barker in his financial troubles. He is a right meaning man.

Mr. George D. Nelson is much improved. When thrown from a carriage a few weeks ago he was not expected to live.

A regular meeting of the Co-operative Bank will be held Tuesday evening, Nov. 16. Election of Officers will be held then.

The Eastern Felt & Buffing Wheel Company of this town are doing a fine business in their line, and making a financial success of it. It is a growing industry and deserves encouragement from our people.

What has become of Mr. Whatshisname's dogs that kept the town in such an uproar and prevented so much nightly repose lately? Or has shifty Winchester got onto some other equally silly thing to howl over?

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Christian Science
WANTED.
"Science and Health" or anything written by Mary Baker Glover Eddy before 1883. Dr. Keyes Christian Scientist, 230 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Woburn Star Course
1897 1898
Fourth Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, Nov. 22, '97
The Popular Blind Vocalists and Instrumentalists
MAYNARD & COFFIN
— ASSISTED BY —
Prof. W. E. FLOYD,
Prestidigitateur, Illusionist and Entertainer.
An evening of novelty and pleasure.
Season Tickets for balance of the Course 75 cents. Reserved Seats, $1.50.
For sale by Brooks the Druggist.
Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
Doors open at 7.30 Concert at 8.

To Let.
Recently built HOUSE of 8 Rooms and Modern Plumbing, next to corner of Charles and Main streets. Rent moderate.
House is equipped for gas.
Apply to JOHN W. SHAW,
36 Pleasant St., Woburn

To Let.
Large Furnished Rooms
59 Pleasant St., Woburn

Tenement To Let.
A SINGLE TENEMENT To Let; in good condition; handy to the centre; fruit. Rent reasonable.
Apply to E. P. MARION,
47 Lowell St., Woburn.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Election.

THE
Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with provisions of Chap. 271, Acts of 1894, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the CITY ELECTION, on the

Afternoon of Nov. 20, from 2 to 5 o'clock,
Evenings of Nov. 19, 20, 22 and 23 at 7 o'clock;
And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on November 24.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 24.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1895, Chap. 61, Sect. 1.—Every male applicant for registration shall present a certificate from the assessors, or a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, showing that he has been assessed for a poll tax as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, and the same shall be received by a registrar as prima facie evidence of such residence.

Women desiring to register for the City Election are requested to attend the afternoon sessions, but may register at any session of the Board.

Male applicants who became residents of Woburn between May 1 and June 1 of the current year must produce tax bill or certificate of assessment from the place of their former residence, or their applications will not be entertained.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Nov. 3, 1897.

Trinity Parish
WILL HOLD ITS ANNUAL
SALE and SUPPER
G. A. R. HALL
Savings Bank Block
Friday Afternoon and Evening,
Nov. 19, 1897.
Fancy Articles, Aprons, Home-made Candy, Housekeepers Table and other attractions.
Tickets for Sale and Supper, 25 Cents
Sale alone, 10 Cents.
Doors open at 3 o'clock. Supper at 6 30.

Not One Was Left!
So great was the demand that last Sunday every copy was sold in Boston of the
Boston Sunday Journal
— AND —
N. E. Home Magazine combined for 5 Cents, in the Greater Boston District.
25 Cents Worth of Sunday reading, of news, of photographic pictures and a 48-page Magazine, all for 5 Cents.
ORDER EARLY
If You Want to Get it Next Sunday.
SEE YOUR NEWSDEALER!

SECOND
Grand Concert!
— BY —
Miss A. Josephine Lang,
ASSISTED BY
Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, Soprano.
Mr. Fred. S. Robbins, Clarinetist.
Miss Lottie Calnan, Cornetist.
Mr. Walter David, Humorist.
And The Normandie Woman's Orchestra.
Lyceum Hall, Woburn,
Friday Evening, Nov. 12, 1897
Tickets, 50 Cents
Whole house reserved. Tickets for sale at Whitcher's on and after Nov. 5.
Doors open at 7.30. Concert at 8.00.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

FRANK A. LOCKE
EXPERT PIANO TUNER
REPAIRER AND REGULATOR
GUARANTEED BEST OF REFERENCES
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE
PRICES THE SAME AS OTHER FIRST CLASS TUNERS
BOSTON OFFICE
HALLETT & DAVIS CO.
179 TREMONT ST.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.
I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

Salesmen Wanted.
Free outfit. One agent earned $22,000 in five years. Several earn a $1,000 yearly. Specialty, Mines, Mills, etc. "Factory," P. O. 1371, New York

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Gresey, Jr., to the Reading Co-operative Bank, a corporation, dated February 1st, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2536, Page 418, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described on **Monday, the twenty-second day of November, 1897**, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on a private street leading from Montvale Avenue, formerly called Railroad street, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:—Easterly by said private street; southerly by land now or formerly of Joseph G. Pollard; westerly by land now or formerly of Esther M. Keith; and northerly by land now or formerly of one Bush. Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

Terms: two hundred dollars to be paid at time and place of sale, and the balance within ten days.

READING CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
Mortgagee.

Oct. 27, 1897.
ARTHUR P. FRENCH, Att'y.
No. 89 State St., Boston, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Franklin K. Young to The Trustees of the Groton Ministerial Fund, dated March 31st, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 2263, Folio 214, for breach of conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on **Friday, November 26th**, at 10 o'clock, A. M., all and singular the premises conveyed in and by said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in that part of Woburn, Mass., County of Middlesex, called North Woburn, and being lots numbered two (2) and three (3) in Block 25, Section A, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of Land, dated Dec. 10th, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry, Book of Plans No. 59, Plan No. 2, and bounded on the north by lot No. 4 and part of lot No. 27 on said Plan eighty-five feet; on the east by lot No. 1 in said block fifty-seven and 2-10 feet; on the south by Dexter Avenue eighty-six feet; and on the west by Prescott street seventy-one and 5-10 feet; being the same premises conveyed to me by James L. Tyler, Jr., by deed dated Nov. 25th, 1893, and recorded with said deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes or other assessments.

Terms and conditions made known at the time and place of sale.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE GROTON MINISTERIAL FUND, Mortgagee.

Groton, Nov. 2d, 1897.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Paola Galletta of Woburn to Sarah A. Halladay, wife of Charles S. Halladay, in her right, dated September 29, 1893, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, So. Dist., Libro 2226, Folio 82, for breach of the condition thereof, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on **Monday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1897**, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings thereon; situated in said Woburn, and being lots numbered three hundred and fifty (350) and three hundred and fifty-one (351) on Felton street, as shown on plan of land in Woburn entitled "Montvale Park Land Co. in the City of Woburn, Mass.;" said plan being recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan B. Each of said lots measures thirty-five (35) feet in width by seventy (70) feet in depth and contains two thousand four hundred and fifty (2450) square feet.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at sale or at the office of C. C. Barton, Esq., 82 Devonshire St., Boston.

SARAH A. HALLADAY, Mortgagee.

Boston, November 1, 1897.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sylvester O'Hara, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Conrt to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William H. Fay of Clinton, in the County of Worcester, or to some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A.D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

WELL CARED FOR
Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

First 3 Days.
Mrs. S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,
No. 413 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
(Formerly Dr. Lang's Office.)
Gives public notice that she will be at her office as above during the
First 3 Days of the First 3 Weeks
of each month for business.
*** Public Patronage respectfully solicited.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?
If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!
If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from $50 to $100 monthly clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to increase your present income from $200 to $500 yearly, by working at odd times, write the GLOBE CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, whether married or single, last or present employment, and you can secure a position with them by which you can make more money easier and faster than you ever made before in your life.

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Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
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Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
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(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)
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Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

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Meats and Vegetables.
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Everything First-class.
Meat, Sweet and Inviting.
Always on Hand.
The cleanest, freshest, sweetest Fish, Oysters, Clams and Poultry in the Woburn market.

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French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.
House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
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A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,
One minute to Station. All modern improvements' $22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

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BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
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369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
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NOWELL STUDIO,
396 Main Street, Woburn.
We give a Silver Plated Frame with each dozen of baby photos, until Oct. 1.

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The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.
W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.
A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.
A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

FOR SALE
— OR —
TO LET.
House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

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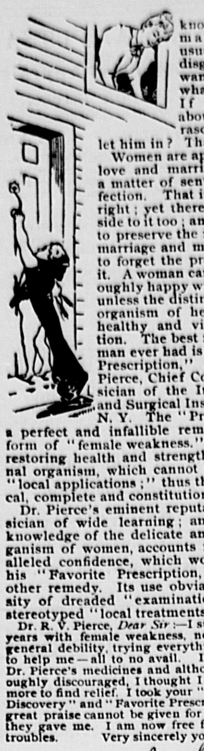
WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.

Pasters Wanted.
Russell Counter Co.



When love knocks at a woman's heart he usually comes in disguise. Doesn't want it known what he's up to. If she knew all about the little rascal, would she let him in? That's a question.

Women are apt to look upon love and marriage as purely a matter of sentiment and affection. That is pretty nearly right; yet there is a practical side to it too; and the best way to preserve the ideal aspect of marriage and maternity is not to forget the practical part of it. A woman cannot be a thoroughly happy wife and mother unless the distinctive physical organism of her sex is in a healthy and vigorous condition. The best friend that woman ever had is the "Favorite Prescription," of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Prescription," is a perfect and infallible remedy for every form of "female weakness." It cures by restoring health and strength to the internal organism, which cannot be reached by "local applications;" thus the cure is radical, complete and constitutional.

Dr. Pierce's eminent reputation as a physician of wide learning; and his special knowledge of the delicate and intricate organism of women, accounts for the unparalleled confidence, which women place in his "Favorite Prescription," over every other remedy. Its use obviates the necessity of dreaded "examinations" and the stereotyped "local treatments."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, *Dear Sir*:—I suffered fourteen years with female weakness, nervousness, and general debility, trying everything I could find to help me—all to no avail. I then heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines and although I was thoroughly discouraged, I thought I would try once more to find relief. I took your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and too great praise cannot be given for the rapid relief they gave me. I am now free from the former troubles. Very sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Mary J. Stewart.
Box 46, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

LOVE ALONE IS MONARCH.

Love is a mighty monarch
Whom all that live obey.
All people of all nations
Are brought beneath his sway.
The earth is his dominion.
We are his subjects all.
While there are youths and maidens
His empire shall not fall.

Though men at times may scorn him
And laugh at love, the hour
Shall come when they will own him
And yield them to his power.
So have I found since Nellie
Smiled on me, for her eyes,
Two powerful loadstars, hold me
To love a willing prize.

Though I could break the bondage
In which my days are passed,
I would prefer such slavery
As this should ever last.
I bow a loyal subject
Before a power unseen,
For love, I know, is monarch,
And Nellie is his queen.

But when before the altar
Her hand is given to me
Will I then be the master
And she my subject be?
Nay, neither! Marriage gives us
All rights in equal parts,
For love alone is monarch
And rules us from our hearts.
—New York Ledger.

THE MAN WHO DID.

A STORY OF THE TRYING TIMES BACK IN 1860.

A Critical Period In the Lives of the Men on Uncle Sam's Warships—A Commander Who Had to Be Unusually Diplomatic to Prevent Trouble.

This is the story of a man who did. There were men at that time who didn't, and they were as honest in their actions, perhaps, as the others who did. It was more or less a question of viewpoint. But this one man might have turned the other way and been less blamable than many of his fellows.

Uncle Sam turns out each year now, as he did 50 years ago, a lot of young fellows who swear allegiance to his service and then go forth on sea and plain to duties involving manliness, courage and hardihood. To their glory, be it said, there are no funkers. The service today is easier, however, than it was back in 1860, and there is not the strain of sectional feeling among the officers that disrupted many a mess in that other time. The worst that happens now is to get some priggish or unpopular chap about who upsets equanimities. But in 1860 feeling was so strong that even the quarterdeck was not free from suspicions of a treason taint, and the "old man"—as the ship's commander is irreverently and affectionately called—was compelled to be diplomatic beyond custom to restrain the latent fires.

It happened that a slow old tub of a sloop of war lay in a French harbor awaiting orders to sail in some direction or other, and her officers and men were looking for the next mail to gather news of what seemed to be an inevitable conflict between the north and south. The strain was rather a grave one, but the firmness and policy of the old man kept things in good form and outwardly politeness and brotherhood reigned. The days came and went, and one afternoon the ship's boat brought the mail bag aboard. In a short time every man's nose was buried in a newspaper or a letter, and an hour afterward the fires were more than smoldering in every heart.

That night the old man—he died an admiral—took counsel of himself and decided that the most comfortable place for him and his was the United States, so at daylight he ordered anchors up and all sail made for home. Then began a long, slow, dreary voyage back, made almost unbearable to the officers and men because of what might be happening while they were dragging along, all unknowing, but the time went by as time has a sad habit of doing, and the ship slipped by the banks and pointed for Boston harbor. A few hours later the pilot flag flew at the fore, and not long after the pilot schooner was made out to windward.

From that moment every man aboard was a restrained, almost sullen, animal.

The pilot's cockleshell boat was lowered and it made for Uncle Sam's tub. The pilot made a grab at the ship's ladder, made it and began to clamber deckward. Once on board the weather beaten guide found each man at his station, every officer on deck and the whole crew carrying faces that were livid with suppressed emotion. Slowly he made his way to the old man, and, pulling off his cap, scraped the deck. With a deep clearing of his throat the captain said:

"Well, pilot, what's the news?"

Your Boston pilot was in no more of a hurry in those days than he is now, and he deliberated a moment before he answered:

"Sumter's fired on, and the United States has gone to hell."

Little by little the listening officers fell back and instinctively made two groups, the north and the south. The break had come, but because of the old man's shrewdness it came at home and not in a foreign harbor.

With a very steady voice the captain said:

"Mr. Pilot, put us into Boston as soon as you can."

Then lifting his hat, he said:

"The flag's servant and your's, gentlemen," and went to his cabin.

The groups, now knowing the worst, whispered apart, and one by one the men disappeared. Late that night the anchor chains hurtling through the hawse holes chanted "Home again."

In the early morning all the officers were called together and their captain said:

"Gentlemen, it is the parting of the ways. Some of us will never meet again, and some of us will die in doing what we believe is right. Uncle Sam has educated, fed and clothed us, and we have sworn to stand by him. Yet no oath can bind a man beyond the strength of his conscience, and changed conditions make a changed man. On that table I have written out the dear old oath of allegiance and signed it. I stay by the flag. Let each one of you go to his cabin and think it over, then let him come back here and sign below me, or—let him go his way." And then he went on deck.

One at a time the officers came back, until nine names stood under that of the old man. The others were going the other way. An hour later the captain went down to his cabin and took the paper in his hands. As he did so he looked up and saw the man who did. A young, tall, handsome midshipman from Maryland was this man who did, and the captain's voice trembled as he said:

"Winnie, do you sign?"

"Aye, aye, sir. Same flag and same Uncle Sam in Maryland as in Massachusetts, y' know."

"God bless you, my boy. Your father and I fought side by side as lads in 1812, and while there are some of us who are not going away I prayed God your father's son would stick to us."

This is the story of Captain Winfield Scott Schley, the man who did stick to his flag. And it's gospel truth.—New York Sun.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

It Is Paved With Smiling and Innocent Looking Little Sins.

Nobody expects to go to ruin at one step. No man ever thought to walk so fast that he could not turn. He would go a few paces down the road to ruin just to see what the road is like, but would come back at once, and no harm would be done to anybody. But another curious thing about sin and its slaves is that it does not take big sins to kidnap the slaves. As a matter of fact, the big sins would be usually the least lucky. They are ugly, truculent, coarse, and they frighten the victims. Few men could be found to travel down the road any distance in company with one of these.

There are little, smiling, innocent, harmless looking sins in hundreds. It is with one of these the journey is always begun. "They are so weak looking, or no importance anyway, one can just turn his back upon them and walk away. It is not worth while being alarmed." It is just these harmless little sins that do all the capturing. Their slaves are writhing in the lowest depths in thousands. They get hold of the soul gently. They do not frighten it. Step by step they lead it by the hand, till all at once there starts up on the road beside it or before it the strong, coarse, hideous, outspoken sin that has been waiting for its coming and demands it for its own. The soul starts back in horror, often to retreat, and discovers the other horror that it cannot retreat, that it has lost the way, that there is, as it thinks at least, no return, and beaten down and despairing it yields.

A man is led by promising ventures which just tremble on the edge of strict integrity; by little transactions which if not exactly according to the rule are at least not in intention dishonest; by small stretches of permitted management he is led to take at last the step which makes him a forger or a thief. A woman is led by vanity, by love of admiration, by things small and harmless in themselves—concealed where, however, they should be known by things apparently trifling and not worth mentioning or considering—till one day she finds the meshes tangled about her and she is helpless and lost, shuddering at the hideous thing whose slave she henceforth is and vowing she never dreamed of expecting it.

In either case there was no intention and no belief that there was the slightest danger of an ending which was so shocking that it was supposed impossible; that if ever looked for was on the instant scouted as a thing preposterous. And yet in each case the end is reached by a logic as strong as an iron chain. There was no point in the progress where return was easier than at another, and if we follow up the links we find that the first link determines the whole. From the first small, trifling aberration to this end, wretched and vile as it may be, there was one straight, unswerving path. — Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson.

Escaped a Dreadful Death.

William H. Hill of Osawatomie, Kan., had an adventure in the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone which deserves to take high rank in the annals of narrow escapes. He had descended the canyon to Red rock, below Point Lookout. He was still 1,500 feet above the bottom of the great chasm. Below him an almost precipitous slope ran down hundreds of feet to the top of an absolutely perpendicular wall of great height.

Mr. Hill lost his footing and plunged downward along the steep slope. He knew what was below him. The speed with which he approached destruction was rapidly accelerating and a growing avalanche was accompanying him. With a desperate effort he flung himself upon his back and dug his heels and elbows into the earth. It seemed to him that he slid for miles, but he was not going as fast as at the beginning. Stones that he had started raced on ahead of him. He dug his heels and his elbows in harder, and at last he stopped with something that felt like solid rock under his feet.

For some minutes he lay perfectly still, not daring to move. Then slowly he raised his head.

He was on the brink of the precipice 600 feet high. The little ledge under his feet was actually projecting over the edge.

A rescue party almost an hour later found him sitting there. He was practically unhurt.—Chicago News.

Easy Way.

Paterfamilias — Look here, Dick, you've been a bit wild yourself in your day, and I'd like some advice. What am I to do with Harry? The young rascal exceeds his allowance every month.

Cousin Dick—Increase it.—Chicago Journal.

Large toques of velvet seem to be the dominant idea in millinery, and they are trimmed with upright feathers on one side or a long plume falling partly on the hair at the side, with two short, fluffy plumes standing up. Flowers and bows of ribbon are also used, and they all tilt up on the left side.

MRS. LYNESS ESCAPES

The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.

Hospitals in great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.

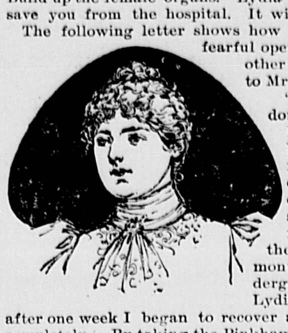
Why should this be the case?

Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but they cannot replace their internal organs!

Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feelings, pain at the right or the left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them.

Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations! Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.

The following letter shows how Mrs. Lyness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham:



"I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I flowed constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks, then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."—MRS. THOS. LYNESS, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.

AN INSPIRED POSTER.

HOW A YOUNG WIFE ASSISTED HER ARTIST HUSBAND.

Two Pieces of Pie That Produced a Masterpiece All Green and Yellow—A Painful Experience Related Under Difficulties.

"Never marry an artist as long as you live," wailed the bride.

"H'm! Has Edgar been criticising your personal appearance already?" queried the blond.

"Or praising that of somebody else?" asked the brunette, glancing into the mirror.

"Of course he hasn't," said the bride. "He is perfectly devoted to me. Why, only the day before yesterday he came back after he had gone four blocks to kiss me goodby, and"—

"Still," said the brunette, "a week ago he wouldn't have forgotten to kiss you goodby when he went out the first time."

"But he hadn't forgotten, dear. Where was I? Oh, when I married Edgar of course I expected that he would make me perfectly happy, so"—

"Yes, and you expected to make him perfectly happy, too," broke in the blond.

"I had already, dear; I had married him. I never expected him to treat me brutally within a month, just because"—

"It couldn't have been a millinery bill already—was it?" thoughtfully asked the brunette.

"Oh, no! Papa has just paid for the hats in my trousseau, and mamma says she wouldn't even dare to die just now—welcome as the quiet of the grave would be—because of the expense of a coffin."

"But about Edgar," hinted the blond. "What was the cause of"—

"It was all about a pie," groaned the bride. "He was perfectly horrid about it. Why, he"—

"Criticised it, of course," said the brunette. "Pshaw! That's nothing. You ought to hear the things my father"—

"He—he praised it," said the bride deliberately, "and I shall never forgive him as long as I live. No, not even if I live to be as old as that horrid Miss Blankley he used to be engaged to."

"I hope you know what you are talking about, dear," said the blond. "I don't."

"I thought I had made it plain enough for a dressmaker to understand already. Well, you see, it was this way: Poor Edgar has to work awfully hard. You know he made the mistake of learning to draw, and now that he has gone to making posters he has to unlearn everything he ever knew. However, I try to help him all I can. Oh, I work awfully hard; you have no idea why. I made him a pie the very first week we were married, and he"—

"Did he say it was good?" asked the blond apprehensively.

"He didn't say much, dear. You see, poor Dick was dining with us. If Edgar had praised it too much, it would have seemed like gloating over him, you know. But he was actually too full of pride and joy to eat."

"And Dick?" said the blond.

"Oh, he ate his. He"—

"By the way, I hear that Dick has recently sworn never to marry," said the brunette.

"Indeed?" said the bride stiffly. "Well, yesterday Edgar told me that he must work at the studio all day and bring home a piece of work that he couldn't get to suit him and work at that half the night. I asked him if there was nothing I could do for him, and he kissed me and said I might make him a pie just like the one I had made before."

"And he sent you a message saying he couldn't be home to dinner? I see," said the brunette.

"Nothing of the kind. He came and ate two whole pieces of it. I was too tired to taste it myself, but I didn't say a word, for he was as pale as a ghost, and"—

"Look here, Elaine," said the blond impressively, "I hope you appreciate that man's love. It"—

"Of course I do," snapped the bride. "Well, right after dinner he went into his den to work, and I sat down to write Helen a letter, telling her how happy I was. Poor, confiding creature, I"—

"My goodness, wasn't he at work? Had he slipped out to the club, or"—

"He was at work. About 11 he came out with the design of a poster that he said would be his masterpiece. Oh, it was wonderful, all green and yellow, and to save your life you couldn't tell the top from the bottom, so it is sure to make a great success."

"But I don't see how Edgar was brutal to you. He"—

"I said, 'Oh, Edgar, to think you can do such lovely things and I can't help you a bit.' He replied: 'My darling, it is all due to you. I hadn't an idea for it until after I had eaten that second piece of pie, and if I live until morning all the world shall know that you alone are my inspiration.'"—Elisa Armstrong in New York Journal.

HARPOONING A GAR.

AN EXCITING FISHING ADVENTURE ON LAKE CHARLES.

How Three Boys Rid a Favorite Angling Place of a Nuisance—An Experience That Was Very Much Like Whaling on a Small Scale.

About two miles below Beaumont the Neches river broadens out, making a small lake, about 400 yards across and extending 300 yards down the river. It was named Lake Charles in honor of a city in Louisiana. There are little bayous running back from the lake, and they were once noted fishing spots. Trout, white perch and bank perch were there in abundance, and the Beaumont people found great sport and good feed there until one year, as if by magic, the place seemed to fill with alligator gars, which are destructive to hooks, lines and smaller fish alike. They soon ruined the whole place as a fishing resort and were evidently rapidly increasing. They became dangerous, as they would frequently flop into boats, and if they managed to catch a fellow he knew it. Their teeth are like 100 razors, and, like the turtle, they hold until it thunders.

Finally three youthful spirits, bent upon sport, Mr. Edmund Lockhart, the present superintendent of telephone on the Gulf and Interstate; Mr. Benjamin B. Simkins, son of Judge E. J. Simkins of Corsicana, and another, decided to rid the river of the nuisance. Their preparations were elaborate. They first secured some large flat files and sharpened the blunt end, making a beard like that on a fishhook except that it was larger on both sides. The handle end was inserted in the end of a pole, which is a round piece 1½ inches in diameter and 20 feet long. A coil of copper wire 50 feet long was attached at the other end of the pole, and then the remaining end of the wire was firmly attached to a five gallon jug securely corked. Two of these and a pistol formed the necessary implements of destruction, and the boys were ready.

It was a hot August day, with the temperature ranging around the 100 mark. On such days as this the gars were wont to come to the surface in the early morn and sun, and on these occasions their backs were shining out about half an inch above water. The boys reached the spot and began to prepare for the onslaught. Ben Simkins stood at the prow of the boat with the gig in hand and his arm drawn back, ready to throw. Edmund Lockhart sat in the rear with the wire coiled and the jug ready to let it out. The third boy did the rowing. There was a good sized fellow just in front of them. Slowly they crept upon him, and when 10 feet away the gig went forward with lightning rapidity. In an instant the monster was in the air, and a splash of water went up, covering the boys and the boat. He was gone, and the chase on in earnest. Edmund spun out the wire rapidly, and finally the jug came.

"Hold on to it, Edmund, and let him pull us."

"All right, if I can."

He fastened the jug in an instant, making a sort of leverage of the wire. He was in the stern, and the force jerked the boat around, almost capsizing it. Edward grabbed the wire and sprang to his feet, trusting more to his strength than the boat. He planted his feet as a brace and leaned back. The boat began whizzing faster and faster. Soon it began literally to plow the water. The gar made a sudden jerk, and over Edmund went head first, with the jug following. The other two boys were scared, but the excitement was intense, for they were traveling at a speed of 20 miles an hour, or it may have been 30. As soon as the two in the boat could regain presence of mind they began looking for Edmund. There he was fully 100 feet behind, and the boat still leaving him. The oarsman backed up quickly and took him in, a wet human, but happy just the same.

Away across on the other side was a gar, traveling in a circle traced by the telltale jug. He swam like greased lightning, and a beautiful running fountain rose 15 feet in the air, caused by the flying jug as it went through the water. Around and around he swam for half an hour, until it began to look as if he would never tire. Presently his circles grew smaller and his movements were not so quick. Then he began coming to the surface, and there, sticking in his back, could be seen the gig.

Finally he got slow enough for the boys to get the skiff closer, and at last he seemed to rise as if to make a superhuman effort to rid himself of the arrow. He could not succeed, and just as he was slowly going straight downward with bill in air Ben threw the reserve gig. His unerring aim struck its mark, going straight through his bill and locking his upper and lower jaws. They heaved a sigh of relief when that happened, for not one of them cared to have an arm or a leg crushed between those vicious looking teeth. He made another desperate plunge when it struck him, and in doing so rid himself of the first gig. He hardly moved after that, and when they pulled in the first gig a part of his flesh clung to the barbs. They towed him slowly to the bank, for he was 20 feet under the water, and it was a very uncertain thing as to whether he was still strong enough to do damage or not. When the bank was reached, he was raised gradually to the surface, and a pistol ball finished all that was still alive of that powerful water monster.

This is a description of how one of many was killed in pretty much the same manner, though Edmund never tried to hold to the wire again. The boys finally cleaned out the gars, and for two or three years after fishing was good at Lake Charles.—Galveston News.

A NOTABLE APPARITION.

Carlo Fenzi, an Italian Senator, Appeared to His Brother After Death.

Signor Falconer, in The Adriatico, recommends to the consideration of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Myers the following psychical experience which happened to Cavaliere Sebastian Fenzi:

Signor Sebastian Fenzi's brother, Senator Carlo Fenzi, a man who had studied much at home and abroad and traveled much, had such a strong antipathy for spiritualism that he begged his brother never to mention the subject to him as he valued their mutual love and the family peace. But in the early days of June, 1881, being with his brother at their father's house at St. Andrea, he held out his hand to him and said: "Look here, Bastiano, I have something to say to you that will please you. Of late I have turned my thoughts to spiritualism and am convinced that if I had investigated it thoroughly, as you have done, I should have arrived at the same conclusion as you about it."

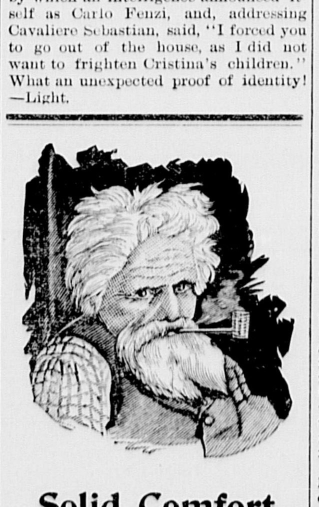
Signor Sebastian heard this with great joy, and, the tie between the brothers having always been very close, he begged his brother, now that they were getting on in years, to promise that the one who should die first should try and give the one left behind a sure proof of life beyond the grave. Carlo pressed his hand and said, "Yes, I promise, with the greater pleasure that I feel I shall be the first to go." To this Sebastian said: "Be that as God will. Don't get melancholy ideas into your head." But Carlo added: "I feel it so strongly that it must be true. Listen. I shall not live to the end of the year. Before three months are gone I shall be dead and buried."

Three months after this conversation, Sept. 2, 1881, Cavaliere Fenzi, father-in-law to Admiral Morin, commanding at Spezzia, was staying at Fortullino, his villa by the sea, ten miles from Leghorn. Cavaliere Fenzi was in good health and in the cheerful company of his daughter Cristina and four grandchildren, when he was overcome by an inexplicable melancholy and a feeling at his heart that something serious was about to happen. He turned to his daughter and said: "I don't know what terrible thing is happening to us at this moment, but I must rush away or in a minute I shall burst out crying before the children." So saying, he rushed out into the rain without a hat and ran to a field, whence he could see some rocks, where he expected to see his cousin, Giuseppe Fenzi, who had gone out some time before to "behold the fury of the elements," as he said, but at that moment he did not see him. Instead, looking carefully, he saw that his brother, the Senator Carlo, was there, in a top hat and without an umbrella, making his way down from rock to rock without heeding the deluge, the flashes of lightning shooting from all sides or the noise of the thunder.

Now, at that day and that hour the senator was at Florence, 70 miles away from Villa Fortullino, so that Sebastian at once thought this figure must be hallucinative, for if Carlo had suddenly arrived at Fortullino he would certainly not have got out of the carriage to take a shower bath on the rocks. He rubbed his eyes, but the figure remained and looked so real that he shouted out Carlo's name and waved his arms to him, but the phantom seemed not to see him, for it passed behind a big rock without showing itself again, although Sebastian waited. While waiting he observed his cousin, Giuseppe, on the rocks, so that he said to himself, "Now, when he passes close to the big rock he will see Carlo and will stop and speak to him."

However, Giuseppe saw nothing in passing behind the same rock, and on joining Sebastian in the field he said he had not seen Carlo and that no one was there. It was now 10:45 o'clock, and the Senator Carlo Fenzi died exactly at that hour, 70 miles away, calling on his brother's name. Signor Sebastian's melancholy passed. He had lunch and was sitting reading a paper when a telegram was brought to him saying: "Come at once to Florence. Carlo very ill." No one at Fortullino knew that Senator Carlo was ill; the last letter from him said he was well. On arriving at Florence he heard from the doctor that Carlo had asked for his brother and died at 10:45 with his name on his lips.

Some days after the death Signor Sebastian was present at a seance of a psychical society that he had founded. There he received a message by raps, by which an intelligence announced itself as Carlo Fenzi, and, addressing Cavaliere Sebastian, said, "I forced you to go out of the house, as I did not want to frighten Cristina's children." What an unexpected proof of identity! —Light.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 14.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxviii, 17-31—Memory Verses, 30, 31 — Golden Text, Rom. i, 16 — Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

17. "After three days Paul called the chief of the Jews together." The expression "three days" is so suggestive of resurrection that one cannot fail to think of it who has anything of the spirit of Paul, who had as one of his heart utterances "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection" (Phil. iii, 10). At his conversion he was three days without sight, and then Ananias came to him, sent of God. Probably he gave himself to prayer these three days in Rome that he might be fully in the Lord's hands as His messenger to accomplish His pleasure, and now the principal Jews of the city have come together to hear what he has to say.

18. "There was no cause of death in me." Yet here he is in Rome a prisoner by the will of God. So there was no cause in Christ why He should be hated (John xv, 25) or crucified, yet by the will of God He suffered the just for the unjust. To be willing to endure hardship for the good of others is Christlike, for He loved us and gave Himself for us, leaving His home in glory for over 33 years and suffering all the humiliation consequent upon His being the sinner's substitute, that we who accept Him might not only be saved, but share His glory.

19. "Not that I had aught to accuse my nation of." Although it was through his own people that he was now a prisoner, yet he would not accuse them, but rather see the hand of God in it all and continue to love and pray for his poor, blinded people. See his heart for them in Rom. ix, 3, and x, 1, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren." "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." And it was his custom always as here in Rome to seek the Jews first.

20. "For the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain." By comparing chapters xxiii, 6; xxiv, 15; xxvi, 6, 7, it is evident that the hope which Paul meant was associated with resurrection, the resurrection of Christ and then of His people. The resurrection spoken of in Dan. xii, 1-3, and in Hos. vi, 2, and elsewhere—very fully in Ezek. xxxvii, where it is said that they shall be one nation in their own land under one king, never to be divided or scattered any more.

21, 22. "As concerning this sect we know that everywhere it is spoken against." They had heard nothing evil of Paul, but they had heard the followers of this Jesus Christ spoken against. Simeon said to His mother that He would be for a sign spoken against (Luke ii, 34), and it is written, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (II Tim. iii, 12). The carnal mind is enmity against God, and the wisdom of this world knows not God.

23. "He expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets from morning till evening." Having appointed him a day, they came to him to his lodging, and thus he talked to them. The beginning, middle and end of his talk was Jesus and His resurrection, looking to the kingdom yet to be established with Israel as a righteous nation at the center, Jesus, the Son of David, as their King, and all nations blessed through them, their King acknowledged by all as King of kings and Lord of lords.

24. "And some believed the things which were spoken and some believed not." So it has been and will always be in this age. Paul never expected that all would believe him, but he labored that he might by all means save some (Rom. xi, 14; I Cor. ix, 22). Our Lord taught us that some seed will fall by the wayside, some on stony soil, some among thorns and some on good ground; that the tares will grow with the wheat until the harvest and that the kingdom will come at harvest time.

25-27. "And when they agreed not among themselves they departed after that Paul had spoken one word." That one word was a quotation from Isa. vi, 9, 10, and is also found in Math. xiii, 14, 15; John xii, 40; Rom. xi, 8. Isaiah having seen His glory and having heard the question, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" replied, "Here am I, send me." Then he was told that the people to whom he was sent would not all receive his message. Jeremiah and Ezekiel were also told the same thing (the record is in Jer. i, and in Ezek. ii and iii). It is the one business of the Lord's messenger to deliver the Lord's message faithfully, diminishing not a word, and trust the Lord to see to the results. See Hag. i, 13; Jer. xxiii, 28; xxvi, 2. We are not to think out the message any more than the prophets did or our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. Both He and they spake only the words commanded them by God (John xii, 49; Jer. i, 6, 7; Ex. iv, 12), and we must not think to do otherwise.

28, 29. To the Jew first was his way always; then, when rejected by them, turn to the gentiles, sure that somehow the Lord shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied. Since He shall not fail nor be discouraged (Isa. xlii, 4), there is no room for any servant of His ever to be discouraged. We must remember His word to Moses and to Joshua to put off their shoes, which, if I understand it, signified that the work was the Lord's and not theirs.

30. "And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house and received all that came in unto him." During that time he probably wrote the epistles to the Ephesians, the Philippians, the Colossians and some others. When people came to him, he would be ever ready to welcome them and talk with them of Him of whom his heart was so full.

31. "Preaching the kingdom of God and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him." Thus this book of the Acts begins and ends with the kingdom, for we read in chapter i, 3, that during the 40 days between the resurrection and ascension our Lord, when He appeared from time to time, spoke of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. The time will come when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, when all kings shall fall down before Him and all nations serve Him (Rev. xi, 15; Ps. lxxii, 11). What can we do to hasten it? First let Him save us freely by His grace, then let Him as our Lord use us as He will and where He will to make Him known to others, that they, too, may receive Him and help complete His body and hasten the time of His return to bring the kingdom and restore all things of which the prophets have spoken.

Mushroom Intimacies.

It is hard to preach distrust to young people, but it really seems necessary to warn them against sudden friendships. Such intimacies almost invariably end in decided coolness, if not enmity. "Festina lente" is a bit of proverbial advice that is never more apposite than when applied to the formation of familiar relations in a new place.

Mrs. B. calls upon her recently arrived neighbor, Mrs. C. The latter is attracted at once by the frank, cordial manner which is so taking to a stranger in a strange land, and an entente cordiale is at once established between the two ladies. Mrs. C. finds all too late that she is thereby thrown into the undesirable set of the neighborhood from which it becomes almost impossible to extricate herself.

At watering places especially to the familiarity of daily intercourse are due many mushroom growths of so called friendships which are not only undesirable but productive of actual harm. Some author has said that "it takes a year to know a lover, but half a dozen to know a friend," a commentary which is very true, indeed, as many find to their cost.—New York Tribune.

Neat Evasion.

"Yes, Miss Agnes, those are the customs officers waiting for us."

"And is it true that returning tourists are only allowed $100 worth of baggage?"

"It is too true. The law is imperative. How much baggage have you, Miss Agnes?"

"Fully $175 worth."

"And I have $25."

"Must I pay?"

"There is—there is but one way to avoid it. Miss Agnes, dear Miss Agnes, let us share our lives—and our luggage. Be my wife!"

"Why, Mr. Littlebait, how you have startled me!"

"See! They are looking this way! Quick, your answer!"

"How am I"—

"Here they come! Yes or no?"

"Ye-es, but"—

"Yes, Mr. Inspector, it is just $100 apiece."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Excusable Jealousy.

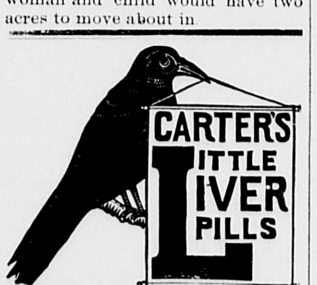
"It fills me with envy," remarked the man who wants an appointment, "to see the schoolboy trudging to his studies."

"You long for the pastimes of youth?"

"No. I don't care for them. But I'd like to be able to pass a civil service examination as well as he could."—Washington Star.

Land In the United Kingdom.

If the land of England, Ireland and Scotland were equally divided among the inhabitants, each man, woman and child would have two acres to move about in.



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VOL. XLVII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1897. { Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. } NO. 50.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.45 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent
DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent
W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8 25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

FOREST HOOPER,
PLUMBER,
Walnut St., Woburn.
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
*** Patronage respectfully solicited.

INVESTMENT.
Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE,
415 Main Street

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

Woburn Real Estate Exchange.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C.E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

EVENING SOLACE.

The human heart has hidden treasures
In secret kept, in silence sealed—
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion
And nights in rosy riot fly,
While, lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come,
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe,
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings once as strong as passions
Float softly back, a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations
The tale of others' suffering seem.
Oh, when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How longs it for that time to be
When, through the mist of years receding,
Its woes but live in reverie!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shade and loneliness,
And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer
Feel no untold and strange distress,
Only a deeper impulse given
By a lonely hour and darkened room
To some solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,
Seeking a life and a world to come.
—Charlotte Bronte.

PANTHER EYES.

A man and a woman—nature had done the grouping—sat on a rustic seat in the late afternoon. The man was middle aged, slender, swarthy, with the expression of a poet and the complexion of a pirate—a man at whom one would look again. The woman was young, blond, graceful, with something in her figure and movements suggesting the word "lithe." She was habited in a gray gown with odd brown markings in the texture. She may have been beautiful. One could not readily say, for her eyes denied attention to all else. They were gray green, long and narrow, with an expression defying analysis. One could only know that they were disquieting. Cleopatra may have had such eyes.

The man and the woman talked.

"Yes," said the woman, "I love you, God knows. But marry you, no! I cannot, will not!"

"Irene, you have said that many times, yet always have denied me a reason. I've a right to know, to understand, to feel and prove my fortitude if I have it. Give me a reason."

"For loving you?"

The woman was smiling through her tears and her pallor. That did not stir any sense of humor in the man.

"No, there is no reason for that. A reason for not marrying me—I've a right to know. I must know. I will know."

He had risen and was standing before her with clinched hands, on his face a frown—it might have been called a scowl. He looked as if he might attempt to learn by strangling her. She smiled no more—merely sat looking up into his face with a fixed, set regard that was utterly without emotion or sentiment. Yet it had something in it that tamed his resentment and made him shiver.

"You are determined to have my reason?" she asked in a tone that was entirely mechanical—a tone that might have been her look made audible.

"If you please—if I'm not asking too much."

Apparently this lord of creation was yielding some part of his dominion over his cocreature.

"Very well, you shall know. I am insane."

• • • • • • • • •

In a little log house containing a single room sparely and rudely furnished, crouching on the floor against one of the walls, was a woman, clasping to her breast a child. Outside a dense, unbroken forest extended for many miles in every direction. This was at night and the room was black dark. No human eye could have discerned the woman and the child. Yet they were observed, narrowly, vigilantly, with never a momentary slackening of attention, and that is the pivotal fact upon which this narrative turns.

Charles Marlowe was of the class, now extinct in this country, of woodmen pioneers—men who found their most acceptable surroundings in sylvan solitudes that stretched along the eastern slope of the Mississippi valley, from the great lakes to the gulf of Mexico. For more than 200 years these men pushed ever westward, generation after generation, with rifle and ax, reclaiming from nature and her savage children here and there an isolated acreage for the plow, no sooner reclaimed than surrendered to their less venturesome but more thrifty successors. At last they burst through the edge of the forest into the open country and vanished as if they had fallen over a cliff. The woodman pioneer is no more. The pioneer of the plains—he whose easy task it was to subdue for occupancy two-thirds of the country in a single generation—is another and inferior creation. With Charles Marlowe in the wilderness, sharing the dangers, hardships and privations of that strange, unprofitable life, were his wife and child, to whom, in the manner of his class, in which the domestic virtues were a religion, he was passionately attached. The woman was still young enough to be comely, new enough to the awful isolation of her lot to be cheerful. By withholding the large capacity for happiness which the simple satisfactions of the forest life could not have filled heaven had dealt honorably with her. In her light household tasks, her child, her husband and her few foolish books she found abundant provision for her needs.

No Gripe
When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take
Hood's Pills
and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

One morning in midsummer Marlowe took down his rifle from the wooden hooks on the wall and signified his intention of getting game.

"We've meat enough," said the wife. "Please don't go out today. I dreamed last night, oh, such a dreadful thing! I cannot recollect it, but I'm almost sure that it will come to pass if you go hunting."

It is painful to confess that Marlowe received this solemn statement with less of gravity than was due to the mysterious nature of the calamity foreshadowed. In truth he laughed.

"Try to remember," he said. "Maybe you dreamed that baby had lost the power of speech."

The conjecture was obviously suggested by the fact that baby, clinging to the fringe of his hunting coat with all her ten pudgy thumbs, was at that moment uttering her sense of the situation in a series of exultant googoos inspired by sight of her father's raccoon skin cap.

The woman yielded. Lacking the gift of humor, she could not hold out against his kindly badinage. So, with a kiss for the mother and a kiss for the child, he left the house and closed the door upon his happiness forever.

At nightfall he had not returned. The woman prepared supper and waited. Then she put baby to bed and sang softly to her until she slept. By this time the fire on the hearth, at which she had cooked supper, had burned out, and the room was lighted by a single candle. This she afterward placed in the open window as a sign and welcome to the hunter if he should approach from that side. She had thoughtfully closed and barred the door against such wild animals as might prefer it to an open window. Of the habits of beasts of prey in entering a house uninvited she was not advised, though with true female prevision she may have considered the possibility of their entrance by way of the chimney.

As the night wore on she became not less anxious, but more drowsy, and at last rested her arms upon the bed by the child and her head upon the arms. The candle in the window burned down to the socket, sputtered and flared a moment and went out unobserved, for the woman slept, and sleeping she dreamed. In her dreams she sat beside the cradle of a second child. The first was dead. The father was dead. The home in the forest was lost and the dwelling in which she lived was unfamiliar. There were heavy oaken doors, always closed, and outside the windows, fastened into the thick stone walls, were iron bars, obviously (so she thought) a provision against Indians. All this she noted with an infinite self pity, but without surprise—an emotion unknown in dreams. The child in the cradle was invisible under its coverlet, which something impelled her to remove. She did so, disclosing the face of a wild animal. In the shock of this dreadful revelation the dreamer awoke, trembling in the darkness of her cabin in the wood.

As a sense of her actual surroundings came slowly back to her she felt for the child that was not a dream and assured herself by its breathing that all was well with it, nor could she forbear to pass a hand lightly over its face. Then, moved by some impulse for which she probably could not have accounted, she rose and took the sleeping babe in her arms, holding it close against her breast. The head of the child's cot was against the wall to which the woman now turned her back as she stood. Lifting her eyes, she saw two bright objects starring the darkness with a reddish green glow. She took them to be two coals on the hearth, but with her returning sense of direction came the disquieting consciousness that they were not in that quarter of the room, moreover were too high, being nearly at the level of her eyes—of her own eyes, for these were the eyes of a panther.

The beast was at the open window directly opposite and not five paces away. Nothing but those terrible eyes were visible, but in the dreadful tumult of her feelings as the situation disclosed itself to her understanding she somehow knew that the animal was standing on its hind feet, supporting itself with its paws on the window ledge. That signified a malign interest, not the mere gratification of an indolent curiosity. The consciousness of the attitude was an added horror, accentuating the menace of those awful eyes, in whose steadfast fire her strength and courage were alike consumed. Under their silent questioning she shuddered and turned sick. Her knees failed her, and by degrees, instinctively striving to avoid a sudden movement that might bring the beast upon her, she sank to the floor, crouched against the wall and tried to shield the babe with her trembling body without withdrawing her gaze from the luminous orbs that were killing her. No thought of her husband came to her in her agony, no hope or suggestion of rescue or escape. Her capacity for thought and feeling had narrowed to the dimensions of a single emotion—fear of the animal's spring, of the impact of its body, the buffeting of its great arms, the feel of its teeth in her throat, the mangling of her babe. Motionless now and in absolute silence, she awaited her doom, the moments growing to hours, to years, to ages, and still those devilish eyes maintained their watch.

Returning to his cabin late at night with a deer on his shoulder, Charles Marlowe tried the door. It did not yield. He knocked. There was no answer. He laid down his deer and went round to the window. As he turned the angle of the building he fancied he heard a sound as of stealthy footfalls and a rustling in the undergrowth of the forest, but they were too slight for certainty even to his practiced ear.

Approaching the window, and, to his surprise, finding it open, he threw his leg over the sill and entered. All was darkness and silence. He groped his way to the fireplace, struck a match and lit a candle. Then he looked about. Cowering on the floor against a wall was his wife, clasping his child. As he sprang toward her she broke into laughter, long, loud and mechanical, devoid of gladness and devoid of sense—the laughter that is not out of keeping with the clanking of a chain. Hardly knowing what he did, he extended his arms. She laid the babe in them. It was dead—passed to death in its mother's embrace.

That is what occurred during a night in a forest, but not all of it did Irene Marlowe relate to Jenner Brading; not all of it was known to her. When she had concluded, the sun was below the horizon and the long summer twilight had begun to deepen in the hollows of the land. For some moments Brading was silent, expecting the narrative to be carried forward to some definitive connection with the conversation introducing it, but the narrator was as silent as he, her face averted, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves as they lay in her lap, with a singular suggestion of an activity independent of her will. "It is a sad, a terrible story," said Brading at last, "but I do not understand. You call Charles Marlowe father; that I know. That he is old before his time, broken by some great sorrow, I have seen or thought I saw. But, pardon me, you said that you—that you"—

"That I am insane," said the girl without a movement of head or body.

"But, Irene, you say—please, dear, do not look away from me—you say that the child was dead, not demented."

"Yes, that one. I am the second. I was born three months after that night, my mother being mercifully permitted to lay down her life in giving me mine."

Brading was again silent. He was a trifle dazed and could not at once think of the right thing to say. Her face was still turned away. In his embarrassment he reached impulsively toward the hands that lay closing and unclosing in her lap, but something—he could not have said what—restrained him. He then remembered vaguely that he had never altogether cared to take her hand. "Is it likely," she resumed, "that a person born under such circumstances is like others—is what you call sane?"

Brading did not reply. He was preoccupied with a new thought that was taking shape in his mind—what a scientist would have called a hypothesis, a detective a theory. It might throw an added light, albeit a lurid one, upon such doubt of her sanity as her own assertion had not dispelled.

The country was still new and outside the villages sparsely populated. The professional hunter was still a familiar figure, and among his trophies were heads and pelts of the larger kinds of game. Tales variously credible of nocturnal meetings with savage animals in lonely roads were sometimes current, passed through the customary stages of growth and decay and were forgotten. A recent addition to these popular apocrypha, originating apparently by spontaneous generation in several households, was of a panther which had frightened some of their members by looking in at windows by night. The yarn had caused its little ripple of excitement, had even attained to the distinction of a place in the local newspaper, but Brading had given it no attention. Its likeness to the story to which he had just listened now impressed him as perhaps more than accidental. Was it not possible that the one story had suggested the other—that, finding congenial conditions in a morbid mind and a fertile fancy, it had grown to the tragic tale that he had heard?

Brading recalled certain circumstances of the girl's history and disposition, of which, with love's incuriosity, he had hitherto been heedless, such as her solitary life with her father, at whose house no one apparently was an acceptable visitor, and her strange fear of the night, by which those who knew her best accounted for her never being seen after dark. Surely in such a mind imagination once kindled might burn with a lawless flame, penetrating and enveloping the entire structure. That she was mad, though the conviction gave him the acutest pain, he could no longer doubt. She had only mistaken an effect of her mental disorder for its cause, bringing into imaginary relation with her own personality the vagaries of the local mythmakers. With some vague intention of testing his new "theory" and no very definite notion of how to set about it, he said gravley, but with hesitation:

"Irene, dear, tell me—I beg you will not take offense, but tell me"—

"I have told you," she interrupted, speaking with a passionate earnestness that he had not known her to show, "I have already told you that we cannot marry. Is anything else worth saying?"

Before he could stop her she had sprung from her seat and without another word or look was gliding away among the trees toward her father's house. Brading had risen to detain her. He stood watching her in silence until she had vanished in the gloom. Suddenly he started as if he had been shot. His face took on an expression of amazement and alarm. In one of the black shadows into which she had disappeared he had caught a quick, brief glimpse of gleaming eyes. For an instant he was dazed and irresolute; then pulling a pistol from his pocket he dashed into the wood after her, shouting: "Irene, Irene, look out! The panther, the panther!"

In a moment he had passed through the fringe of forest into open ground and saw the girl's gray skirt vanishing into her father's door. No panther was visible.

• • • • • • •

Jenner Brading, attorney at law, lived in a cottage at the edge of the town. Directly behind the dwelling was the forest.

Brading's bedroom was at the rear of the house, with a single window facing the forest. One night he was awakened by a noise at that window. He could hardly have said what it was like. With a little thrill of the nerves he sat up in bed and laid hold of the revolver which, with a forethought most commendable in one addicted to the habit of sleeping on the ground floor with an open window, he had put under his pillow. The room was in absolute darkness, but being unterrified he knew where to direct his eyes, and there he held them, awaiting in silence what further might occur. He could now dimly discern the aperture—a square of lighter black. Suddenly there appeared at its lower edge two gleaming eyes that burned with a malignant luster inexpressibly horrible. Brading's heart gave a great jump, then seemed to stand still. A chill passed along his spine and through his hair. He felt the blood forsake his cheeks. He could not have cried out—not to save his life, but being a man of courage he would not, to save his life, have done so if he could. Some trepidation his coward body might feel, but his spirit was of sterner stuff. Slowly the glowing eyes rose with a steady motion that seemed an approach, and slowly rose Brading's right hand, holding the pistol. He fired!

Blinded by the flash and stunned by the report, Brading nevertheless heard, or fancied that he heard, the wild, high scream of the panther, so human in sound, so devilish in suggestion. Leaping from the bed, he hastily clothed himself, and, pistol in hand, sprang from the door, meeting two or three men who came running up from the road. A brief explanation was followed by a cautious search at the rear of the house. The grass was wet with dew. Beneath the window it had been trodden and partly leveled for a wide space, from which a devious trail, visible in the light of a lantern, led away into the bushes. One of the men stumbled and fell upon his hands, which as he rose and rubbed them together were slippery. On examination they were seen to be red with blood.

An encounter unarmed with a wounded panther was not agreeable to their taste. All but Brading turned back. He, with lantern and pistol, pushed courageously forward into the wood. Passing through a difficult undergrowth, he came into a small opening, and there his courage had its reward, for there he found the body of his victim. But it was no panther. What it was is told, even to this day, upon a weather stained headstone in the village churchyard, and for many years was attested daily at the graveside by the bent figure and sorrow seamed face of old man Marlowe, to whose soul and to the soul of his strange, unhappy child, peace—peace and reparation.—Ambrose Bierce in San Francisco Examiner.

A RECITATION OF THE MERITS —OF— AYER'S Cherry Pectoral would include the cure of every form of disease which affects the throat and lungs. Asthma, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and other similar complaints have (when other medicines failed) yielded to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

An Experience With Sponges.

A serious but amusing accident happened through the ignorance of an Irishman in a warehouse in West street. A cargo of sponges was received, and Patrick was ordered to go down into a subcellar that was supposed to be dry and pile up the bales. Two inches of water covered the floor, but Patrick did not know the effect of water on sponges evidently, for he said nothing to his employers. The first bale was dropped through the hatch, and Patrick placed it in a corner. Another was placed on top of it. The sponges began to swell. The bales exploded suddenly. More bales were thrown down by the truckmen and were ripped open. Patrick was astonished and then frightened. He scrambled over the heap of bales finally and, putting his head through the hatch, yelled: "Hey, up there, sur, these soft t'ings do be growin so fast that the bags won't no longer hold 'em. They do be gettin loose too."

An investigation disclosed the water. A loss of $50 was sustained.—New York Commercial.

Sandy's Narrow Escape.

"An hoo's the guid wife, Sandy?" said one farmer to another, as they met in the market place and exchanged snuffboxes.

"Did ye no hear that she's dead an buried?" said Sandy solemnly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his friend sympathetically. "Surely it must have been very sudden?"

"Aye, it was sudden," returned Sandy. "Ye see, when she turned ill we had na time to send for the doctor, sae I gied her a bit pouther that I had lying in my drawer for a year or twa, an that I had got frae the doctor mysel', but hadna ta'en. What the pouther was I dinna verra weel ken, but she died soon after. It's a sair loss to me, I can assure ye, but it's something to be thankfu' for I didna tak' the pouther mysel'."—Spare Moments.

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HYGIENIC CEREAL
COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.
REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.
A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.
Prepared by M. S. AYER of Boston.
A Vegetarian for many years.
Price, 20 Cents per Pound.
For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."
M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.
Sold by Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch.

"Only the Best"
Should be your motto when you need a medicine. Do not be induced to take any substitute when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Experience has proved it to be the best. It is an honest medicine, possessing actual and unequalled merit. Be wise and profit by the experience of other people.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

RARE EDITIONS OF BURNS.

The Treasures Gathered by a Scotch Florist In Washington.

Not long ago, when new material for the Henley edition of Burns was being sought at home and abroad, a certain modest Scotchman, living in the United States, had an original manuscript lithographed and sent to the publishers. In making acknowledgment of his courtesy on page 406 of the third volume, recently published, they write him down as Mr. W. R. Smith of Cincinnati. There can be no reasonable doubt that a Mr. W. R. Smith does reside in Cincinnati. Perhaps several of them. But the Mr. W. R. Smith who possesses an original Burns manuscript resides and for 43 years has resided in Washington city as superintendent of the botanical gardens. At present, furthermore, he is president of the Society of American Florists, and for over a generation he has been widely known in this country as the friend of many distinguished men. He has always been at home to them in his little red brick cottage, which nestles well hidden just under the white majesty of the capitol and at peace in the green plant world of its own.

The treasure of this house, as it is the pride of his heart, has long been his Burns collection, which fills a small room apart from his general library. How interesting this collection is may be inferred from his own statement that it contains 200 separate dated editions of Burns out of the 600 editions which he says have been published throughout the world. To this treasure house of his beloved poet he expects to add other volumes, to be obtained from the Mitchell library of Glasgow, which leads all others in Burnsiana. The affection with which he still plans for the further enrichment of his heard is a passion that began in youth. The first shillings he ever earned, he says, were captured at a village school examination. In the dreadful presence of the dominie and the minister the class had been called up to recite, member by member, stanza in turn, Gray's "Elegy." They soon stuck. "You go on with dux," commanded the dominie. Go on with it he did, and two shillings were laid in his palm for this feat of memory, whereupon he took to his heels and spent his prize for his first volume of Bobbie.

Among his rare editions he reckons one published at Alexandria, Va., in 1813, during the war with England. Only two copies of this, he says, are known to be in existence. Another is the first American edition, another is the second American edition, to which belonged the Washington copy now owned by Representative Cabell of Illinois and held to be priceless. As to the final disposition of his Burns library, he thought at one time of sending it to a Masonic institution in Kentucky, owing to his friendship for the late Senator Beck of that state, another rugged Scotchman whose portrait hangs on the library wall. He has since thought of leaving it to Princeton college out of regard for the late President McCosh. But his preference is to have it housed at last in Washington, in a room that he would like Mr. Andrew Carnegie to build for it there instead of the one the millionaire is understood to have offered to build in Pittsburg. It would be a pity ever to have the collection removed from Washington, where it is so often visited. When Craibe Angus wanted the loan of it for the Burns celebration at Glasgow, Mr. Smith declined to send it, being loath to disappoint his American visitors. In this connection he quoted with some feeling a remark once made by a niece of Burns, "A Scotchman always begins by finding fault with my uncle, but the Americans—they never find fault with him." A Scotchman must come to this country, insisted Mr. Smith, to find out what it means to love the poets of Scotland.—"Chronicle and Comment" in Bookman.

To give you an opportunity of testing the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most reliable cure for catarrh and cold in the head, a generous 10 cent trial size can be had of your druggist or we mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50c.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 1897.

COMMITTEE MEETING.

According to adjournment the Municipal Nominating Committee met in Board of Trade Rooms last Monday evening and reported progress. An attempt was made by Lawyer Curran and a few others to have some of the rules "abrogated," but without success. The attempt gave rise to a spirited discussion, friendly and good natured, after which members of the Committee, on rollcall, proceeded to present names to be voted on for nomination.

In a speech of considerable length, and carefully prepared, Lawyer Curran paid a glowing tribute to the ability and personal worth of Mayor Feeney, but it was a "premature discharge." Before a ballot had been taken, and in complete ignorance of who the Committee might nominate, the speaker took it for granted that Mr. Feeney was out of the race and proceeded to score the Committee accordingly. Likewise, before anyone could possibly know what would be done by the Committee they were bitterly assailed by Mr. Curran for extreme partisan conduct. This, it must be clearly seen, was a premature explosion on the part of Mr. Curran. But the funniest thing about it was his violent assault on the Committee for their alleged extreme partisan behavior in not nominating Mr. Feeney (no vote had been taken, mind you) who, he said was his candidate, who was the only one he would vote for, and whose defeat would drive him (Curran) out of the non-partisan movement. His speech demonstrated beyond question that Lawyer Curran was the most intensely partisan member of the Committee and the only one, except the four or five gentlemen who supported him in the attitude he assumed towards the business.

After naming preferences for candidates the meeting adjourned to next Monday evening when the balloting will take place. This is the list:

For Aldermen at Large, James Given, David P. Carney, John E. Burke, Julius F. Ramsdell, John F. Larkin, Henry C. Hall, Joseph F. De Lorea, Fred E. Cottle, William R. [illegible]ett, Nathan J. Shattuck, John C. Nichols, John I. Munroe, Lawrence Martin, Oliver F. Bryant, B. H. Nichols, John Q. A. Brackett, Daniel W. Bond, J. H. Parker, John K. Murdock, Marcus M. Shaw, John P. Crane, F. M. Pushee, Thomas Moore, Nathan W. Frye, Edmund C. Colman, Timothy Calnan, Arthur B. Wyman, E. F. Wyer, Warren N. Blake, James P. Mooney, S. F. Frull, James R. Wood, David W. Brown, B. Frank Kimball, Edmund C. Cottle, Alfred T. Carter, E. G. Barker, Edward Caldwell, L. W. Thompson, T. F. McCormick, Charles Cummings, Charles G. Lund, Herbert B. Dow.

Board of Public Works, Jacob M. Ellis, Thomas Salmon, James Skinner, John W. Johnson, Gilman F. Jones, Edward E. Parker, L. W. Thompson, Elwyn G. Preston, Sewall D. Samson, Francis M. Pushee, Benjamin Hinckley, George F. Bean, A. L. Richardson, Squire B. Goddard, George W. Norris, John R. Carter, Charles J. Quigley, Thomas Moore, Horace N. Conn, John O'Donnell, John J. Grothe, Winthrop Hammond.

School Board, Thomas J. Feeney, Thomas J. Hevey, Mrs. Charles D. Adams, Herbert B. Dow, Frank E. Cotton, James H. Conway, Mrs. Dora T. Hyde, Winthrop Hammond, Mrs Frances W. Hill, William H Kelleher, William F. Kenney, P. A. Caulfield, Frank B. Richardson.

For Mayor, James Skinner, John P. Feeney, George F. Bean, John W. Johnson, Elwyn G. Preston, Nathan W. Frye, Levi Furbush, E. C. Cottle, H. M. Aldrich.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The first public Thanksgiving Day was observed at Plymouth on Thursday in the latter part of November, 1621. It was continued three days, and on Saturday the most important of the ceremonies took place. Massasoit, the great Indian Chief, and about 90 of his followers were the guests of honor at the home of Governor Brewster and did ample justice to the feasting, so historians say. During the century that followed many Thanksgiving Days were appointed and observed, generally for some special blessings from the hand of Providence, the dates varying according to circumstances, some in the springtime and others in the fall.

About 100 years ago Thanksgiving Day became an Immovable Feast in this country and the last Thursday in November was fixed for its annual date. About 35 years ago the first proclamation was issued for a National Thanksgiving by President Lincoln, and the custom has been kept up by succeeding Presidents. Governors of States have generally chosen the same day, so that now the feasting, thanksgiving and praise go on simultaneously all over this fair land of ours.

Our hope and trust is that the table of no reader of the JOURNAL will find the Turkey missing next Thursday. At this season of the year the Eagle has to take a back seat and the Turkey is the "American Bird." We hope too that there may be a great abundance of Punkin Pie, a distinctly Thanksgiving Day viand, flanked with fair, juicy Mince Pies, with raisins a plenty; and above all, we hope that every feaster will recognize the Source of all the good things he enjoys, and thank the Bountiful Giver for them.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

At a regular meeting of the Suburban Press Association held on Nov. 15, Hon. W. H. Cook, Editor of the Milford *Journal*, was unanimously endorsed by formal resolution for the Presidency of the forthcoming State Senate. We heartily coincide with the action of the Association.

Mr. Cook served in the Senates of 1896 and 1897, and on the second day of this month was elected for the third time, which, to say the least, was highly complimentary to him. It was too a compliment well deserved.

Mr. Cook was an influential member of the last two Senates. He is a man of ability, sound judgment, and his personal and political integrity no one ever questioned.

The prospect for his election to the Presidency of the Senate is good.

☞ Time was when there was a solid South and the Democracy counted implicitly upon just so much support from that section in legislative and presidential elections, but those days seem to have passed and there is small probability of their returning. Look at the South to-day. In the United States Senate Maryland is to have two Republican representatives, West Virginia has one and is likely to have another, Kentucky has one Republican and another who refuses to co-operate with the Democrats on currency, South Carolina has one and Georgia two Senators who won't stand in line on the tariff, North Carolina has one Republican and one Populist, Louisiana has one Senator voting with the Republicans on tariff questions, and Texas has a Democratic Senator refusing to support free silver. On the whole, it must be admitted that the South is no longer "solid."

☞ The Massachusetts Civil Service Commissioners are about to hold examinations for positions in the Civil engineering forces of the cities of the Commonwealth. Citizens of the United States who have been residents of Massachusetts one year and of the City of Woburn six months have a right to apply. Application blanks may be obtained of Charlie A. Jones, Secretary of the Board of Civil Service Examiners for the City of Woburn. * * * Mr. Dudley, the Secretary, writes us that the Commissioners have kindly consented to the publication of the forgoing notice in the JOURNAL providing it will do so FOR NOTHING! For unadulterated, boiled down, concentrated gall commend us to the Massachusetts Civil Service Commission.

☞ It is reported that Mr. Levi Furbush "is loaded for b'ar," that is to say, he has his nomination papers for Mayor all ready to file. The same report has it that Mr. Furbush wouldn't wonder much if he should get nearly 200 votes on election day. And still the Nominating Committee continue to lie supinely, etc.

☞ The Woburn Democrats will hold their caucuses for the city election on Monday evening, Nov. 23. Delegates to the Mayoralty and Public Works conventions will be chosen.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Election.
Winchester—Wanted.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
H. C. Hale et al—To Let.
Tillman—Boston Journal.
J. F. O'Donnell—Moving.
W. E. S. L.—Entertainment.
Mrs. McMurray—Employment.
Littell's Living Age—Prospectus.
Burbeen F. L. Course—Lectures.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— Read ad. "Wanted" in this paper

— Mr. F. W. Clemson is visiting in York State.

— The Friday Night Club will open this evening.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— Post 33 was inspected last evening by Comrade Henry G. Weston.

— Hook & Ladder Company No. 1 have received a fine pair of new horses.

— Fitz & Stanley advertise Thanksgiving goods, and they have them too.

— They say that a Klondike Company is in process of incubation in this city.

— Miss Stella M. Haynes is a teacher in the New England Conservatory of Music.

— Rev. Dr. March preached at the Woburn Home for Aged Women last Sunday afternoon.

— Prior's mark-down sale at Dow's Block, is a great success, and will continue another week.

— The Democratic City Committee hold frequent and important meetings. "There's a hen on."

— We have received the last annual report of the Trustees, etc. of the Chelsea Soldiers Home.

— Mr. George T. Connor advertises umbrellas of excellent quality for fifty cents each. Think of that!

— Mr. John Duncan of Canal st. has been entertaining Miss Lulu A. Duncan of Fort Plain, N. Y.

— Read the advertisement "Tremont House, Winchester" in this paper. Mrs. McMurray is well known in Woburn.

— Tuesday was an uncommonly mild day for this season of the year. Heat and humidity "took the tuck right out of a chap."

— At the last meeting of the Co-operative Bank there was sold $2,700 at five cents premium, a somewhat less amount than was anticipated.

— Mr. C. T. Wood of Allston, formerly of Woburn, was in this city a few days ago and we had the pleasure of meeting him on the street.

— Just received at Prior's, Dow's Block, large stock of Enameled ware which will be sold at extremely low prices. Now is your chance.

— St. John's church will give an entertainment in Concert Hall on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 25, for the benfit of the church coffers.

For Sale or To Let.

House of 13 rooms and out-buildings and an acre of land, 138 Canal St. Two separate tenements, 6 and 10 dollars per month, or 15 dollars per month for whole place. No one but responsible persons need apply.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., Woburn

— The man or woman who wants a good tenement can be accommodated by calling on J. F. Ramsdell, H. M. Aldrich, or H. C. Hall. See ad.

— The light snow which fell on the morning of the 12th had disappeared before noon, and then such a mess of slush one hardly ever experiences.

— The ladies of Trinity Parish will hold their annual sale and give a grand supper in G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, this evening. Go early.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— It was only 23 above yesterday morning, and during the night before the ground froze quite a little. Old Winter is close at hand, gents and ladies.

— Mr. William H. Mathews, letter carrier, has been granted a leave of absence of three months. He has not yet fully recovered from his late severe illness.

— Miss Kate Jones of 54 Pleasant street is an inveterate collector of curious stones. She has the largest collection in this city if not in the county.

— Uncle Dan McCarthy has resigned his position of gateman at the Pleasant street crossing. Age and ill health were the reasons for his stepping down and out.

— The Beggs & Cobb tannery plant is to be enlarged to enable the proprietors to meet the demands on them for leather. It is one of the largest establishments in this city.

— A week or two ago Mr. Daniel B. Dimick was awarded a scholarship in the Worcester Polytechnic by the State Board. This means that Daniel is away up in book learning.

— Mr. Harry T. Gould of Bennett street has bought a fine residence in Lexington and Wednesday moved into it. Sorry to lose Mr. Gould and family, for they are good people.

— Mr. John W. Shaw, a prominent shoe manufacturer of Brockton, at one time member of the Woburn city government, and a good one, called at the JOURNAL office last Saturday.

— Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., gave a fine entertainment at G. A. R. Hall last Wednesday evening. A marching exhibition was given by the Degree Staff and there was tableaux.

— L. Waldo Thompson finds trade good. It is picking up he says. The fact is, people must have stoves, furnaces, and hardware, come what will, and Mr. Thompson can supply all demands.

— Mr. John C. Andrews, Manager of the Highland Orchestra, played the clarinet at the Peoples Service at the Orthodox church last Sunday evening and in fine style. He is a thorough musician.

— Thanksgiving Day comes next Thursday. Mr. J. Linnell of the Cash Market knows it and has en route as fine a lot of Vermont turkeys as ever struck this city. He will sell them very low too.

— The grand ball of the Firemen's Relief Association, which there has lately been so much talk about, will be given this evening. If nothing happens it is going to be the best one the Association ever gave.

— You cannot afford to miss the imitation of the drum, fife and bugle corps as given by J. W. Maynard the celebrated blind musician upon the piano at Lyceum Hall next Monday in the fourth number of the Star Course.

— The average daily sale of Boston morning and evening papers by Moore & Parker is 1200. Add the sales of other dealers and the total is not far from 1500. Does anyone think a Woburn daily could make its salt here? Guess not.

— Miss Grace W. Heartz, a talented young lady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz, has been chosen a member of the Boston University Glee Club. She belongs to Class 1900 of the B. U., and graduated from the Woburn H. S. in Class '96.

— The marriage engagement of Mr. John H. Hoag, Principal of the Cummings school, and Miss M. Elizabeth Leslie, Principal of the Wyman school, has been publicly announced. Miss Leslie has given notice to the School Board of her resignation.

— Supt. John Gilcreast wrathfully denies the soft impeachment that the Gas Company dig up Mr. Hugh Martin's neat, hand painted highways, and, in his gentle style, throws out insinuations that if some people don't take back the charge they will catch something. Of course the JOURNAL don't take any of this to itself, but just to please Captain John it takes back everything he wants retracted, whether for itself or more guilty neighbors. And now we hope there will be peace in the family.

AYER'S
THE PILL THAT WILL
PILLS
CURE
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION

— Have you thought that for the small sum of 75 cts. that you would get a ticket for the remainder of the Woburn Star Course? If not you should think quickly and go to Brooks's the druggist, and obtain one at once and enjoy as a patron of the course, a rich treat for the rest of the winter

— Mr. James F. O'Donnell, one of the oldest truckmen in the city in point of service, has a card in this paper to which we direct attention. He is prompt, careful and fair in prices, and in the matter of handling pianos and furniture he has no superior. General jobbing in his line respectfully solicited.

— Dr. Wm. A. Alcott says: "I have been led to the conclusion by more than forty years close observation and careful inquiry, that a disturbance of the action of the heart and sudden death therefrom is the one supreme evil resulting from the use of coffee." "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee" nourishes where coffee exhausts.

— Mr. H. G. Atwood of Boston, Independent Insurance Adjuster, was out here last week to look after the case of Mr. George Clarke who was shot in the foot some weeks ago near Montvale and taken to the Hospital. Mr. Atwood is a Somerset county, Maine, boy, and it follows that he is smarter than chainlightning.

— It will be novelty evening at the Star Course next Monday evening, and Prof. W. E. Floyd, the finest slight of hand performer on the New England Circuit, will be one of the attractions. His work is truly marvelous and the entire entertainment will be up to the high standard set by artists who have already appeared in the course.

— The Trustees of the Burbeen Free Lecture Course make their annual announcement in this issue of the JOURNAL. It deserves attention. It looks as though the Trustees had made a judicious choice of lecturers and subjects, and that the Course is going to be one of the very best. Mark particularly what is said about tickets of admission.

— Alfred Willoughby and Sarah C. Cummings were schoolmates in a New Hampshire village. They drifted apart and until they met in the same New Hampshire village last summer had not seen each other for almost 60 years. A mutual friend introduced them and from that meeting grew the wedding last week. They were born the same year.

— Housekeepers are invited to attend a lecture on "New Things in Fine Dessert Cookery," to be given in Music Hall, Dow's Block, next Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 23, at three o'clock. The lecture will be given by Mrs. Anna F. Bates, whose wide experience will render it highly instructive and entertaining. Admission free. Tickets may be obtained of the grocer.

— "The Wonderful Sweet Family" will give the best entertainment at the Baptist church tonight that ever come over. We have seen the programme and approve of it in every particular. It is to be one of those entertainments that a body can't get too much of, and the price of admission has been put so low that everybody can go and enjoy it There ought to be a crowded house, and probably will be.

— An entertainment will be given at Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, 1897, under the auspices of the Woman's Equal Suffrage League, as will be seen by an advertisement in this paper. Miss Stella M. Haynes, a popular Elocutionist under whose instruction a class of 12 Woburn young ladies are now doing fine work, is to be the Director, which ensures its success. The Living Statuary and Classic Posings will be fine.

— Had we space it would give us pleasure to print the letter of Mrs. Charles Gowing which gives a lively description of her and her husband's trip from Boston to Southern California. Her pen pictures of Seattle, Frazer River, Mt. Shasta, and other interesting sections of the northern limits of our great country; her accounts of the journey with its haps and mishaps; are all excellent, and show that she is a woman who travels with her eyes open.

— The auction sale at the Central Stables last Tuesday was the best one yet held. There had been a good many consignments of horses, harnesses and carriages and a large crowd of people were in attendance, many of them buyers. As the advantage of these regular sales becomes to be more fully realized and appreciated the consignments of property by Woburn and other people increase, and it is safe to say that they will become a permanent and advantageous institution. The next sale will be held at 10.30 Tuesday, Nov. 23, when a large lot of property will be offered.

— We learn from Mr. L. R. Wallis, Superintendent, that the Woburn Electric Light Company have sold their entire property to Messrs. Littlefield and Plummer of Lynn, and that these purchasers have transferred the property of the old Company to the Woburn Light, Heat and Power Company, a new corporation. The expectation is that the present electric site in this city will be abandoned next spring and the plant located in another quarter of the city. Messrs. Littlefield and Plummer, who own nearly all the stock of the new corporation, "mean business" and it is fair to presume that the stock will be a safe and valuable investment.

— Yesterday evening Harvard and Radcliffe met Boston University College of Liberal Arts and Law School to compete for forensic honors at Perkins Hall, Boston. The debate was conducted under the auspices of the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union. The question was: "Resolved, That American communities should have an organized system for supplying work for their own unemployed." The affirmative was taken by Miss Grace Ethel Gerry Ward of College of Liberal Arts and Mr. Thomas H. Russell, 2d, of Boston University Law School. Their opponents were Miss Maud Wood of the Fay House and Mr. Frank Hendrick of Harvard Law School. All, with the exception of Miss Wood, who is in the Senior Class of Radcliffe, have taken their A. B. degrees and all of them have taken forensic honors. Judges were: Professor Ripley of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Professor Comer of Wellesley; and Professor Start of Tufts. As Maud Wood is a Woburn young lady her numerous friends here were interested in the debate

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

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High Life Coffee
This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS; and
NECTAR JAVA COFFEE
packed in 3-lb. Square Tins, are the finest Coffee on the market.
For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
133 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

— Last Wednesday morning a friend presented us with a couple of pieces of partially decayed wood which were cut from the original keel of the U. S. frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," by a person connected with the Navy Yard at Charlestown. They constitute a rare and precious relic which we propose shall be carefully preserved. It is known that but very little of the wood of which the Constitution was built is in her now because of the various overhaulings and changes she has been subjected to; but the pieces which were presented to us last Wednesday were chipped from her original keel and are genuine. There is no mistake about that. Thanks.

— If there is one thing more than another that inspires a person's heart with the poet's longing, "fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome" Thanksgiving Day, with its rich eating and gastronomic delights, it is a look, steady and long, into the windows of the Metropolitan Market, James Durward, Jr., proprietor, about these times. We wish we had the poet's inspired pen to describe in glowing numbers the good things for a royal Thanksgiving feast therein displayed; the gift to lay before our readers, in their true light, the numerous choice meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., for the Thanksgiving board; but it were vain to attempt it, and we can do no more than advise our people to go and see for themselves.

— "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain; except the Lord keep the city the watchmen waketh but in vain."—Ps. 127: 1. From which appropriate text Rev. Doremus Scudder preached the best political sermon last Sunday that has waked the echoes of the old First church in many a day. It was a warning to Christian people to do their duty at the Woburn city election on Dec. 14. There was no rant about it; no flying off the handle; no charges of dishonesty or incompetency against the city officials; but just an earnest, strong and healthy appeal to decent folks to do their duty on election day. He didn't enter the pulpit to bring "railing accusations" against anybody; to reiterate the charges reported against the Water Board, Printing Committee, Board of Health, etc., that was not his business; he wanted men to vote right; vote as they pretend to, and some do, pray; vote for temperance, sobriety, prohibition, and things that are manly, honest, and make for the moral and material advancement and prosperity of our fair city. That was what the preacher wanted, advised, and prayed for. [If all the churches in Woburn would unite as one man in a determination to carry this place against Rum at the next election they could do it, and that too without a particle of help from outsiders. But the union and determination are out of the question. We need not state the reason; it is patent to everybody, at least to all world's people. —EDITOR.] Mr. Scudder's "Annual Municipal Sermon" last Sunday ought to and we believe will have a tendency to increase the "no" vote on Dec. 14. That was its aim, because temperance, good morals and religion all go hand in hand, and he wants them all to prevail here.

Tired

Without exertion, weak, weary and depressed. This is the pitiable condition of thousands at this season. It is due to impoverished blood. The vital fluid has become loaded with impurities and depleted in quality. It leaves the system

Weak

Because the blood is the means nature provides for supplying nerves, organs and tissues with nourishment, and health and vigor cannot be expected when the blood is thin and impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this weakness, because it enriches the blood. It cures

Nervous

Troubles by feeding the nerves upon pure, rich blood. It overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite and gives refreshing sleep. If you want to feel well you must have pure blood. You may have pure blood and good health by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its unequaled record of cures has won the first place among medicines. Get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

REMOVAL!

Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS,
Music Rooms,
No. 2 Bennett Street.
Class or Private Lessons.
Courses include Harmony and Musical Form.

— At 6.30 next Sunday evening the second Home Service will be given in the lecture room of the Congregational church. The subject will be "America" and the services are to be conducted chiefly by the Sunday School scholars. Superintendent Cotton wants all the parents and children present. Rev. Dr. March will make an address and there will be good music.

— The Union Thanksgiving Day Service will be held in the Unitarian church Thursday, Nov. 25, at 7 P. M. Rev. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, will preach the sermon. Subject: "Christian Socialism." All are cordially invited.

— Mr. George Beggs and family of Confluence, Pa., are visiting their old home and friends here.

— Belcher catered for the Odd Fellows Wednesday night.

Miss Lang's Concert.

The annual concert given by Miss A. Josephine Lang, the piano teacher of this city, can always be depended on for being of the highest quality. It never fails in this respect. That of last Friday evening at Lyceum Hall was not an exception to the rule, indeed it was one of the very best musical entertainments that has been presented here this season.

The weather was not favorable for a large audience and yet the hall was well filled. The attendance consisted of the upper stratum of society. The following programme was admirably rendered, the performance of Mr. David being particularly praiseworthy, and Miss Calnan acquitted herself very handsomely:

1. Overture. The Bridal Rose. — Orchestra
2. Reading. Selected. — Mr. David
3. Fantasia di Concerto del Rigoletto. — Mr. Robbins.
4. Recitative e Cavatina. Les Pecheurs de Perles. — Mrs. Wood.
5. Fancies. Polka Fantasie. — Miss Calnan
6. Reading. Selected. — Mr. David
7. Chimes of Normandy. — Orchestra
8. Sally in Our Alley. Air Varie. Arranged expressly for Mr. Robbins by W. K. Whiting. — Mr. Robbins.
9. { a, At Parting. b, Love Me if I Live. } — Mrs. Wood
10. Reading. Selected. — Mr. David
11. March. Gardes du Corps. — Orchestra

The three-year-old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack, saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business, a member of the firm of Johnson Bros. of that place; and they handle a great many patent medicines for throat and lung diseases. He had all these to chose from, and skilled physicians ready to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family at a time when his child's life was in danger, because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says this is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

It is to be found at the

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

The Living Age for 1898.

In another column will be found a prospectus of this standard periodical. Founded by Eliakim Littell in 1844, it has steadily maintained the reputation gained with its earliest issues of being the most complete representative of foreign thought as expressed by its greatest exponents. It is today a faithful reflection of almost all that is substantial and truly valuable in the passing literature of the woald, embracing as it now does in its Monthly Supplement, American as well as foreign literature.

While its pages show the same wise and judicious discrimination which has ever characterized its editorial management, the scope of the magazine has been widened, its size increased and its price reduced, so that increasing years seem only to add to its vigor and value.

To those whose means are limited it must meet with especial favor, for it offers them what could not otherwise be obtained except by a large outlay. Intelligent readers who want to save time and money will find it invaluable.

THE LIVING AGE is published weekly, and the price is now but $6.00 a year. To all new subscribers for 1898 are offered free the eight numbers of 1897, containing the opening chapters of the new serial, "With All Her Heart," described in prospectus.

Bay State Sanitarium Co.

Many are telling the wonderful story of their rescue by the SPRINGER METHOD from physical and mental ruin by the curse of the alcoholic habit.

You who read this may not be a slave to the habit, but you no doubt have some friend in whom you are deeply interested who can be saved from a life of misery to possibly crime or suicide through your influence and persuasion.

Now is it not your duty to advise this friend to take DR. SPRINGER'S CURE and be made a new man?

The Bay State Sanitarium has moved into its large and homelike new place 14 Walnut street near Main, Woburn. This institution controlled by the best and strongest business men in your community is the place for you to recommend him to take treatment. Don't delay or neglect your duty, but call or send to the Sanitarium for circulars and testimonials.

Montvale.

Mr. Patrick McKenna, who died here quite suddenly last Sunday morning, was a Veteran of the Civil War having been a member of Company K, First U. S. Light Artillery, and also belonged to the G. A. R. He left a wife and six childred to mourn his loss. He came from Ireland, his native country, when young and lived some years in Maine and moved thence to this State and town quite a long time ago. His health had been declining for a year back. He had many friends who sincerely regret his death. The funeral was held on Tuesday.

Men's League.

The meeting of the Men's League at the First church Wednesday evening was a fine one. Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., the new President, presided. About 60 people sat down to the supper tables and feasted on as good a meal of victuals as is often seen.

Hon. Sherman Hoar, ex-Congressman and late U. S. District Attorney, gave an excellent, offhand address on "A Day in Congress." Any man who can interest a large and intelligent audience with a talk on so dry a subject, as Mr. Hoar did, must be nothing less than smart. It was highly interesting and greatly enjoyed.

The new President was toasted by several gentlemen and gracious responses made; and on the whole it was a most delightful meeting.

Belcher caterec.

The Greatest Discovery Yet.

W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc. It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drugstore.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS BANCROFT
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

We have a full Assortment of
Goods for Thanksgiving Cooking.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Mr. Willard's opening week at the Tremont was socially, artistically and financially, a most successful one. "The Physician" appeared to suit Boston playgoers as the house was crowded for every evening and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Mr. Willard has decided, notwithstanding the great demand for "The Physician," to give his admirers another new production for next week, opening Monday evening. The production will be a dramatization of certain incidents in Charles Dickens's great novel of Martin Chuzzlewit, entitled "Tom Pinch," Mr. Willard appearing as the gentle and lovable Tom Pinch, perhaps as a character, the most beautiful ever created by the famous novelist, and transferred to the stage is especially suited to Mr. Willard, as his great success in the first production at Brooklyn on Nov. 8th fully testifies. For Thanksgiving week special matinee on Thanksgiving Day and also matinee on Saturday. No matinee on Wednesday next. Intending visitors at the Tremont will be kindly seated before 8 P. M. in the evening and 2 P. M. at the matinee, the times advertised for the commencement of performances. Seat sale now open for every performance next week.

THE COLUMBIA.

"Chimmie Fadden," the Bowery boy, will be the attraction at the Columbia next week. The main incidents of the Chimmie Fadden stories are represented, and all the unique characters of high and low degree are shown, including Mrs. Murphy, "His Whiskers," "de Barkeep," "de Duchess," Burton, Mr. Paul and Miss Fanny, in the play. As Chimmie Fadden, Dan Collyer is said to give an impersonation which places him in the front rank of American dialect comedians, calling for the greatest versatility, and requiring an actor who can at one time be a light comedian, at another an emotional juvenile man, and at still another almost a heavy tragedian. As if this were not enough, Chimmie Fadden has to sing a little. All this Mr. Collyer accomplishes. "Chimmie Fadden" is in four acts. All the special New York scenery will be brought here and the production will be given quite as completely as it was during the engagement in the metropolis.

YOUR BUSINESS AND OURS

There is, or ought to be, a mutual interest between buyer and seller. In order that you want what we have to sell, we must offer what you want to buy. Thus, your business and ours are inter-dependent. Some houses lose sight of this. We try not to.

For two weeks we have been talking about **Men's Overcoats**, but do not think we were forgetting the youngsters. We never do that. This store is headquarters for **Children's Clothing.** And therefore a word about

CHILDREN'S REEFERS.

The season's offerings are very natty, very warm, and very serviceable, and are shown in First Quality **Chinchillas** and **Friezes.**

For Boys, from 3 to 8, these useful garments are made with Broad Velvet Collars, very stylish, or Deep Sailor Collars, a great favorite.

$3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00.

For boys from 8 to 15, a Reefer with Velvet or Ulster Collar, some lined with modsh plaids; others with fine lasting.

$5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00.

A CHILD'S TOPCOAT

Is a special attraction, with which mothers will be delighted. Made in Brown Frieze with Velvet Collar. For boys from 9 to 15. **Only $8.00.**

Your Business and Ours.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.

1844 Reproduces without abridgment the ablest articles from the Leading British reviews, magazines and weekly literary and political journals in every department of Literature; also, TRANSLATIONS from leading Continental sources.

1898 ENLARGED by the addition of a Monthly Literary Supplement, containing Readings from American Magazines, Readings from New Books, a list of the Books of the Month; contributing to make this periodical

ENCYCLOPEDIC IN SCOPE, CHARACTER, COMPLETENESS, COMPREHENSIVENESS.

"AN EPOCH-MAKING STORY."

"WITH ALL HER HEART." From the French of M. Rene Bazin. Arrangements have been made for the SERIAL PUBLICATION of a TRANSLATION, made expressly the LIVING AGE, of this famous novel. The first instalment appears in the number of Nov. 6, and it will be continued weekly for several months until completed.

This novel, in its recent presentation in the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, aroused the greatest interest, attracting the attention of litterateurs both in France and England. A vivid portrayal of life in a French industrial town, it is interesting alike as a social study, and as a realistic, yet delicate story of modern life.

Its literary and ethical qualities are so unusual that LES ANNALES LITTERAIRES ET POLITIQUES described it as "An Epoch-Making Story."
The LONDON ATHENÆUM characterizes it as "a work of fine and searching analysis, full of charm and redolent of a perfume which is exquisite and possesses no disquieting element."

DURING THE YEAR other translations from the best writers will appear from time to time, with serial or short stories by the Leading British Authors.

FREE. To all NEW SUBSCRIBERS the LIVING AGE for 1898, will be sent FREE the EIGHT NUMBERS of 1897 containing the first instalments of "With All Her Heart."
Choicest Literature at Club Prices. For $9.00 THE LIVING AGE and any $4.00 Magazine (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) sent for a year; or, for $8.00 THE LIVING AGE and *Scribner's* magazine.
Published Weekly at $6.00 a Year, postpaid. Single Copies 15 cents.

THE LIVING AGE CO., P. O. Box 5206, Boston

FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

During the rainy season don't forget to call and examine our new line of

New Umbrellas, Steel Rods, Fancy Handles, for 50c.

Fast Black Covers. We have just recevied a new invoice of Baby Cloaks.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

(From the Wakefield Citizen and Banner.)

It's Just the Same in Wakefield.

If your church, lodge, club, or any organization that you belong to, is planning to get up an entertainment, look out that you keep off the committee to solicit advertisements for the program. Let the other fellow do that. You'll find it mighty hard picking, and wish you had never been born before your task is over.

Nine-tenths of the Malden merchants have drawn a line against that sort of advertising. They have sunk money enough in that way. The other tenth is still sinking money, but it will be pretty hard to get any merchant to acknowledge that he belongs to that small minority.

Don't do it. Don't blackmail your butcher, your grocer, your tailor, and your druggist into advertising in something that is of no earthly use to him. Don't deceive yourself by believing that an ad. in a program is of any possible use. When your organization has an entertainment, steer clear of that committee. It's a dangerous one. Most of the local merchants have their speeches for that class of solicitors all ready. The thing has been overdone. It won't work any longer.—*Malden News.*

Likewise in Woburn. Our business men are sicker than death of the expensive and foolish practice of advertising as set forth in the Malden *News* but, with a very few exceptions, have not the courage of their convictions, and so keep it up. They know that such advertising is entirely worthless, but are driven into it through fear of offending some people, churches or societies. What they need most is backbone.

A Clever Trick.

It certianly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulent to the Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c. a bottle at Parker's Drugstore.

W. C. T. U.

White-ribboners have always made a specialty of work with the young, believing this to be one of the most promising methods of securing their desired ends. Temperance instruction in schools, the Loyal Temperance Legion, and Mothers' Meetings have each held an important place on this line.

On Nov. 11 a "Mothers' Council" was held in the Baptist church, West Medford, which was attended by several from Woburn. The Council, which was exceedingly interesting, was composed of delegates from half a dozen neighboring towns, and Mrs. Rolfe, county Superintendent of Mothers' Meetings, presided. The reading and exposition of Proverbs 31 showed the "excellent woman" to be an "all around woman." Not only did she rise early in the morning to attend to her household, but she used her judgment in buying land. While she helped the poor and needy, she also found time for embroidery, etc.

A paper was given at the morning session on "How shall we win our girls?" This was followed by a free discussion, at which many bits of personal experience contributed to help the mothers present.

In the afternoon, a paper upon "Home Amusements" called forth a still more animated discussion. The time seemed quite too short for those who wanted to ask a question, or tell of something which might help another.

Solos and a bright original poem enlivened the exercises.

At the close a collection was taken for the purpose of holding such Councils where there is no W. C. T. U., and where the need is great.—PRESS SUPT.

The Massachusetts Teachers' Association.

The fifty-third annual meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association will be held in the English High School Building, Boston, on Friday and Saturday, November 26, 27, 1897. President Parker and his associates have done all in their power to make the meeting equal to any ever held by this famous organization. No teacher and no school officer who can possibly attend the meeting can afford to lose the benefit which will come from attending it.

The Time

To take medicine is when you are sick. The place to get what your doctor tells you to take is right here.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

North Woburn.

Mr. W. A. Green has moved to School street.

Mrs. Shaw is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. James P. Tyler.

Mr. Frank Clark and wife have gone to Hartford, Conn., for a week.

Miss Grace Hall of Walpole, Mass., is visiting friends here this week.

Miss Belle Avery of Wolfboro, N. H., has been visiting Mrs. S. A. Thompson.

The annual anti-election parade of the Woburn Highway Department was held here Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Munson of Greenfield, Mass., has been visiting Mrs. Oscar Haley of Elm street.

Our residents must have been frightened Saturday. Everybody seemed to be putting up storm vestibules and windows.

Hereafter the whistle at Bond's tannery will pronounce the verdict of school or no school. This arrangement has been made because of the difficulty of hearing the Woburn gong.

Rev. Isaac Pierson of Medford gave a very interesting talk on China at the Congregational church Sunday evening. Mr. Pierson has been a missionary to China for twelve successive years.

Mrs. Charles H. Vose of Rochester, Mass., who has been visiting with Mrs. Tidd, brings the news of the death of Miss Phœbe B. Cathelle of her town. Miss Cathelle came to Woburn to teach in 1874 and taught in the Plympton, Central and Cummings buildings for many years, making many friends among the Woburn people.

The Ladies Benevolent Society of the North Congregational church had a Harvest Supper in the church parlors Friday evening. Supper was served at 6.30, to which a large number sat down. After the supper a musical programme was carried out in which the Misses Tilton, Miss Bessie Barker, and Mrs. Walter Barker, participated with piano selections, and Mr. Samuel Merrill and Mr. Arthur Walls with banjo solos.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. MRS. F. BUTLER, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Burlington.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Preaching Sunday at 10 30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 30 P. M. Gospel meeting at 8 P. M.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me, and I want all of my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

A Card.

Through your paper we would like to thank the G. A. R. Post and other friends who so kindly rendered aid, and for their sympathy in great affliction.

MRS. C. P. FRYE,
MR. AND MRS. J. B. PEARSON,
MR. A. P. K. Knight.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

A Card.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to all who have been so kind and sympathetic during our recent bereavement.

MRS. MINNIE E. FISH,
MR. B. F. FISH AND FAMILY.

The Grippe has again made its appearance in town, but the Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam sign in the druggists' window dispels all our fears of Grippe. It cures, and leaves the system in a healthy condition.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Sunday School at 12 M. Thursday at 7 P. M., Union Thanksgiving Service. Rev. George Hodges, preacher.

ST. JOHN'S BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Walter Gay. Christian Endeavor at 6 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Friday evening, Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by F. W. Peakes of Newton. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7. Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "What Church Stands for." Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 6 P. M. Public Service at 7 P. M. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 6 30 P. M., Second Home Service under the auspices of the Sunday School. Mr. H. C. Hayden and Chorus will sing. Thursday, at 4.30 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sunday next before Advent.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. E. L. Drown of Cambridge, will celebrate Holy Communion.
Music by the Vested Choir.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 15, by Arthur E. Gage, J. of P. James F. McCarthy and Catherine Deery, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 11, Walter S. Fish, aged 29 years, 6 days.
In this city, Nov. 13, Patrick McKenna, aged 57 years, 8 months, 3 days.
In this city, Nov. 14, Fanny E., wife of George E. Blake, aged 41 years, 10 months, 11 days.
In this city, Nov. 15, Ellsworth C. Livingstone, aged 21 years, 7 months, 21 days.
In this city, Nov. 15, John Develin, aged 32 years, 5 months, 6 days.
In this city, Nov. 16, Rose W. Winder, aged 24 years, 2 months, 7 days.

CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS

A Stirring Hunting Scene In the Jungles of Nepal.

Marie A. Millie contributes a number of "Stories of Elephants" to St. Nicholas. She says:

The chase for wild elephants began next day at early dawn. We had heard of a wild herd being seen in the Chila valley, and we mounted on an elephant to see the hunt. Mr. Bagshawe, the conservator of forests, was in command of the party, and Bijli Prasad was the most responsible elephant.

For two long days they hunted their wild brethren through the deepest jungle, and in some places the pampas and other grasses waved four and five feet higher than our heads even while we were riding on the elephant.

Once, on the second day, the quest seemed hopeless. Through bungling or owing to the dense jungle the herd had escaped, and the ladies of the party halted for luncheon in a deep ravine. After an hour's interval we heard the reports of guns and the roaring and thundering stampede of the "chasers." Imagine our feelings in the ravine—never knowing when the herd would be on us, trampling us over, or whether there was the faintest hope of our being "in at the death." After a suspense of an hour, such as few of us would like to suffer again, we decided to mount and try to rejoin the hunters.

As luck would have it, from the next hill we had a view of the whole valley below.

Eight wild elephants had been hunted by the tame ones into the valley, and there they were, two of them being magnificent tuskers, tired to death, with no hope of escape. A firm stockade of trunks of trees was built to close every way out. Each hill was occupied by tame elephants and their riders, but still the gallant beasts made a noble fight for freedom. It was really distressing to see their uneasiness and trouble, particularly that of one poor mother, who had such a dear little baby, not more than 3½ feet high. She was overcome the first and was led off, attached by chains to two big tuskers, and it was most interesting to see the captors' intelligence in dealing with the poor baby elephant. They gently forced him between them to the mother's side. Every move it made was most closely observed and checked, but never one bit of roughness did they show it. And so it was led off into camp, the trumpeting of the mother making us feel most tearfully sympathetic. There was a most exciting fight with the others. They were simply ridden down by the tame ones and overpowered only when thoroughly faint and exhausted. The biggest among them—a splendid tusker—resisted to the last. For nearly a week he had been hunted, without a chance to eat or drink, but he still remained defiant, not yielding to any of the many champions who went forth to fight him.

At last it was decided that Bijli alone should enter the field against him, and we held our breath in anxious suspense. The poor captive seemed to recognize that his last hope was gone when his magnificent antagonist appeared, and we watched keenly to see how he measured the other's proportions before their first rush of attack.

How can I describe the thundering stampede and the shock like the burst of a cannon when the two mighty heads met in the first charge, the firing of guns, the screams and cheering from the mahouts, the trumpeting of the wild elephants already captives, who still hoped for the freedom of their leader?

But it was of no avail. Bijli's enormous strength was too much for the poor, tired, wornout beast. At the first sign of yielding four magnificent tame elephants, with mahouts on their backs, rushed into the field. Nooses of iron chains were flung around the huge body, and proud Bijli headed the sad procession. The captive was secured to two elephants on each side, with chains on each leg, and so led into camp.

Mexico's Table Land.

Perhaps the most trying sun we have here on the table land is the midwinter sun, so intense that the native expression is that "it bites," and yet men perform great journeys on foot or horseback under the sun of winter without injury. This may be the classic land of manana, of delay and procrastination, but the people have stronger nerves, and life, though led on simpler lines, is happier in many ways. Nobody goes mad here from the heat, nobody tumbles down a corpse in the streets from the effects of the sun, and rarely any one remarks about the weather. From the time of United States Consul Strother down to the present time residing and visiting Americans have never wearied of praising the incomparable climate of Mexico's table land.—Mexican Herald.

JAMES F. O'DONNELL,
Piano & Furniture Moving and Jobbing.
Orders promptly attended to.
Residence: WATER STREET

Tenement To Let.

At Hammond Square. Eight rooms and bath. Piped for hot and cold water. Light, roomy basement with cemented floor and set tubs. Recently papered and painted.
Enquire of J. F. RAMSDELL, H. M. ALDRICH, or H. C. HALL.

Tenement To Let.

A SINGLE TENEMENT To Let; in good condition; handy to the centre; fruit. Rent reasonable.
Apply to E. P. MARION,
47 Lowell St., Woburn.

WINCHESTER.

The name of the High School journal is *The Recorder.*

Mr. Shattuck has resigned from the Board of Health.

Rev. Mr. Suter has been elected President of our new golf club.

Congressman McCall and family will soon start for Washington, D. C.

The Winchester Amateurs will produce on the stage "Iolanthe" in January.

On the evening of Nov. 22, the winter bowling tournament of the Calumet Club will open.

Miss Edith Weeks of this town and Mr. Eugene Wentworth of Cambridge are engaged to be married.

George Maxwell is recovering from an attack of pneumonia. He is at his father's, Mr. John Maxwell.

A "Winchester Educational Association" has been formed here with Henry M. Waldrat for President.

Over 276 house connections have been made with the public sewers—not near as many as there ought to be.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock last Tuesday evening the First Unitarian church in this village was totally destroyed by fire, which is thought to have been of incendiary origin. The loss was about $20,000; insured for $10,000. The edifice was wholly of wood and burned very rapidly. A favorable wind and light rain prevented the probable burning of several residences in the near vicinity of the church.

Mr. N. N. Osburn well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Christian Science
WANTED.
"Science and Health" or anything written by Mary Baker Glover Eddy before 1883. Dr. Keyes Christian Scientist, 230 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Woburn Star Course
1897 1898

Fourth Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, Nov. 22, '97
The Popular Blind Vocalists and Instrumentalists
MAYNARD & COFFIN
— ASSISTED BY —
Prof. W. E. FLOYD,
Prestidigitateur, Illusionist and Entertainer.
An evening of novelty and pleasure.
Season Tickets for balance of the Course 75 cents. Reserved Seats, $1.50.
For sale by Brooks the Druggist.
Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
Doors open at 7.30 Concert at 8.

Entertainment!

Under the auspices of the Woburn Equal Suffrage League,
Living Statuary
Classic Posings
Readings
Music
Miss Stella M. Haynes, Director
MUSIC HALL
Wednesday Eve'g, Nov. 1, '97
ADMISSION, 25 Cents
Doors open at 7.30. Curtain at 8
Tickets on sale at Whitcher's.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Henry Bishop, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by Thomas Salmon who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

And All For 5 Cents!

N. E. Home Magazine, with 48 pages of photographic pictures, stories, etc, such as in Cosmopolitan or Munsey's	$0.10
The Illustrated Weekly with photographic pictures, news, stories, etc., as in Harper's or Leslie's Weeklies,	$0.10
The most complete and interesting and the newsiest Sunday newspaper,	$0.05
Worth	$0.25
But Cost You Only	.05

Get them by ordering NOW from your Newsdealer the
Boston Sunday Journal
— AND —
N. E. HOME MAGAZINE
Combined, for 5 cents in the Greater Boston District.

Tremont House
WINCHESTER.
I wish to inform the ladies of Winchester and Woburn that I have good girls on hand—Swede, Danish, English, Irish—with good recommendations. With thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, I remain most respectfully, etc.
MRS. J. A. McMURRAY,
formerly Miss M. H. Norton of Woburn

WANTED!
Situation by a good, reliable, honest man, sober and industrious, who understands the meat and grocery business; can furnish good recommendations.
Apply to TREMONT HOUSE,
325 Main St., Winchester.

BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND.

Season of 1897-8.

LYCEUM HALL, - - WOBURN.

The Directors announce the following Course:

Thursday, Dec. 16. Hon. John E. Russell. Subject: "Transportation by Deep Waterways."
Tuesday, Dec. 28. Henry G. Spaulding. Subject: "Pompeii" and Bulwer's "Last Days.' Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 11. Alice Freeman Palmer. Subject: "The New Education. What it should do for our children."
Tuesday, Jan. 25. Dr. Thomas H. Dinsmore, Jr. Subject: "The Evolution of Chemistry." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb. 8. Prof. A. E. Dolbear. Subject: "The Antiquity of the Earth."
Tuesday, Feb. 22. H. C. Hovey, D. D. Subject: "The Mammoth Cave." Illustrated.
Tuesday, March 8. Prof. N. G. Shaler. Subject: "The Utilization of Environment."
Tuesday, March 22. Harry Gray Chase. Subject: "The X-Ray, and The Phenomena that led to its discovery." Illustrated.

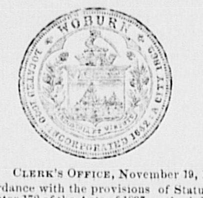
NOTE.—Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the Course, may be made to the "Burbeen Lecture Committee" in writing on or before Saturday, Dec. 4. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the stores of A. W. Whitcher and J. W. Hammond & Son. Tickets will be apportioned by lot among the applicants, and will not be issued to children under the age of 16 years, except to pupils of the High School. Applications for more than two tickets for any one family will not be received. Tickets will be mailed to those who send in with their applications, prepaid re-directed envelopes; others may obtain their tickets at the store of A. W. Whitcher on or after Saturday, Dec. 11. Tickets not taken before Friday, Dec. 17, will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening; after that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

S. FRANKSFORD TRULL,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WM. R. CUTTER,
Directors.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1897.

CITY OF WOBURN.



CLERK'S OFFICE, November 19, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1893, Chapter 172 of the Acts of 1897, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote, will be held on

Tuesday, the 14th day of December, A. D., 1897,

in the following places, namely:
Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main Street.
Ward Two,—Fifield Hall, Fowle Street.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon,** and all such male citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also, for four members of the Board of Public Works, one for the term of one year; one for the term of two years; one for the term of three years; and one for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes or No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1898?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and Aldermen.

ATTEST:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Trinity Parish
WILL HOLD ITS ANNUAL
SALE and SUPPER
G. A. R. HALL
Savings Bank Block
Friday Afternoon and Evening,
Nov. 19. 1897.
Fancy Articles, Aprons, Home-made Candy, Housekeepers Table and other attractions.
Tickets for Sale and Supper, 25 Cents
Sale alone, 10 Cents.
Doors open at 3 o'clock. Supper at 6 30.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

To Let.
Recently built HOUSE of 8 Rooms and Modern Plumbing, next to corner of Charles and Main streets. Rent moderate.
House is equipped for gas.
Apply to JOHN W. SHAW,
36 Pleasant St., Woburn

To Let.
Large Furnished Rooms
59 Pleasant St., Woburn

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.
I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

Salesmen Wanted.
Free outfit. One agent earned $22,000 in five years. Several earn a $1,000 yearly. Specialty, Mines, Mills, etc. "Factory," P. O. 1371, New York

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Election.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with provisions of Chap. 271, Acts of 1894, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the CITY ELECTION, on the

Afternoon of Nov. 20, from 2 to 5 o'clock,

Evenings of Nov. 19, 20, 22 and 23 at 7 o'clock;

And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on November 24.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 24.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1895, Chap. 61, Sect. 1.—Every male applicant for registration shall present a certificate from the assessors, or a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, showing that he has been assessed for a poll tax as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, and the same shall be received by a registrar as prima facie evidence of such residence.

Women desiring to register for the City Election are requested to attend the afternoon sessions, but may register at any session of the Board.

Male applicants who became residents of Woburn between May 1 and June 1 of the current year must produce tax bill or certificate of assessment from the place of their former residence, or their applications will not be entertained.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Nov. 3, 1897.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Franklin K. Young to The Trustees of the Groton Ministerial Fund, dated March 31st, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 2263, Folio 214, for breach of conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on **Friday, November 26th,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., all and singular the premises conveyed in and by said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in that part of Woburn, Mass., County of Middlesex, called North Woburn, and being lots numbered two (2) and three (3) in Block 25, Section A, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of Land, dated Dec. 10th, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry, Book of Plans No. 59, Plan No. 2, and bounded on the north by lot No. 4 and part of lot No. 27 on said Plan eighty-five feet; on the east by lot No. 1 in said block fifty-seven and 2-10 feet; on the south by Dexter Avenue eighty-six feet; and on the west by Prescott street seventy-one and 5-10 feet; being the same premises conveyed to me by James L. Tyler, Jr., by deed dated Nov. 25th, 1893, and recorded with said deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes or other assessments.

Terms and conditions made known at the time and place of sale.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE GROTON MINISTERIAL FUND, Mortgagee.

Groton, Nov. 2d, 1897.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Paola Galletta of Woburn to Sarah A. Halladay, wife of Charles S. Halladay, in her right, dated September 29, 1893, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, So. Dist., Libro 2226, Folio 82, for breach of the condition thereof, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on **Monday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1897,** at one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings thereon; situated in said Woburn, and being lots numbered three hundred and fifty (350) and three hundred and fifty-one (351) on Felton street, as shown on plan of land in Woburn entitled "Montvale Park Land Co. in the City of Woburn, Mass.;" said plan being recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan B. Each of said lots measures thirty-five (35) feet in width by seventy (70) feet in depth and contains two thousand four hundred and fifty (2450) square feet.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at sale or at the office of C. C. Barton, Esq., 82 Devonshire St., Boston.

SARAH A. HALLADAY, Mortgagee.

Boston, November 1, 1897.

WELL CARED FOR
Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

First 3 Days.
Mrs. S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,
No. 413 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
(Formerly Dr. Lang's Office.)
Gives public notice that she will be at her office as above during the
First 3 Days of the First 3 Weeks
of each month for business.
*** Public Patronage respectfully solicited.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?
If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!
If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from $50 to $100 monthly clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to increase your present income from $200 to $500 yearly, by working at odd times, write the GLOBE CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, whether married or single, last or present employment, and you can secure a position with them by which you can make more money easier and faster than you ever made before in your life.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

Horse For Sale.
Sound; No Outs; 7 years old; Good Roadster and Business; Every Way Right.
Call on JOHN CUMMINGS, 2d,
120 Bedford St., Woburn

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.
Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,
(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)
Teacher of Piano and Organ.
ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

C. C. STONE & Co.
Meats and Vegetables.
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Everything First-class.
Meat, Sweet and Inviting.
Always on Hand.
The cleanest, freshest, sweetest Fish, Oysters, Clams and Poultry in the Woburn market.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.
French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.
House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,
One minute to Station. All modern imp
$22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICE

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

C. M. STROUT
Is now located
in the
Old Postoffice Rooms
Dow's Block.

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.
Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Have the Baby's Photos Taken
— AT THE —
NOWELL STUDIO,
396 Main Street, Woburn.
We give a Silver Plated Frame with each dozen of baby photos, until Oct. 1.

To Let.
The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.
W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.
A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.
A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

FOR SALE — OR — TO LET.
House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

Are You The Man?
WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.

Pasters Wanted.
Russell Counter Co.

One's physical feelings, like the faithful setter, search and point out plainly the fact of disease or health.

If a man is not feeling well and vigorous—if he is losing flesh and vitality, if he is listless, nervous, sleepless, he certainly is not well. The down hill road from health to sickness is smooth and declines rapidly.

At the first intimation of disease, the wise man takes a pure, simple vegetable tonic. It puts his digestion into good active order and that puts the rest of his body in order. The medicine that will do this is a medicine that is good to take in any trouble of the blood, the digestion, or the respiration, no matter how serious it may have become.

The medicine to take is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a remarkable remedy. It cures diseases in a perfectly natural way, without the use of strong drugs. It cures by helping Nature. It has a peculiar tonic effect on the lining membranes of the stomach and bowels. By putting these membranes into healthy condition, stimulating the secretion of the various digestive juices and furnishing to the blood the proper purifying properties, it reaches out over the whole body and drives disease-germs before it into the usual excretory channels. It builds up firm muscular flesh, makes the skin and the eyes bright.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been found wonderfully efficacious in the treatment of skin diseases—eczema, tetter, erysipelas, salt rheum—from common pimples or blotches to the worst case of scrofula.

THE WAY IT GOES.

When Tom and Bill were baby boys,
Infant Bill
Was fretful, squally, full of noise—
Homely Bill—
Redheaded, and it was a fact
From morn till night his parents racked
To keep his neck from being cracked—
Troublesome Bill.

As he grew older folks would say
Lazy Bill,
But naught he'd care; it was his way—
Shiftless Bill.
He'd spend his time in idle joys
And put his jobs on other boys,
Poor fools that followed his decoys—
Scheming Bill.

And when the boys to college went
Foolish Bill
To grinding work no interest lent—
Hopeless Bill—
While Tom was quick and apt to learn
And said bright things at every turn
That made the slow with envy burn—
Sluggish Bill.

School life was done, with all its joys—
Thankful Bill—
And business life claimed both the boys—
A chance for Bill.
Tom made a noise—a stir, you know—
But somehow it ne'er seemed to go,
While close mouthed Bill raked in the dough—
Knowing Bill.

The years have come and gone away
For Tom and Bill.
Tom keeps a set of books each day,
And Bill
Has office hours from ten till two.
He's looking for new worlds to do.
He owns a block, a bank or two—
Incomprehensible Bill.
—Al Dunlap in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

Well, gentlemen (the great tragedian's voice shook a little as he put down his glass in the silence), you little know perhaps what a string you touched upon when you coupled my name with that of the great dead and gone actor, Franklin Hyde. If I closed my eyes for a moment, I could easily believe that this was all a dream. When I think of the strange and unexpected incident that sent me up the golden ladder at a bound and of the man—well, there, gentlemen, I suppose few of you would credit that one night, only 15 years ago, I was upon the verge of suicide.

It was about as black as it could be—partly, I own, because my ambition stood in my way. But when a man has studied and dreamed of a telling part in Drury Lane autumn drama his soul not unnaturally sickens at the thought of reverting to minor roles in second rate touring companies. That was it. I had been promised the part of Julian Armstrong in that immortal piece, "Exiled," and then, when it came to rehearsal, it turned out that by some strange mistake the part had already been allocated to another man. That man was Franklin Hyde, and I am not sure that I did not hate him on the spot. True, I received a check as a set off, but it seemed that my life chance had been snatched away, and my debts had mounted up again before I set to work to shake off the stupor of that disappointment. And then I found that I had let many other chances slip.

Somehow—many of you who saw it played and recollect the great possibilities it gave will understand why—that part of Julian Armstrong had put a spell over me. I got in at a rehearsal. Standing by, sick with jealousy and longing, I watched Hyde's conception, and, great as it was, I believed my own was greater, and a forlorn hope took possession of me. I determined to "understudy" him. Who knew? The drama was down to run until December. Might not some chance come in the interval? I felt—I knew—that I could play that part to the life. When, swallowing my pride, I spoke to Hyde of it, he laughed of course.

"Waste of time and talent, I'm afraid, Mr. Lorrimer. Still I would not check ambition. If anything unforeseen should occur, and you are still anxious—well, we might think of you."

And for weeks I was crazy enough to go dreaming of that great possibility. I studied the part until I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would wake up in the night and shout out my lines. I would go to the theater just to watch him and sit filled with a hunger of longing that I could never put into words. I would wait hours outside just to see him step into his carriage, for "Exiled" had taken the town by storm, and he had a reputation now to live up to.

And here—here was mid-November, and my young wife and I living—no, starving—on dreams. We sat there in the dingy room that night, and perhaps there was something in my face, in my laugh, that told her what had been in my mind, for she did a thing she had not done all through that black time—came suddenly behind me to put her arm round my neck and burst into a passion of sobs—sobs that would have frightened me at another time.

"Wilfred—don't! I'll work—I'll do anything, but don't look so! Wilfred, it's no use—they will never send to you to play Julian, and you know it. Put it out of your mind and think of something else. Yes, I know—I know what you could do and what it might mean for us in the future, but the people go now to see Franklin Hyde, not Julian alone. Oh, if he knew! I don't wish it, nor do you, but if—if"—She stopped short there, as with a sudden instinct. "Wilfred!" she breathed.

Why? Well, queer ideas had been flitting in and out of my overtaxed brain that night. I know I got to my feet and held Maggie away by the arm and stood staring past her.

"Aye," I whispered, "to think that there's only the one 'if' in the way! I'm not—I mean nothing. But suppose a little something happened to him one of these last nights—suppose he slipped or his horse took fright! Suppose"—

Perhaps I had taken a step unconsciously, I don't know, but Maggie gave a little cry and a rush and stood there against the door, white and trembling.

"Stand still!" I recollect her whispering. "You are mad—you will not go out again tonight. There, there, now you are calmer. Why, Wilfred, whatever were you thinking of?"

That night I did not close my eyes. I lay staring up at the ceiling. Did I hate him? No, no! But that dreadful thought had come into my head, and it would not go. To think that, should the little accident happen, I might be able to take his place, if only for the once! The once! It made my poor brain reel. I felt I must get up and rush away from it or something would happen. I could see the blazing footlights and the blurred row upon row of pale faces, hear the shouts, feel myself drunk with the triumph, so great the play had proved. You see, so long I had dwelt on the thought I could not realize it was not a possible reality. And Maggie—in her sleep she seemed to know. Several times I heard her sob.

All that next day, too, she hung by me like my own shadow. The least movement on my part seemed to frighten her. But I did not realize that day's doings till afterward. He lived at Hampstead, in a big, lonely house. I had been to look at it. There was a gravel sweep from the door between two rows of tall ever greens down to the gate. He always stepped into his brougham, they said, at about a quarter to 7. Supposing that this very evening a man ran out from between the evergreens—a man with a knife or something! Who would be able to play Julian then?

I dared not look into Maggie's eyes. I knew vaguely, although I tried to disbelieve it, that I only waited for her to turn her back one moment. I was mad. Four o'clock came—5 o'clock. It had grown dusk. She had been sewing while I lay on the couch.

Presently she put aside her work, tiptoed across and looked down at me. My eyes were closed, but I knew—I breathed hard.

"He's asleep," I heard her whisper. "Thank heaven!" and she crept out of the room.

Was it to be? It seemed so. I remember that I sat up, both hands to my head, afraid of myself. Next minute, holding my breath, I had taken my hat and slipped out of the house. To do what? I did not know. Afterward it all seemed like a dream. "Hampstead!" A hand seemed drawing me on, and that one word beat in and out of my brain. I must have obeyed both without attempting to realize. Hampstead was two miles away, but just before the clock struck 6 I found myself standing outside Franklin Hyde's house.

His house! All silent, but soon his carriage would drive out to carry him to the scene of his nightly triumph. Measured steps—a policeman coming. Hot all over, I crouched back among those evergreens. What was I doing? God knows. I tried to drag myself away from the fascination, but suddenly a light shot out from a window on the left. Ah, there was a balcony running along that wall of the house, and a shadow kept wavering across the patch of light. Never pausing to think, I went up the steps, tiptoed along and was peering between some ivy boughs into the room. The shadow—

It was Hyde himself—and alone. A billiard table ran the length of the room, and he was leaning over the far end, his cue tip feeling the way for some stroke. Ah, that was a minute! As if it were only yesterday, I can see that picture now—the green baize, the pointed stick and Hyde's impassive face craned forward, his wide eyes unconsciously staring straight toward me. Spellbound, without knowing why, I hung breathlessly on the stroke of his cue—and it never came.

He turned suddenly half round, then straightened up. The door behind him had opened, and a servant was saying something. Next moment a woman was standing in the doorway, one hand put out as if she were frightened. She pulled the door to, took one step, and then lifted her veil. My heart gave one never forgotten jump. It was—it was my wife!

"Oh, forgive my coming!" I heard her say faintly. She had a hand to her breast. "I—I was afraid something might—I—my husband"—She broke off there and stood staring at him, as if afraid for what she might have done.

"Your husband?" Hyde repeated slowly. "You will pardon me, but I really don't understand."

"No," she began. Even at such a moment my heart went out to her—she looked so white and imploring. I could see it all—what she had feared, why she had come. I felt a mad longing to crash through that window and confront him, but mastered myself by a great effort. She had taken another step and put a hand on his arm. "Oh, don't ask me what or why," I just caught. "I thought perhaps—nothing, nothing! Only be careful of yourself, sir, going to and from the theater!"

That was it. I saw him start and look slowly round.

"What do you mean?" he said, looking down into her poor eyes. "Careful of myself? Your husband, you said. Do I know him? Yes, I insist. You come here—what did you fear? What is his name?"

"Lorrimer!" she must have whispered.

"Lorrimer—ah!" I shall not forget soon the way he turned round, his finger to his lips, as if intensely struck. "Why, that's the man"—he turned back to her—"and you thought he was—here! Why"—

He was interrupted by a choking gasp. She had seen me—seen my face pressing close against the glass—and stood with dilated eyes. There was no time to run, or even to realize. The window was thrown up, and Hyde had me—yes, by the throat. Into the light he dragged me like a thief, had his stare, and then his grip relaxed.

"Oh!" he breathed, with half a sneer. "So this is how you understudy me, is it? You—what were you doing there? Shall I send for the police?"

I neither spoke nor moved. I could not. He stepped back. I suppose that the turn of my whole life, for better or worse, hung in the balance at that moment, and it was Maggie who turned the scale. Her woman's quickness saved me for this moment. There were two outstretched arms between him and that door. Maggie!

"Oh, Mr. Hyde, if you knew but the half, you would weep for him!" She said that, and he, who had seen so many women play a part to him, seemed held to listen in spite of himself. "Think! he was to have played the part. It seemed that his ambition was to be suddenly crowned—he believed he could idealize it. And then all his hopes to be crushed in a moment! Yes, think! Go back to your own struggling days; stand where he stands now. Night and day he has been tortured by the thought of what he might be today—by the foolish hope that he might be able to take your place for one night. Oh, no, it was not professional spite. It was only a human longing to do himself justice. If that is not to be, at least you will let him go as he came, and I will answer for the rest. One day—one day my husband will succeed. I know it—and then he will thank you!"

And Hyde, stupefied, looked from one to the other of us, hesitated and closed his eyes as if to shut out the sight of her close, imploring face. Then, drawing a breath, he turned to me, without the sneer, but incredulously.

"And so you think that you could play Julian—such a Julian, I mean, as would stir that crowd hurrying west at this moment?"

"Try him!" she put in in a thrilling whisper. Unconsciously she had said the cleverest thing she could have done, if only because it spurred his curiosity.

"Quick!" he said suddenly, glancing at his watch. "I have barely half an hour. For the moment you shall be Julian, with an audience of two. Now, without a pause, the lines at the mine. Enter Sabroff, cracking his whip: 'His wife! Is he mad? Tell him sentiment dies a natural death here in Siberia!'"

As if it had been a challenge—as if my personality had been transformed while the words were on his lips—I took him up. It was the telling speech of the play—the part in which Hyde obtained his greatest triumph night by night.

How I delivered it I cannot say. I only know that my whole soul seemed to go out in the words, and that when I had finished my wife stood there like a statue, and Hyde's own lips were parted. There was a queer silence in the room for what seemed minutes. Then—then I looked and saw his hand put out.

"Mr. Lorrimer," he said, "I take back that word. You have not understudied me—you have created your own conception."

He stood awhile, his hand to his forehead. Then he sat down, tore a slip of paper from his notebook and wrote something off impetuously.

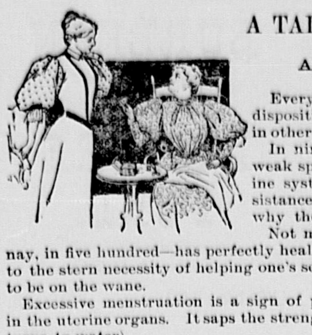
"There," he said, "I'm not going to ask why you came here—I know. And I'm doing something for you that not many men would do in the circumstances. Take that note to my dresser and play Julian. It's quite right, Mr. Lorrimer, or will be, I hope. You want your chance. You shall have it. I am indisposed for this one night. You—it lies in your hands to give the public their money's worth. Take my brougham and be off, and I'll telegraph to the manager. You will find all you require in my room there, and, one word, if ever you kept your head, keep it now."

* * * * * * *

I knew that my wife had kissed me, and that a few minutes later I was being rattled along the streets, but that was about all. It was not until the very moment when I stepped on to that stage as Julian that I made the effort of my life and realized fully how my destiny as an actor was in my own hands. And then—well, I need say no more. Some of you here will recollect that night and know better than I what it was that made my audience rise at me, and why I have never looked back. As for me, the one thing I remember clearly is that as I left the theater like one in a dream a man gripped my hand and said—something that I shall never forget.

That man was Franklin Hyde. Gentlemen, here's to his memory—God bless him!—London Tit-Bits.

A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM



About the Cause of Anemia.

Everybody comes into this world with a predisposition to disease of some particular tissue; in other words, everybody has a weak spot.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the weak spot in women is somewhere in the uterine system. The uterine organs have less resistance to disease than the vital organs; that's why they give out the soonest.

Not more than one woman in a hundred—nay, in five hundred—has perfectly healthy organs of generation. This points to the stern necessity of helping one's self just as soon as the life powers seem to be on the wane.

Excessive menstruation is a sign of physical weakness and want of tone in the uterine organs. It saps the strength away and produces anemia (blood turns to water).

If you become anemic, there is no knowing what will happen. If your gums and the inside of your lips and inside your eyelids look pale in color, you are in a dangerous way and must stop that drain on your powers. Why not build up on a generous, uplifting tonic, like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Mrs. Edwin Ehrig, 413 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa., says: "I feel it my duty to write and tell you that I am better than I have been for four years. I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills, and can say that I am perfectly cured.

"Doctors did not help me any. I should have been in my grave by this time if it had not been for your medicine. It was a godsend to me. I was troubled with excessive menstruation, which caused womb trouble, and I was obliged to remain in bed for six weeks. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine was recommended to me, and, after using it a short time, was troubled no more with flooding. I also had severe pain in my kidneys. This, also, I have no more. I shall always recommend the Compound, for it has cured me, and it will cure others. I would like to have you publish this letter." (In such cases the dry form of Compound should be used.)

Excessive Precision.

Accuracy is a most desirable thing on ordinary occasions, but there are times when it palls. It is soothing to hear the English language spoken with the easy confidence and unerring grammar which betoken intelligence and good breeding, and especially so when it is uttered in public places by uniformed persons from whom you ordinarily hear such remarks as "Hi!" "Get a move on yer!" and "Can't you look where yer goin'?"

A middle aged man who had made his way through the mob of depot employees who use this style of vocabulary was happy to find the conductor on the sleeping car a young man with a gentle voice and a deliberate and refined manner. He was more than gratified when he saw him later on the journey take a copy of one of the Latin classics from his pocket and begin to read. His pleasure at the spectacle made him almost forget that in his haste to catch the train he had neglected to eat any lunch. Approaching the conductor, he endeavored to mingle knowledge getting with agreeable intercourse.

"Have you been on this road long?" he inquired.

"No," the conductor answered without looking up. "This is my first week."

"Do you like the work?"

"All labor is distasteful, but I endeavor not to allow my mind to dwell on the irksome phases of my duty."

The conductor had not taken his eyes from the book, and his questioner abandoned all idea of sociability and proceeded with the matter that was nearest his heart.

"Will you tell me," he asked, "when and for how long this train stops for dinner?"

"Not at all."

"Are you sure of that?" came the inquiry in tones of protesting anguish.

"Yes," the gentle voiced conductor replied as he leisurely turned a leaf. "I am quite sure. The train does not eat."—Washington Star.

Wild Pigeons In Nebraska.

A recent report from Nebraska stated that a flock of from 75 to 100 wild, or passenger, pigeons had been seen in that state. This will be interesting news to those who remember the birds when they flew in countless thousands like dark rivers across the sky during the spring migrations. Some grizzled old trappers, who regularly followed the flight of pigeons and netted them by thousands per week, have for years gone on hoping against hope that the flights of pigeons had merely been diverted from the old routes and that the birds would some day reappear in all their former numbers. This idea, of course, is erroneous. The pigeons are not haunting inaccessible sections of the country. They have been destroyed. During the early autumn of 1887 I shot a lone pigeon, a male of that year, near the city of Eau Claire, Wis., and a few days later I saw a flock of perhaps 25 birds flying low near where I had shot the single one. In March, 1894, while traveling by train near London, Ont., I saw four pigeons flying east. The day was very mild, with a warm rain falling, and the pigeons passed in plain view from the car window. It was just the sort of day we used to deem the best for pigeons in the long ago when one gun could bag more birds than a man could carry.—Ed. W. Sandys in Outing.

QUARTERMASTER IGO.

An Officer From Michigan Who Became Famous During the War.

"Service in the army," remarked the veteran, "certainly tended to develop characteristics, and if a soldier possessed peculiarities they were bound to come out. Every regiment had among its members one or more who became known to everybody, who were distinguished by a nickname, and to a certain extent were privileged characters. Some of these even achieved fame, and their doings and sayings were repeated throughout the army. Among the most noted of these in Buell's command was a regimental quartermaster from Michigan. On reporting at Louisville I was ordered to take charge of a steamboat loading with stores and ammunition for Nashville. Nearly all the captains and pilots on the southwestern rivers were believed to sympathize with the secessionists, and it was presumed that these gentlemen would not give way to grief if the boats they were running, loaded with government supplies, should be captured at some convenient landing by rebels. Hence the precaution of running the boats under the direction of a Union officer with a guard on their decks.

"On going aboard the boat to which I had been assigned I was halted at the gangway stairs by an undersized man whose hair was several degrees beyond auburn and whose accent savored of Tipperary with the salutation:

"'Who in thunder are you?'

"I produced the document from headquarters, which he read over carefully and with a profound bow handed back, remarking:

"'You're all right and can go where you like. I've been taking charge of this craft because she needed a head, but I resign. There's a devil of a lot of our fellows aboard. I'm Quartermaster Igo.'

"This was my introduction to the quartermaster. On the arrival of his regiment at Louisville he had, or imagined he had, business with the quartermaster of the department and at once proceeded to the large building occupied by that officer. Brushing aside an interposing orderly and pushing open a gate, he marched on through the sacred inclosure until stopped by a dignified and indignant gentleman, who curtly informed him that he must remain outside the railing.

"'Who in thunder are you?' demanded Igo.

"'I am Colonel Swords, department quartermaster.'

"Igo coolly glanced over him from head to heel and then asked:

"'Don't the government pay you?'

"'Why, certainly, of course,' answered the surprised West Pointer.

"'Then why in thunder don't you wear brass buttons and things on your shoulders so a fellow would know you are the high cockalorum? How am I to tell whether you are Colonel Swords or Tom, Dick or the devil?' With this he turned and indignantly marched out.

"Soon after he encountered the colonel in a public place and at once accosted him about business. He was immediately checked with the remark:

"'Sir, when you have business with me you will please call at my office.'

"Later, when everything was being hurried for an immediate departure of the army, Colonel Swords, who was riding out to the camp, met Igo riding into the city.

"'One moment, quartermaster,' said the colonel, bringing his horse to a stand.

"'Sir,' said Igo, 'when you have business with me you will please call at my office.'

"In the autumn of 1862 our regiment relieved a detachment of troops posted at a crossroads several miles from headquarters, at Murfreesboro, Tenn. One evening we received orders to return immediately to town, and while packing up a soldier found a box of papers and reported the find. Investigation showed them to be Quartermaster Igo's regimental accounts, and instructions were given to take them along and deliver them to him the first opportunity. This occurred at Murfreesboro, and the box of papers was returned. On receiving them Igo broke out:

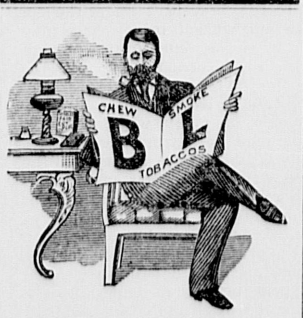
"'Well, this beats thunder. I've been losing these papers all over the state of Tennessee, and some blamed fool invariably finds them and brings them back. How are my accounts with the government ever to be settled if I can't certify that the papers are lost?'

"It was reported afterward that the government had imperatively called upon Igo to settle up, and in answer he had boxed up all his papers and forwarded them to Washington with a letter stating that these were all the documents, and as the department had plenty of clerks they could settle the accounts at their leisure to suit themselves."—New York Sun.

Well Considered.

"So you wish to leave to get married, Mary? I hope you have given the matter serious consideration."

"Oh, I have, sir," was the earnest reply. "I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant and looked in a sign book and dreamed on a lock of his hair and been to one of those asterologers and to a meejum, and they all tell me to go ahead, sir. I ain't one to marry reckless like, sir."—London Tit-Bits.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 21.

Text of the Lesson, Eph. vi, 10-20—Memory Verses, 13-17—Golden Text, Eph. vi, 10—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

10. "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." The first three chapters set forth our salvation, or rather His salvation, in all its fullness. Then we are taught in the following chapters what our walk in the Lord, or our daily life, should be, and now in the verses of our lesson we are taught how to do it and to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things (Titus ii, 10). My readers and hearers must be very familiar with Eph. ii, 10, but it only just comes to me now to associate with it Titus ii, 10. Thank the Lord for the association. May the words grip us with power!

11. "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." There is a real personal devil, the enemy of God and man, at present the prince of the power of the air, the prince of this world, whose prison will soon be the bottomless pit and his final abode the lake of fire and brimstone (John xiv, 30; Eph. ii, 2; Rev. xx, 2, 3, 10).

12. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood." The demons who do the devil's work are not all visible in the form of men or women. The air is often full of them. They come at us when we are weak and alone and fairly storm us with their evil thoughts and lies. They come at us in the house of God, and when we read His word, and even when on our knees in prayer. How shall we know them? They are the opposite of all that is of God. Righteousness and peace and rest and quietness are all of God and His Spirit through Christ. The opposite must be of the devil.

13. "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand." One of the first and greatest things is to understand that as we are saved freely by His grace (Eph. ii, 8; Rom. iii, 24), so we stand continually in the same grace (Rom. v, 1, 2) or undeserved favor of God. Unless we see clearly that all our salvation from first to last is wholly undeserved on our part, and is ours only in and through Jesus Christ and His finished work, satan will get many an advantage over us. We are not worthy, but Thou art worthy, O Lord. On that let us stand firmly and continually.

14. "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth and having on the breastplate of righteousness." Our Lord said, "I am the Truth," and He is also made unto us righteousness (John xiv, 6; I Cor. i, 30; II Cor. v, 21), so that when we have learned to see no one but "Jesus only," to "run with patience looking unto Jesus," and ever to consider Him (Math. xvii, 8; Heb. xii, 2, 3), we have learned the secret of standing firmly.

15. "And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The feet shod also takes us back to the Passover verse (Ex. xii, 11), for we can do nothing and are asked to do nothing till we are safe under the blood. We are also reminded by Isa. lii, 7, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." The first thing is to be made nigh by the blood of Christ, "for He is our peace" (Eph. ii, 13, 14). Then have the mind staid on Him in perfect peace (Isa. xxvi, 3). Then carry the tidings of peace through the blood of His cross (Col. i, 20) to every creature.

16. "Above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one." Many trials are very fiery, but none the less precious as tokens of His approval who gives us fellowship with Himself (I Pet. iv, 12, 13). He has not promised to keep us out of the fire, but to be with us in it, even as with Daniel's friends (Isa. xliii, 2; Dan. iii, 25), and if He can be better seen in the fire with us shall we not praise Him even for that? But as to these fiery darts of the devil which he hurls at us, there is not one that need touch us to harm us, for all may be quenched by a quick and firm "I believe God" (Acts xxvii, 25). Confidence in God and reliance upon His word will do it every time.

17. "And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." In I Thess. v, 8, it is written, "For an helmet, the hope of salvation." This is the completion of our salvation at His coming, which is every day nearer than when we believed (Rom. xiii, 11). The blessed hope that purifies (I John iii, 3), for then we shall be like Him, even as to our bodies, for we shall see Him as He is (Phil. iii, 21; Rom. viii, 23). From first to last all the knowledge and comfort of this come to us through His word, which is forever settled in heaven and true from the beginning (Ps. cxix, 89, 160).

18. "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." Our Lord spent whole nights in prayer. David and Daniel prayed many times a day (Ps. lv, 17; Dan. vi, 10). We should pray without ceasing (I Thess. v, 17). It is possible to be ever in an attitude of prayer, constantly communing with Him about everything. He who prays honestly will expect answers and watch for them as truly as the boy who throws his ball into the air watches for it to return to him.

19. "And for me that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel." He said to the Corinthians, "In everything ye are enriched by Him, in all utterance and in all knowledge" (I Cor. i, 5). And yet, recognizing his own weakness and the reality of the wiles of the devil, he asks prayer for himself that he may have utterance and boldness for Christ. Paul was very conscious of his own weakness and often spoke of it.

20. "For which I am an ambassador in bonds; that therein (margin thereof) I may speak boldly as I ought to speak." The Lord's messengers with the Lord's message are supposed to have no fear of man, nor of the face of man, yet many are very weak, and not many seem to declare, without thought of man's frown or favor, the whole council of God. Many ministers seem to know little or nothing of the mystery of which Paul has just spoken, and more fully in chapter iii, the mystery hid from the beginning of the world and specially revealed to Paul; that during the postponement of the kingdom God is gathering from Jews and gentiles a body for Christ, the church, which shall be one with Him when He shall come in His glory and take unto Him His great power and reign. Many seem to think that instead of gathering out a body for Christ He is seeking the conversion of the world, and are therefore working and walking in much darkness.

A Herringbone Charm.

This was a case at Hertford petty sessions in which a wife endeavored unsuccessfully to obtain a separation from her husband. Defendant said the whole cause of the trouble was that his wife had unfortunately taken to drink, and also that she was always consulting a fortune teller. Defendant produced from a parcel a well worn vest, and, pointing to an object which had been tacked to the cloth, inside the lining, explained that it was a charm placed there by his wife. A neighbor had told her that when the charm withered he would die.

The Clerk (to complainant)—Did you put that in?

Complainant—Yes; I put it in to stop his jealousy and to make him give over fighting.

The Clerk—And this is the nineteenth century! What is the charm?

Complainant—A herringbone.

The Clerk—Any particular bone?

Complainant—I don't know. It came out of a herring.

The Clerk—And it has not had the desired effect?

Complainant—I don't know. I think not.

The Clerk—That is a great pity, as it is so cheap a charm that we might have supplied three charms free from the court, on application, for jealous husbands.

Complainant—I don't know why it did not work. It has succeeded in a number of cases.

The Clerk—If it is possible to cure a man of his jealousy so cheaply, I wonder it has not been tried before.

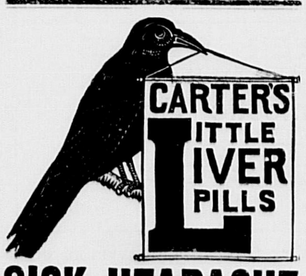
The defendant said he had never been a bad man to his wife, but he thought it time to say something when she struck him over the head with the rolling pin. Perhaps the charm was upside down.—Durham Chronicle.

Doves and Religion.

"One thing I remarked and think worthy of notice is that ever since Noah's dove every religion seems to consider the pigeon as a sacred bird. For example, every mosque swarms with pigeons, and the same exists in most Italian market places. The Hindoo pundits and the old Assyrian empire also have them, while Catholics make it the emblem of the Holy Ghost."

Lady Burton, in her account of the Mohammedan mystery play of "Hassan and Hossein," which occurs in the above quoted work, says:

"Then comes the bier with Hossein's corpse and his son sitting upon it sorrowing and embracing him and a beautiful white dove in the corner whose wings are dabbled with blood. The effect upon the excited crowd is awful."—"Life of Sir Richard F. Burton."



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VOL. XLVII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1897. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 51.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.45 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A.M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent

W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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From 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

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27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
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47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
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52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
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54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
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SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

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6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
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Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
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The Woburn Journal

THE GREAT MUSICAL CRITIC.

Once on a time the nightingale, whose singing
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear.
Of course her friends all flocked to hear
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw or carp at a mistake.
She sang as only nightingales can sing,
And when she ended
There was a general cry of: "Brava! Splendid!"
While she, poor thing,
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated.
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.
The turkeys gobbled their delight. The geese,
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,
Gave this one no denial.
It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground
An ass was present, pompous and profound,
Who said: "My friends, I'll not dispute the honor
That you would do our little prima donna.
Although her upper notes are very shrill
And she defies all method in her trill,
She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
With study may some cleverness attain.
Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul
But—but"—
"But," growled the lion, "by my name,
I never knew an ass who did not strain
To qualify a good thing with a but!"
"Nay," said the goose, approaching with a strut.
"Don't interrupt him, sire. Let him proceed
The ass is honest. That we all concede."

"I was about," said Long Ear, "to remark
That there is something lacking in her whistle—
Something magnetic
To awaken chords and feelings sympathetic
And kindle in the breast a spark
Like—like, for instance, a good, juicy thistle.'
The assembly tittered, but the fox, with gravity,
Said to the lion, winking,
"Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,
Has given his opinion without shrinking;
But, to do justice to the nightingale.
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
What sort of music 'tis that does not fail
His sensibilities to course and thrill."

"Why," said the critic, with a look potential.
And, pricking up his ears, delighted much
At reynard's tone and manner deferential,
"Why, sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings and so carry me away
As a fine, mellow, ear inspiring bray."

"Ah, yes!" the fox returned, without a pause.
"So far as you're concerned, your judgment's true.
You do not like the nightingale because
The nightingale is not an ass like you."

—E. Clark in Youth's Companion.

MISS BASCOM'S CLUB.

"Betty Bascom was here today," said Mrs. Miller, looking up after she had finished counting the stitches on her knitting needles.

Mr. Thomas Miller laid down his newspaper.

"What did the princess royal have to say for herself?" he asked.

"Elizabeth is a missionary of culture, Tom."

Mrs. Miller laughed. "She thinks our lives are narrow, so she's going to start a club—a woman's club. It's to be literary—we're to read and enlarge our minds and write papers. It'll be hard for us at first to write papers, and may be we'll be afraid to try, but Miss Thompson, being a schoolteacher, will probably be able to do something, and she and Betty Bascom will begin and show us how.

"I'm sorry for that child," she resumed, in response to a growl from her husband. "John Bascom and his wife have brought her up as a sort of queen, always let her have her own way and taught her that she was way up better than anybody else in Liberty Center. It's going to be real good sport to watch her, Tom; but, after all, I'm sorry for them."

"Miss Betty" meantime was in the first ardor of a new enterprise. Garden House and Betty's own wardrobe showed how carefully she had studied her "Life," and she sat in the most approved attitudes among the most billowy cushions, with her very correct little tea table at her side, waiting for the other figures, male and female, to step out of "Life," sit in their chairs, sip tea out of her cups and talk gossip with archly lifted chins, or lean over her in stylish attitudes of devotion. But the people of Liberty Center didn't care for tea—in fact, to most of them it was a nauseous dose, and when they came they sadly failed to harmonize with the stage setting.

Betty began to realize with dismay that, though she had acquired all the machinery of living, there was really no occasion to set it going. Her father, while most indulgent and admiring, still wanted his breakfast at 7 o'clock sharp and still insisted on the presence of his wife and daughter at the early board. Dinner must continue to be at 12 o'clock and tea at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Bascom, in most things as clay in her daughter's hands, firmly refused to alter her own habits, which, indeed, required no alteration, being the simple, suitable ways in which she had been brought up by a gentlewoman of the past generation. In despair she took to philanthropy. She would do a great work; she would enlarge the narrow, sordid lives of the women she saw about her. This was just at the opening of the era when a woman's club was to be as much a part of every village as the church or the schoolhouse, and Betty planned a club of which she was to be the guiding spirit. It never occurred to her that any of these plain neighbors of hers were already reading a little in their quiet way. They had not been to school in Boston.

The women of Liberty Center debated within themselves and with each other the propriety of accepting Betty's invitation and allowing themselves to be patronized by her, but on the day fixed for the first meeting they all assembled—some because of a certain half concealed, respectful admiration for the glories of the "Bascom home," some out of frankly expressed curiosity to see the new doings at "Bascom's," some because they liked the idea of a club, no matter who started it, and the rest because in Liberty Center invitations were not so plentiful that they could afford to refuse one. The one person rendered even a shade more conspicuous by her absence than she would have been by her presence was Miss Dell Roberts, that untamed daughter of the prairie, who, with her high spirits and defiance of all rules, pervaded the town like a whirlwind, and when Betty heard that Dell had dubbed her Queen Elizabeth and was making some bets on the subject of the new club she held her chin in the air and said:

"I shall draw the line at Dell Roberts. I just simply can't stand her."

Betty, tall, slender, self conscious and patronizing, with her head held high and dressed in the prettiest of gowns, was the presiding spirit of the occasion.

Fortified with much previous study of a neat little volume of parliamentary rules for women, Betty steered her club safely through the preliminary difficulties of organization, and her "slate" was quite successful. The whole ticket was triumphantly elected, she being, of course, at the head of it. On this point she had been somewhat anxious, as propriety seemed to forbid her nominating herself, but Mrs. Miller came to the rescue, that good lady being resolved to see the plan carried through intact. She had her innings when, in an interim of the stupid parliamentary business, a lively discussion arose as to the subject of the coming year's study. Mrs. Sayles, a little woman whose grammar was not as good as her intentions, said she thought it would be so nice to study art, especially art in its relation to the home.

A momentary silence followed this suggestion, and then Mrs. Miller remarked in her pleasant way that perhaps a little preliminary course of history would be advisable before embarking on so large an undertaking, and Martie Graves answered quickly, with a little flutter of embarrassment at the sound of her own voice:

"Oh, Mrs. Miller, we girls are so tired of studying history, and it's so hard to remember. Don't you think poetry would be lovely? Why not have a Browning club?"

"We should all like to know what our president thinks about it," said Mrs. Miller, with a benevolent smile at Betty, who had with difficulty restrained herself while the others were talking, and now began eagerly:

"Oh, don't you think that we all need something uplifting and broadening, something that will take us away from ourselves and our little daily tasks ("I wonder what hers are," whispered one girl to another) and will give a wider horizon? Now, I know one book that will repay months of study. It is a book that I always go to when I am happy or when I am unhappy, and there is something in it for—for anything," she concluded in confusion, not knowing how to end her fight and just catching the next whisper, "Is this to be a Bible class?"

"The book I mean," she continued with dignity, "is the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam, translated by Fitzgerald."

A blank silence prevailed for a moment, but Betty, the enlightened, had not expected familiarity with the Persian poet. With the calmness of superiority she continued:

"Perhaps you are not familiar with it," and she opened at random a book that lay on the table beside her. "Let me read you these few lines:

"Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing."

This didn't seem quite appropriate, and Persian names, difficult to pronounce, confronted her in the next quatrains. She turned the leaves somewhat confusedly.

What were those lines that were to convince her hearers that this book was indeed what they needed for intellectual and spiritual inspiration? She tried again:

"Yesterday this day's madness did prepare
Tomorrow's silence, triumph or despair
Drink! For you know not whence you came nor why
Drink! For you know not why you go nor where."

Now, Liberty Center was a prohibition town and a center of religious orthodoxy. The temperature fell, and Betty, self absorbed as she was, saw that her club was not yet ready for Omar Khayyam. Closing the book, she said with an air of tolerance that, much as she personally loved the "Rubaiyat," she would not wish to have an undue share of influence in deciding on the work to be done, and that they must all express their wishes. Mrs. Miller, always ready at a difficult moment, moved that each one should come to the next meeting armed with a topic written on a slip of paper, from which it would be easy to select by vote. This plan had been accepted with enthusiasm, and the exhausted clubwomen were more than willing to adjourn to meet again a fortnight hence.

Then came Mrs. Bascom, followed by her maids carrying little tables, and the good things for which the house was famous brought the meeting to an end with great eclat. Betty sat at her tea table and made tea, which gave her some satisfaction, even though no one drank it.

Only a few days after the first meeting of the Woman's club Betty received the following letter:

CHICAGO, Sept. 10

Miss Elizabeth Bascom:

DEAR MADAM—It may surprise you to receive a letter from a stranger, and I will begin by explaining to you who I am. I have for many years been an exile from my native land and have traveled extensively in Europe, Asia and Africa, making a profound study of oriental languages and literature. I have especially devoted myself to the study of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, that wonderful poem that one can never study enough, and have lectured on it with much success both in England and in this country. You have doubtless heard of me, as my name is well known among oriental scholars, of whom I take it, you are one. Now, my dear Miss Bascom, you cannot hide your light under a bushel, and an item in the newspaper of your city has been copied widely enough to meet my eyes. From it I learn of your noble effort in behalf of culture and of woman, and of how you have endeavored to share the sweetness and light of the "Rubaiyat" with those poor slaves of ignorance. Would you like to have me address a meeting of your club? Pray drop me a line at the inclosed address, and I shall be with you at the appointed time. It would suit me best to speak to your club on the 21st. I am very truly your friend.

MRS S EMILY SUNDERLAND.

Without consulting her parents Betty answered the letter with enthusiasm, warmly inviting Mrs Sunderland to come to Liberty Center on the evening of the 20th, promising to meet her at the station and convey her to her own home. Mrs. Sunderland replied promptly, and, the arrangement being concluded, Betty casually mentioned the matter at the dinner table. Mr. Bascom remarked that Betty was certainly striking out in a new field in getting a missionary woman in the house, and Mrs. Bascom said doubtfully that she was afraid the visitor would prove to be a queer kind of person, but their daughter had them well in hand and neither the father nor mother made any serious objection.

That the function might be invested with all due pomp and circumstance the place of meeting was hastily changed from Mrs. Miller's to the Bascom's house, where the best bedroom was got ready and the fatted calf was killed. On the appointed evening Betty and her father drove to the station and welcomed the distinguished guest. Peering excitedly through the darkness, Betty could only discover that the personage was tall and slender, but her voice was rather disappointing. One would have expected the years of foreign residence to soften in some degree its sharp American tone, but in that respect Betty was perhaps a trifle less exacting since she was afflicted with a high voice herself. When she saw the visitor in the lighted house, she was enchanted. Mrs. Sunderland was decidedly an interesting and extremely handsome person, with beautiful, wavy, white hair, a rich complexion and dark eyes, partly hidden, however, by gold rimmed spectacles. In spite of the twang she spoke in a slow, measured way, and with the broadest of a's. She walked, too, in a stately way, but with now and then a suggestion of youthful springiness. Altogether she seemed to Betty a fascinating bundle of contradictions. At the supper table she even succeeded in pleasing Mr. Bascom, but Mrs. Bascom looked at her with doubt in her eye, and did not fail to see certain odd tricks of knife and fork. As if with a subtle recognition of the one critical instinct among them, the guest once or twice glanced furtively and half deprecatingly at her hostess. It was but a flash, and, so far as Betty and her father could see, all was going well.

When they went up stairs for the night, Mrs. Sunderland peeped into Betty's room, exclaiming:

"Ah, the charming maiden bower! Let me come in, Miss Bascom, and see the nook where you sit and dream of Omar. Would you be shocked, dear, if you saw me yielding to the habits of the orient?"

Drawing a cigarette case from the little bag suspended at her waist, she took out a cigarette, which she proceeded to light. Betty was, on the whole, pleasurably excited by this performance, though she would have considered it vulgar in a native of Liberty Center.

"But I must put you near the fireplace so that the smoke will go up the chimney," she said hastily. "Papa is a perfect antitobacco fiend and can smell it a mile away. Now—I don't believe it can get out of this room."

They sat there for an hour or two, Betty becoming more and more enchanted with her new friend.

Next day the club assembled in full force. The guest, seated in a chair of state and holding a bouquet of beautiful, long stemmed roses—Betty's gift—seemed at first strangely embarrassed for one so accustomed to address an audience.

"My dear friend, Edward Fitzgerald, told me," she at length began, "that he loved to hear me read the immortal quatrains. That was shortly before his death, and it always gives me a sad pleasure to read them. I seem to be communing with the great Omar and the great Fitzgerald. Listen!"

With an impressive wave of the hand she began to read. Verse after verse she read in a droning voice and then launched into a discourse that seemed to Betty to have a haunting familiarity. She tried to think, but could not get a clew. Mrs. Miller, however, who had sent for books and prepared herself for this intellectual treat, sat up straight and fixed a keen glance on the speaker. Her expression became one of perplexity, and she closed her eyes for a moment as if the better to search her memory.

The lecture was a short one, and when it was over Betty, anxious to show her lion off still further, begged for some of the travelers' tales with which she had been entertained overnight. Thus entreated, the guest began a story of thrilling adventure, but when only half way through Mrs. Miller's attitude of indignant remonstrance overcame her. To the horror of the company, the gifted lady appeared suddenly to be attacked by a fit of insanity, for after stopping, hesitating, swaying to and fro for a moment, she burst into a loud fit of laughter. For an instant she struggled after self control, then broke out again, and leaning back in her chair gave herself up to the paroxysm. Betty rushed to her with a glass of water, but Mrs. Bascom sat, a picture of disgust, and Mrs. Miller, waving Betty away, went up to the sufferer and took her firmly by the hand.

"Stop a minute," she said. "I know you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, Mrs. Miller! Oh, Mrs. Miller! It has been such fun."

But she stopped laughing and rose to her feet.

"I meant to go on a little longer," she said, "but Mrs. Miller was too much for me, and I may as well let you all into it now as any time."

She pulled off the glasses and the beautiful white wig and stood revealed—Dell Roberts, Betty's lifelong antagonist.

And that is the reason why there was a long hiatus in the history of the Woman's club of Liberty Center. When its meetings were resumed, Mrs. Miller was president, vice Miss Elizabeth Bascom, resigned. Anne Pierson in Chicago Record.

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A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.

REQUIRES NO BOILING.
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Which carried the story far and wide,
Of certain cure for the loathsome sore
That bubbled up from the tainted tide
Of the blood below. And 'twas Ayer's name
And his sarsaparilla, that all now, know,
That was just beginning its fight of fame
With its cures of 50 years ago.

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is the original sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures.

Yellow Fever.

Yellow fever now belongs to the western hemisphere, from which also it should be extirpated, as can be done, if the proper kind of international public opinion be brought to bear upon the subject. While the disease is not indigenous to the United States, being always an importation, its visits are nevertheless so regular that since the beginning of the century there have been only nine years in which it has not appeared here. Its natural breeding ground is furnished by the heat, moisture and filth of tropical seaports. These conditions are found in certain cities of the Spanish main, which, lacking proper sanitary regulations, have become perpetual foci of infection, and Havana is the worst of them. There the disease prevails during the entire year, a steady supply of fuel for its virulent flames, as it were, being furnished by the newcomers. The natives generally are immune to it, having usually had the malady in a mild form in childhood.

For us the position is a simple one—since we have such neighbors, we must either bring about a reform in their sanitary conditions and practices or continue to run the risk of an annual invasion of this terrible disease. Thirty-five of the visits of yellow fever to this country since 1800 are known definitely to have been from Cuba, and of these 23 have been clearly traced to the port of Havana. Europe's protection against Cuba in this particular lies in her remoteness. A disease which lurks in a vessel starting across the ocean has time to develop and manifest itself so clearly that the quarantine officials on the other side can discover it on the vessel's arrival, but with Cuba hardly six hours from Key West, there will always be a percentage of danger, however stringent the quarantine regulations may be, if the conditions remain as they are, unless indeed we assume a policy of absolute nonintercourse with the island during the summer months.—Dr. Walter Wyman in Forum.

Steel Barrels.

The manufacture of steel barrels is a new industry lately established near London. The difficulty of giving the steel sheet the ordinary barrel shape is overcome by easing the curved rolls at the ends so that they bear only in the middle, thus stretching the metal at the center and forming the barrel body complete, with the exception of shearing the ends straight in a special machine and welding the seam. The welding is done by electrically melting pieces of steel over the opening and hammering them down. The heads are cut in a circular shearing machine, corrugated and dished in a 400 ton hydraulic press and secured in place by a ring of metal which is welded both to the end of the barrel and the head. The bung bosses are also welded on, no skilled labor being required for the process and but moderate power is needed to supply the current.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Lost Mines and Springs.

There is a tradition in New Mexico that many mines once freely worked have been lost. There is another tradition that many springs have also been lost, and it is understood that the losses of both mines and springs were brought about by the Indians. New Mexico is supposed once to have been much more attractive than it is now. The Pueblo Indians arose in revolt on the first full moon in August, 1680. When they had driven the Spaniards down into old Mexico, they set to work to change the conditions so that there should be little temptation to reconquer New Mexico.

This idea inspired the filling of mines which had been opened and worked during the former Spanish occupation. The Indians, with great care, destroyed all traces of many mines, it is said. This is not so surprising as what they did to the springs. It is tradition, and the statement is commonly accepted as historic truth, that in their labors to render the country as uninviting as possible these Indians suppressed numerous springs. Such results were accomplished in an ingenious manner. The Indians dug down and cleared away the dirt until they found the crevices of the rock through which the water came. They took the fibrous bark of a species of fir tree and tamped it into the crevices. As the material became water soaked it swelled until it plugged. Nothing remained but to throw back the dirt and to give to the surface the general arid appearance of the surrounding country. This was not a temporary expedient. It resulted, according to the present theory, in the permanent destruction of many sources of water.

To this day the appearance of slight moisture often stimulates a search for one of the missing springs. Occasionally these searches are successful. The earth is removed, the crevices are found, the bark is picked out and the water, after more than two centuries of being turned back, resumes its natural flow.—Topeka Capital.

Wise Mirth.

There is a saying of Chamfort which many serious minded people, under the pressure of care and work, would do well to lay to heart, "The most thoroughly wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed." It has often been said that only they who take life with profound seriousness can be really humorous, for they alone perceive those fundamental contrasts which make humor possible.

Mr. Ford has laid the country under lasting obligation by correcting the impression that Washington never laughed. Deeply serious as he was by nature, and retired and noncommunicative as he was in large companies, no man could appreciate and enjoy fun of any good kind more thoroughly than the great leader when with his intimates. It is true Emerson hated to laugh, but his radiant smile was better than laughter. Carlyle, on the contrary, was given to earth shaking laughter—a kind of Berserker laughter, not without undertones of pathos running through it. Lincoln's love of stories, both in the hearing and the telling, was a safety valve for one whose tremendous burdens fell on a temperament deeply tinged with sadness.—Outlook.

Head and Heart.

"I suffered with neuralgia in the head and palpitation of the heart, and I also had fainting spells. The medicines I tried failed to cure me until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured me and now I am entirely well." MRS. ELFRIDA V. CALLISTER, 223 W. Fifth Street, South Boston, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

The Carthaginians became a nation in the ninth century B. C., with the founding of their city by Dido, or Elissa, as she was also called. She was a princess of Tyre, and her husband being killed by Pygmalion, the king, and her own life threatened she fled with a number of adherents and started a new colony.

The Romans never made any impression upon the Germans, even Cæsar failing in his attempts to invade the country beyond the Rhine. The army of Varrus, the Roman general, was annihilated by Arminius or Hermann in the Teutoburg battle.

Thousands suffer from Catarrh or cold in head and have never tried the popular remedy. There is no longer any excuse, as a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm can be had of your druggist or we mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50c.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The unspeakable Turk is descended from a race of thieves and murderers, who first appeared in history in the tenth century. Turks came from the steppes of central Asia and were of Tartar origin.

The Austrians were originally the Oester-Reichers, or inhabitants of the Eastern empire.

Brittany is inhabited by the descendants of the original Britons or Bretons

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1897.

BALLOTING.

The Charter Committee held an adjourned meeting last Monday evening and, as all the preliminaries had been settled, proceeded to ballot for Aldermen at Large. Nearly all of the Committee were present and voted.

The large number of names to select from coupled with the two-thirds rule necessitated several ballots on each candidate, but at 10.30 the 8 were nominated, and the meeting adjourned to the next Wednesday evening.

So far as we are able to learn, the nominees are satisfactory to the people. They are representative citizens and far above the average in ability. Several equally capable and honest men, who were well supported on the first ballot, declined to allow their names to be used, among them Mr. Frank M. Pushee who would have been nominated.

The proceedings clearly demonstrated that there had been no cutting and drying by anybody, and that the work accomplished was voluntary, untrammeled, and entirely free from all bartering and dickering.

The following are the candidates for Aldermen at Large, the ballot on which they were chosen, and the votes they had:

Timothy Calnan, 3, 21.
Edmund C. Cottle, 3, 20.
George W. Norris, 3, 20.
Benjamin H. Nichols, 3, 20.
Joseph F. DeLoriea, 6, 20.
S. Franksford Trull, 6, 22.
B. Frank Kimball, 6, 20.
John F. Larkin, 6, 20.

WEDNESDAY EVENING. No nominations. Adjourned to this, Friday, evening.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When it was announced that the Charter Committee had voted to continue their existence indefinitely a few murmurs of disapprobation were heard, but they were short lived.

It was, in our judgment, one of the best moves the Committee have made. It insures a permanent good government organization that could have been secured in no other way. It becomes a rallying point for municipal reform movements, and is ready for active operations all the time. It obviates the necessity of organizing a "citizen's movement" every year, and means better men and more satisfactory results.

Look at Cambridge! That city became reformed and is yearly growing better through the influence and labors of a committee similar in character to what ours is and will be. It is a strictly nonpartisan aggregation of good and able men, who practically govern the city, that is to say, they are able to dictate nominations and elect their candidates. They keep all parties up to a high standard of excellence in respect to the men for office, for no party can hope to succeed with the Committee against it. Our Charter Committee will occupy a similar position in this city, and their influence and power will make for the public good every time.

A GOOD THING.

We imagine that, under the new order of things, the official existence of the present Commissions and Committees of our city government will come to a close on Dec. 31, 1897. Some of them are a stench in the nostrils of honest people. They must go, and there will be no weeping when they are compelled to step down and out. The official conduct of a part of these people is scandalous. Could it be laid bare the public would be surprised.

☞ The promised increase in prices under the protective tariff is not being realized. The advance in the price of articles imported, basing the estimate on the net change in some thousands of articles, is found to be less than 1 per cent, while there is a marked increase in the prices of farm products generally. When the increase in earnings of those employed in the manufacturing lines and the increased profits which those engaged in agriculture make are considered, it is easy to see that the slight increase in prices of the class of goods affected by the tariff is far more than balanced by the gain in earnings of those employed in producing and manufacturing, thus fully justifying the claim of the supporters of the protective system.

☞ The new tariff law is beginning to be felt in the increase in wages as well as an increase in employees, which immediately followed its enactment. Naturally the first noticeable effect of the adoption of a protective tariff would be in the resumption of work by the manufacturers and the increased number of employees, and this became apparent before the new law had been in operation a month. Now follows the next step, the increase in wages. A ten per cent increase in the wages of about 2,000 furnace operatives in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys is announced to take place on December 1st, and similar advances are reported in the iron sections of other parts of the country.

☞ Democratic members of Congress who voted for the new tariff law will find no reason to regret their action when their reach Washington in December. The Treasury receipts under the new law have now reached such a figure that it is perfectly apparent the measure is going to be a success as a revenue producer. The earnings of the present month are running at the average rate of a million dollars for each business day and will be ample for all Government expenditures when the increase which must come after the stocks of foreign wool, sugar, and manufactures now in the country have been consumed is realized.

☞ If S. Frank Trull is elected Alderman at Large on Dec. 14, of which slight if any doubt exists, no "funny business" will be carried on in the city government next year if he can help it, and we rather think he will be able to. If there is a man in the world dead set against boodlers and boodling it is Mr. Trull. The candidates nominated for Aldermen at Large are in every sense of the word worthy of the honor conferred on them. They are men of affairs, honest and upright, know just what the city needs and how to go to work to get it. We heartily congratulate the Committee on the wisdom displayed in their choice of candidates for these important positions.

☞ Providing he will take it the Republicans of Ward 6 will miss doing the right thing if they do not renominate Alderman E. P. Marion. There is no better man for the place in the city than he is. If the bad ones in in the present city government were to remain there they would leave no stone unturned to keep Ald. Marion off the Board next year, for he hss been a thorn in their flesh during the two years of his service; but they are not, and if the Republicans do their duty Mr. Marion will be renominated and elected by a big majority.

☞ It is truth to say that the *Berkshire Courier*, published by the Berkshire Courier Co., at Great Barrington, Charles A. King, Editor, is one of the largest, best and most enterprising weekly papers in Massachusetts. Therefore it has always been a prosperous publication. Away back in the early 60s, when Mr. Marcus H. Rogers was its Editor and we were skipper of an Illinois journalistic craft, the *Courier* was on our exchange list, and now, after nearly or quite 35 years, comes a copy of it with a "Please X," a request with which we cheerfully comply.

☞ The Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners refused to approve of the lease of the West End Street Railway to the Boston Elevated Company last Monday, and the people of Boston and immediate vicinity will give their decision a hearty Amen. The reasons for rejecting the lease were unanswerable. It was made wholly in the interests of "bloated bondholders," and in rejecting it, for the reasons given, the Commissioners exhibited more good sense and a stronger regard for the public welfare than they have generally been credited with possessing.

☞ We gather from the *Mirror* of that city that Dana J. Flanders, Esq., at present Alderman, is likely to be promoted to the Mayor's Chair of Malden at the next election. He is popular, is heartily endorsed by the influential classes, and the business men are solid for him. It looks as though he had the field all to himself. Mr. Flanders is General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, a clear headed business official, with a record for integrity that has never been assailed.

☞ The occupations of the non-partisan candidates for Aldermen at Large are: Mr. Calnan of Ward 3 is a shoestock manufacturer; Edmund C. Cottle ward 2, leather manufacturer; George W. Norris Ward 3, lawyer; Benjamin H. Nichols Ward 1, dealer in tallow and grease; John F. Larkin Ward 3, leather worker; B. Frank Kimball Ward 6, leather manufacturer; S. Franksfort Trull Ward 4, insurance secretary; Joseph F. DeLoriea Ward 1, produce dealer.

☞ A useful book is "Sylvester's Modern Carpentry and Building" by Allen Sylvester, Architect, who has recently moved from Boston to Reading. It contains about 250 pages of valuable information for builders illustrated with pictures of houses, plans, etc., and the mechanical work of the volume is neatly done. The pages devoted to estimates are of great value to the builder.

☞ The Democrats of this city held a caucus at Headquarters last Tuesday evening to nominate Ward Aldermen and select delegates to the convention. It was largely attended and very harmonious. The Aldermanic nominees were: Ward 1, James H. Kelley; 2, Edward E. Lynch; 3, Timothy E. Walsh; 4, Joseph H. Parker; 5, Richard Garrity; 6, no nominee; 7, James T. Conole.

☞ Lawyer Albert F. Converse declined to be a candidate for Alderman at Large. He would make a good one. When formerly he was a member of the City government he earned an enviable reputation for ability and integrity.

☞ The delegates chosen by the Democratic caucus last Tuesday evening to the Mayoralty convention are unanimously in favor of the renomination of Mayor Feeney. The caucus was a unit for him.

☞ The Republican caucuses to nominate Ward Aldermen, etc., will be held on Nov. 29.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. Lipp—Cigars.
J. F. Healy—Alaska.
Miss J. C. Soule—Sale.
G. A. Badger—Spiritual.
City Committee—Caucuses.
Unitarian Church—Supper.
Mrs. S. L. Hovey—House To Let.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— Read the notice "Spiritual" in this paper.

— Registration for the city election closed last Wednesday evening.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— John Callahan has moved from Medford st., Malden, to this city.

— The Democratic Headquarters are in the Independent Baptist church building.

— The schools are enjoying their Thanksgiving vacation. It is to be short and sweet.

— The Woburn Klondike Company fails to materialize. Is it lack of money, or spunk?

— Fred Hartwell's market is always filled with good eating for every day as well as the holidays.

For Sale or To Let.

House of 13 rooms and out-buildings and an acre of land, 138 Canal St. Two separate tenements, 6 and 10 dollars per month, or 15 dollars per month for whole place. No one but responsible persons need apply.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., Woburn

— Mess. McGowan and Smith opened a series of Saturday night dances in Mechanic's Hall on the evening of Nov. 20.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward went to Portland, Maine, last Friday evening on business for Ellis & Buswell, for whom he is bookkeeper.

— Browning, King & Co.'s monthly magazine is a trade publication, but there is nothing brighter or prettier printed in Boston.

— The National Band Association gave an assembly at Lyceum Hall yesterday evening. Calnan's Orchestra furnished capital music.

— "The Christmas Goose" is to be seen at Stone's market in all his glory. And so too can many other things nice and good be found there.

— Mr. Worthley, the optician, will make his next visit to Woburn on Dec. 2. As usual his headquarters will be at Capt. Hanson's jewelry store.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The Committee nominated Aldermen at Large last Monday night and that was as far as they got. Then they adjourned to Wednesday night, Nov. 24.

— There was another flurry of snow on Nov. 19, but it didn't stay long. The warm south wind on Sunday caused the last remnant of it to disappear.

— The second in the series of whist parties will be held in Music Hall Saturday afternoon, Nov. 27. You are cordially invited. Play commences at 2.45.

— The employees of the Lynn and Boston Street Railway Company will hold their annual ball at Melrose on Dec. 3. Let everybody try to give them a lift.

— The other day Mr. Marcus H. Cotton hastily threw off a sweet little poem beginning, "If you suffer with cold feet." It can be seen in Mr. A. Buckman's store window.

— Mr. John Lipp is giving away 1000 "Boston Post" 5 cents segars this week. He does it to advertise the cigar factory which he opened here recently. They are O K.

— The annual sale by the ladies of Trinity church last Friday was highly successful. There was a fine showing of goods which found a ready market, and the supper was a prime one.

— Mr. Nathan W. Brown, late Superintendent of the Almshouse, is slowly recovering from a long attack of heart trouble. He is able to make his appearance on the streets once more.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor of Pleasant st., the artist, is having a severe struggle with chills and fever. He has lost within a few weeks 30 pounds in weight. His is the real old-fashioned "fever n'ager," but he bears it like a saint.

— All mothers are expected to attend the meeting of the Maternal Association, of which Mrs. Ella L. Haskell is President, to be held in the Orthodox church parlor at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Topic: "Physical Development."

— Deacon E. E. Thompson was busy early this week selecting the material for Thanksgiving dinners for the poor. He couldn't have been in better business. He was a good man for it too, because he wouldn't skinch an atom.

— The second assembly given by Mr. C. H. Stevens will take place in Music Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 3, 1897. All those who desire a good time, and like good music to dance by, are cordially invited to attend.—C. H. STEVENS, Manager.

— The next entertainment in the Woburn Star Course is on December 6, viz Capt. Jack Crawford the Poet Scout, this is not a lecture but two hours of enjoyment. Subject is "Camp-fire and the Trail," the only entertainments of its kind on earth.

— Coffee possesses Fat, Volatile Oil, Sugar, Dextrine and Caffeine, the latter of which furnishes the elements of bile. "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee" contains none of these ingredients and its health giving properties are vouched for by leading physicians.

— The 1898 brand of Calendars is ripe and have began to appear in evidence. The first to reach this office is "The Columbia Pad Calendar" from the Pope Manufacturing Company, the 13th of their annual issue. It is one of the handiest and best made.

— Mrs. Jennings has shelved and displayed in the windows of her popular store a fine stock of Christmas goods, and is looking for a large trade between this date and Dec. 25. People cannot but be pleased with the variety of goods to be found in her store.

Keep on Coughing

if you want to. If you want to cure that cough get *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures coughs and colds.*

— Mrs. Anna F. Bates, a popular instructor in scientific cooking, lectured to a good audience at Music Hall last Tuesday afternoon. She probably understands the profession as well as any woman in New England. Her engagements to lecture extend through the winter.

— Capt. Jack Crawford, who gives the next entertainments in the Woburn Star Course Monday evening, Dec. 6, at Lyceum Hall, leaves in the spring for the Klondike so this is the last season of his platform work. No one should fail to hear him and get two hours of rare enjoyment.

— At 8 o'clock this, Friday, evening the ladies of Burbank Relief Corps, No. 84, will tender Post 33 a reception, the occasion being a recognition by them of the 30th anniversary of the organization of the Post. The annual election of officers will also be held. A full attendance is earnestly desired.

— The Boys and Girls Home Missionary Army services at the Congregational Church last Sunday evening were interesting. The room was neatly decorated for the occasion and made a pretty appearance. There was a good attendance, and the young people acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner.

— Stereopticon lecture on the "Life of Christ" at the Swedish Ev. Luth. Church, Montvale avenue, Woburn, Mass., Saturday evening, December 4, 1897, at 7.30 o'clock. Rev. H. Jacobson will deliver the lecture in English. Admission 50 cents. Children under 12 accompanied by parents admitted free.—2.

— By referring to our advertising columns it will be seen that the ladies of the Unitarian church are to hold their Annual Sale of goods, wares and merchandise in the vestry of the church on next Thursday evening, Dec. 2. It will open at 5 o'clock, and the best kind of a supper will be served at 6.30 for only 25 cents.

— Mr. George H. Ellison, who graduated from the JOURNAL office in 1880 or 1881, called on us last Friday evening, the first time in a long while. He has been on the Boston *Transcript* five years and is one of the fixtures of that establishment. Up to date George has made a success of life, we are glad to know.

— Capt. L. E. Hanson, the leading jeweler of this city, has filled up his store with a beautiful Christmas stock of gold and silver goods, and other wares, which cannot fail to attract public attention and suit the public fancy. He always manages to get something out of the common run for holiday gifts.

— The Danvers *Mirror* says that the Salem Cadets were not entitled to as much credit for defending "Old Ironsides" against the Baltimore rebels as they claimed. When the Cadets came to the front there was nothing to defend, for the "Marblehead Boys" had rescued the old frigate from the rebels and she was safe. Mr. Joseph W. Fields has the floor.

— The entertainment given at the Baptist church last Friday evening was a fine one and panned out nicely as a financial enterprise. It was by "The Wonderful Sweet Family," and everybody liked it very much. There were lots of public things going on that evening, and yet the "Family" attracted a large house, and considerable cash was put into the treasury.

— Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22.—The large tannery of the Watson Tanning Company was burned last night, involving a loss of $150,000, and the throwing out of employment of a hundred men. The fire is believed to have been incendiary. Beggs & Cobb, large leather manufacturers of this city, were members of the Watson Tanning Company and were losers by the fire.

— Mr. Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner, refers to several Arlington people as to the quality of his work. He has had charge of the piano in our home for a long time and we add our testimony to his skill and thoroughness. When he is through with an instrument it is in perfect order as well as in tune. —*Arlington Advocate.* Everyone in Woburn who has had Mr. Locke speaks in the same manner of his work.

— We have had an unusual amount of snow this month, or rather, an unusual number of snow storms, but not enough of the article to make any sleighing—just enough to make the street railroad folks mad. There was quite a considerable fall on Monday night, but for practical purposes, i. e. for runners, it was a dead failure. Very seldom is snow on the ground in these parts on Thanksgiving Day.

— Last week Dr. Robert Chalmers left these parts for Maine in whose forests he proposed to spend a couple or three weeks shooting moose. He is a notable hunter of large game and has trophies at home which prove it. The sport is dear to him, and it would not be at all surprising if he should bring home a big moose again this year. They say the Doctor would rather hunt in Maine than eat.

— A splendid entertainment, Miss Stella M. Haynes, Director, is to be given in Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, tickets for which may be obtained at Whitcher's. By reading the advertisement it will be seen that it is to be given under the auspices of the Woburn Equal Suffrage League, and likewise that its principal features are unique. The attendance should test the capacity of the Hall.

— Messrs. Ellis & Buswell have been awarded the contract by the Boston Bridge Co. to do the stonework for a bridge across the Connecticut River at Olcott two miles above White River Junction, Vermont, and have begun work on it. The money to build the bridge was left by Mr. Wilder at his decease, the donation being one of many to public institutions. He was a large paper manufacturer, and made his money in that business.

— On the 2d day of this month the Worcester *Evening Gazette* published an elaborate account of the formal opening of the Worcester Sanitarium for the cure of the liquor and opium habit which Dr. N. A. Springer of this city has established there under the most favorable auspices. The list of stockholders carries the names of many of the most prominent citizens of Worcester, and several distinguished clergymen are giving the institution a hearty support.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness — no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small — we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop.
Choicest Blended Formosa Oolong Tea.
Packed in ½ and 1 lb. Fancy decorated Tin Cans.
The Best Package Tea in this City.
Prices: 30c. per half lb. 60c. per lb.
For Sale by FITZ & STANLEY.
Boston Branch Store.

— The churches dealt liberally with the poor of the town yesterday. They can always be depended on for doing that. A great many Thanksgiving good things were distributed among people who would have had scant fare, we fear, but for that, and there was no ostentation, no blowing of trumpets, and beating of cymbals, about the giving, either. We have a notion that the gifts of the churches added not a little to the aggregate thankfulness of the city yesterday.

— The Salvation Army held a grand jubilee here last Saturday evening and Sunday. Marching through the streets Saturday afternoon in their bright uniforms the large Band from Boston made a fine appearance and gave the public some grand good music. An immense crowd of people were present at the evening prayer and praise meeting on the Common, and it was as orderly a congregation as is ever seen in the churches. We hear that the Woburn Camp is prospering and doing a great deal of good.

— If we are any judge of a good thing then the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund Directors have arranged to give the people of this city a course this winter that will "take." The first lecture will be by Hon. John E. Russell whose theme will be "Transportation by Deep Waterways." He, as everybody knows, is one of the best and most entertaining men on the platform, and a fine lecture may be safely expected from him. For the entire Course the very best talent has been secured, for which the Directors are entitled to much credit.

— Christmas is the next holiday on the docket. It will come four weeks from tomorrow, and already the younger portion of the community are looking forward to it with high hopes and lively anticipations. We hear that Old Santa Claus is stall-feeding his reindeers to get them fat and spry for their hard journeys on Christmas week, and also that his warehouses were never before so full of fine things for the children as they are this year, that is, for good children—the other kind he will have nothing whatever to do with. And after Christmas something else.

— Charles Sweetser of Woburn has faithfully run a baker's route in Winchester for 44 years and now retires with a well earned record of "good and faithful servant." No man ever endeared himself more to his patrons than Mr Sweetser. In the whole long time he never made an enemy or lost a friend. Who can show a better record?—*Winchester Star.* Nobody! Mr. Sweetser is one of the best men in Woburn and is esteemed by everybody. Not a great while ago the JOURNAL gave a sketch of his business life as a salesman of baker's food, and, with pleasure, embraces the opportunity to say that he is an honest man—"the noblest work of God."

Cures Talk

"Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising. Many of these cures are marvelous. They have won the confidence of the people; have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and have made necessary for its manufacture the greatest laboratory on earth. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made—cures of scrofula, salt rheum and eczema, cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and weak nerves, cures of dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, catarrh and malaria.

Such Cures as This Prove Merit.

"My little nephew was a plump and healthy baby until a year and a half old, then sores broke out behind his ears and spread rapidly over his head, hands and body. A physician said the trouble was scrofula humor in the blood. The child became one complete sore. We had to restrain his hands to keep him from scratching the sores. We were induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time he had more life. He improved rapidly, his skin became entirely clear of sores and he is now a healthy child." MRS. FLORENCE ANDREWS, Clearfield, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

REMOVAL!

Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS,
Music Rooms,
No. 2 Bennett Street,
Class or Private Lessons.
Courses include Harmony and Musical Form.

— The people who did not attend the Star Course entertainment last Monday evening missed a good thing. The audience was not nearly as large as it ought to have been. The managers are giving this city a fine series of entertainments at an unprecedented low price and deserve to be handsomely rewarded for their pains. The public have done fairly well by them but not well enough. There were several fine features last Monday evening, notably the performances of the blind performers, Maynard and Coffin, and Professor Floyd, the Illusionist, was highly satisfactory. All the parts were well done. The next one, on Dec. 13, will be a "star" performance, and Lyceum Hall should be filled.

— The closing of the Star Lecture Course by Rev. Mr. Packard, pastor of the Methodist church, was a matter of general regret, for it was felt that he had "more of the same sort" in store and there was an eagerness to hear it. The public owe the lecturer many thanks, if they have not already been expressed, for one of the most brilliant, entertaining and instructive courses of lectures that has ever been given in this city. Each was a literary and pictorial gem, the last, "Ben Hur," being the capsheaf. Rev. Mr. Packard is an educated and cultivated gentleman as well as an extensive and intelligent traveler, and although an able course of lectures was expected from him the "proof of the pudding" was a most gratifying surprise. The Course throughout was attended by the best classes of society and to say that they were delighted and greatly benefitted does not fully express public sentiment concerning the lectures.

— We gathered the information from last Friday morning's Boston papers that Harvard and Radcliffe beat the Boston University in the forensic sparring match in Perkins Hall, Boston, on the evening before. The question was: "Should American communities Adopt a System of Supplying Work for their Unemployed?" Maud Wood of this city, member of the Senior Class at Radcliffe, and President of the Fay House English Club, who, the papers said, "is a student of economics and sociology, and stands high in these subjects," assisted by Mr. Frank Hendrick of Harvard College, easily downed her opponents, Miss Grace E. G. Ward and Mr. Thomas H. Russell of the Boston University, judging from the meagre reports of their arguments in the papers. If the B. U. disputants had interviewed a certain Woburn gentleman on the subject before going into the contest the verdict of the judges might have been the other way.

— Mr. Michael Joseph Mathews of city and Miss Ella O'Connell of Winchester were united in marriage in Woburn last evening in the presence of only a few witnesses. There were no formal wedding ceremonies, but everything was done in a plain, simple, common sense manner. The bride is an estimable young lady who has been prominent in Winchester society and has a host of warm friends in that town. She is also well-known and liked in Woburn. Mr. Mathews is a watchman, or police officer, in the Navy Yard at Charlestown which is an excellent situation. He is a printer, having learned the trade in the JOURNAL office several years ago, and has worked at it in Boston and elsewhere since. He is an honest, upright young man and will make a good husband. The couple will go to housekeeping on Winter Hill, Somerville, within 15 minutes of the Navy Yard, a nice cage having been secured beforehand for his bird by the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Mathews will please accept hearty congratulations from the JOURNAL and a sincere hope that their lives may be pleasant and prosperous, and that more of the sweet than the bitter will be found in it.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE
Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.
367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

— The seventh annual concert and ball of the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association held at the Armory last Friday evening was a grand one. In point of numbers it was ahead of any of its predecessors, and in real pleasure it was up to high water mark. Calnan's Orchestra never played with greater satisfaction, which is saying a good deal. About 100 couples, led by Mr. A. A. Ferrin, President of the Association and Chief of the Fire Department, and Mrs. Ferrin, formed the procession in the grand march, and presented a fine appearance. The ladies were elegantly dressed, and many jewels flashed among them. The dancing consisted of 20 numbers, enough to suit the most exacting, and the small hours of the morning struck on the city clocks before the last on the list was reached. The concert by Calnan's Orchestra consisted of 6 popular pieces, and was greatly enjoyed. Belcher served ice cream and cake and that too was keenly relished by the large company. The officers of the Association, A. A. Ferrin, President; F. E. Tracy, Vice-President; George H. Newcomb, Secretary; George H. Brauer, Financial Secretary; E. E. Stowers, Treasurer; and the managers of the entertainment, were well satisfied with the very pleasant and highly successful annual affair.

— We call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. C. C. Stone & Co. in this paper, and cheerfully recommend their market as one of the very best, in every way, in the city. Just now it is running over with good things for the holidays which look very tempting and which can be bought very low. And it must be added that it is handsomely patronized.

— Miss J. C. Soule advertises a "Grand Markdown Sale" of fine millinery goods, to begin next Monday, Nov. 29, and continue until her stock is sold. She has the reputation of conducting a high grade millinery establishment and dealing in only the best goods. In the sale no regard to cost will be observed.

— The Thanksgiving Day entertainment at Music Hall yesterday afternoon and evening by the Empire Stock Company drew a good sized crowd of people who said they got their money's worth.

— The Woburn Charitable Association gave a delightful social in K. of C. Hall last Monday evening. The Hall was well filled by members of the Association and invited guests and everything passed off in fine style.

— The alarm from box 61 at 3 20 Wednesday morning was for a fire in the tenement over Mr. Thomas Salmon's grocery store. The prompt arrival of the Fire Department prevented what might have been a serious one.

— Why wouldn't ex-Ald. William T. Kendall make a good man to vote for on the 29th for Alderman from Ward 5? He understands the business and is no office-seeker.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS BANCROFT
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

COFFEE!

You can buy of us the genuine Mocha and Java Coffee ⅓ Mocha and ⅔ Java at

35c. per lb.

You cannot buy it for less money anywhere.

If people who think they are buying the best Mocha and Java Coffee at retail for less than it costs to import would try a pound of our

Boston Blend
At 25c. per lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

— How do you like this? A grand Mass Meeting of all Woburn Protestants in the interest of Hampton Institute, Va.! Dr. H. B. Frissell, President; John Tiaokasin, a full blooded Sioux Indian; and F. M. Fitch, a negro, both of the latter graduates, will speak. The famous Hampton Quartet will sing negro melodies. In order to accommodate the crowd the Institute has secured the use of the First Congregational Church. No charge for admission. A collection will be taken.

— Auditor Jones's monthly report puts in an appearance at the JOURNAL office on time, just as it commonly does.

— On Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock it was only 6 above zero. The night previous was much the coldest of the season.

— The Woburn football team beat the Boston College team 26 to 0 on St. Charles field, this city, yesterday.

— At 4 o'clock this afternoon The Sunny Circle of King's Daughters will meet in the parlor of First Church.

— The Woburn and Boston College football teams played a game on the Salem st. grounds yesterday afternoon.

— Read Mrs. Hovey's notice "To Let." A nice place; rent cheap.

— Fine weather yesterday, and Thanksgiving was spent as usual.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

YOUR BUSINESS AND OURS

There is, or ought to be, a mutual interest between buyer and seller. In order that you want what we have to sell, we must offer what you want to buy. Thus, your business and ours are inter-dependent. Some houses lose sight of this. We try not to.

For two weeks we have been talking about **Men's Overcoats,** but do not think we were forgetting the youngsters. We never do that. This store is headquarters for **Children's Clothing.** And therefore a word about

CHILDREN'S REEFERS.

The season's offerings are very natty, very warm, and very serviceable, and are shown in First Quality **Chinchillas** and **Friezes.**

For Boys, from 3 to 8, these useful garments are made with Broad Velvet Collars, very stylish, or Deep Sailor Collars, a great favorite.

$3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00.

For boys from 8 to 15, a Reefer with Velvet or Ulster Collar, some lined with modsh plaids; others with fine lasting:

$5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00,

A CHILD'S TOPCOAT

Is a special attraction, with which mothers will be delighted. Made in Brown Frieze with Velvet Collar. For boys from 9 to 15. **Only $8.00.**

Your Business and Ours.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New Fall and Winter Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for each many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

A Watch That Goes

Is the kind of a Watch you want. It's the only kind that goes with us. We have a fine assortment embracing all those of best movements in Nickel, Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Cases. We guarantee all our Watches.

L. E. HANSON, Your Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.

1844 Reproduces without abridgment the ablest articles from the Leading British reviews, magazines and weekly literary and political journals in every department of Literature; also, TRANSLATIONS from leading Continental sources.

1898 **ENLARGED** by the addition of a Monthly Literary Supplement, containing Readings from American Magazines, Readings from New Books, a list of the Books of the Month; contributing to make this periodical

ENCYCLOPEDIC IN SCOPE, CHARACTER, COMPLETENESS, COMPREHENSIVENESS.

"AN EPOCH-MAKING STORY."

"WITH ALL HER HEART." From the French of M. Rene Bazin. Arrangements have been made for the SERIAL PUBLICATION of a TRANSLATION, made expressly the LIVING AGE, of this famous novel. The first instalment appears in the number of Nov. 6, and it will be continued weekly for several months until completed.

This novel, in its recent presentation in the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, aroused the greatest interest, attracting the attention of litterateurs both in France and England. A vivid portrayal of life in a French industrial town, it is interesting alike as a social study, and as a realistic, yet delicate story of modern life.

Its literary and ethical qualities are so unusual that LES ANNALES LITTERAIRES ET POLITIQUES described it as **"An Epoch-Making Story."**
The LONDON ATHENÆUM characterizes it as "a work of fine and searching analysis, full of charm and redolent of a perfume which is exquisite and possesses no disquieting element."

DURING THE YEAR other translations from the best writers will appear from time to time, with serial or short stories by the Leading British Authors.

FREE. To all NEW SUBSCRIBERS the LIVING AGE for 1898, will be sent FREE the EIGHT NUMBERS of 1897 containing the first instalments of "With All Her Heart."

Choicest Literature at Club Prices. For $9.00 THE LIVING AGE and any $4.00 Magazine (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) sent for a year; or, for $8.00 THE LIVING AGE and *Scribner's* magazine.

Published Weekly at **$6.00** a Year, postpaid. Single Copies **15** cents.

THE LIVING AGE CO., P. O. Box 5206, Boston

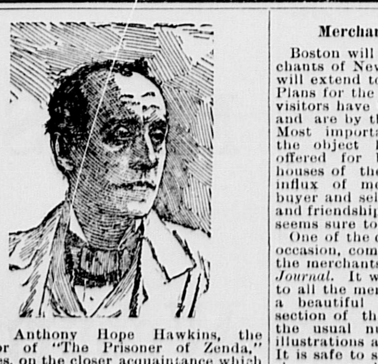
FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

During the rainy season don't forget to call and examine our new line of

New Umbrellas, Steel Rods, Fancy Handles, for 50c.

Fast Black Covers. We have just recevied a new invoice of Baby Cloaks.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.



Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," proves, on the closer acquaintance which his visit to this country is now yielding, no less attractive as a man than as a writer. His public readings from his own works give his large audiences the highest satisfaction; and in the busy course of friendly dining through which he has been put since he landed he has shown himself the kindliest and most unassuming of guests of honor.

Mr. Hawkins is now thirty-four years old. He began life as a lawyer, and in 1892 he made a vigorous but unsuccessful canvass for a Liberal seat in Parliament. While waiting for clients he began to write stories. He made his way but slowly at first; he had been writing four or five years before he achieved a pronounced success in "The Prisoner of Zenda." "The Dolly Dialogues" followed and confirmed his popularity. It is an interesting fact that while he is visiting in this country an American magazine will begin publication of a sequel to the story which was his great success. MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for December will contain the opening chapters of "Rupert of Hentzau," a new Zenda novel which continues the history of the love and adventures of Rudolf Rassendyll and Princess Flavia. They were extremely engaging people as they presented themselves in "The Prisoner of Zenda;" but those who have had the privilege of reading the new story say that they are still more engaging in it, and that the series of adventures through which it carries them is one to keep readers sitting up all night. The story has been illustrated for MCCLURE'S by the author's personal friend, Charles Dana Gibson.

Merchants' Week at Boston.

Boston will open her doors to the merchants of New England next week, and will extend to them a hearty welcome. Plans for the comfort, and profit of the visitors have been long in preparation and are by this time fully scheduled. Most important and striking is to be the object lesson of the advantages offered for buyers by the mercantile houses of the Hub. The result of the influx of merchants, the meeting of buyer and seller and the acquaintances and friendships that will naturally follow seems sure to be to the benefit of both.

One of the conspicuous features of the occasion, coming next Sunday, is to be the merchants' week issue of the *Sunday Journal*. It will extend a warm greeting to all the merchants of the six States in a beautiful way. The fine half-tone section of the paper is to have double the usual number of pages, and the illustrations are to be printed in colors. It is safe to say that the *Journal* will show some admirable specimens of color printing. The addition of this feature will in no wise detract from the other parts of the *Sunday Journal*, for the news sections will be as complete, the departments as interesting, and the special features as attractive as ever.

Every merchant and every merchant's friends will want the Boston *Journal* next Sunday.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

On Monday next, for his third week's bill, Mr. Willard will appear for the first time in Boston in the character of David Garrick, an especially interesting romantic event and also a great source of much interest to his many friends in Boston. A new Garrick is always hailed with much expectancy and from the notices Mr. Willard received on his first appearance in the character at Brooklyn, N. Y. on Nov. 12, there is no doubt a great artistic treat is in store for Boston play-goers next week.

THE COLUMBIA.

The veteran Minstrel Manager, Mr. Hi. Henry, and his collection of Minstrel Stars, numbering nearly half a hundred of the best in their Line, will appear at the Columbia next week and upon this occasion lovers of high-grade, up-to-date Minstrelsy will have an opportunity of seeing one of the biggest and best burnt cork Aggregations now before the public.

The Time

To take medicine is when you are sick. The place to get what your doctor tells you to take is right here.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

THE LITTLE FIRST MEETING-HOUSE "WHERE THE STREETS MEETE."

In dim days of his'try, when our town was unknown,
And the country around was with forests o'ergrown,
No bell called to worship with its silver tones sweet,
In that Little First Meeting House "where the streets meete."

There savages roamed, and held councils of war,
Whose screeches awakened the echoes afar,
While the deadly flint arrows flew thick through the wood,
Where that Little First Meeting House afterwards stood.

But our ancestors came, men of stern Christian mien,
Who laid out the "Training Field" on the Town Green,—
And bought the "George Bunker Lot," on "Military Lane,"
Where the "Four streets meete" in the centre "small plain."

'Twas there that they builded that Meeting House small,
Of timber and boards, which was thatched over all,
And the women and the men stood uncovered to greet
That Little First Meeting House "where the streets meete."

To the north, from "Bell Hill," came the clear ringing tones
Of a bell there erected, to call from their homes
All the settlers together to worship and pray
In that quaint Little Meeting House over the way.

To-day many temples with earnest souls stand
As worthy successors of that First Church and Band,
For though worshipping singly, in aim they'r all one,
Like those sturdy old Christians in that First Little Home.

And now, when that building has long ago gone,
Fond memory lingers the old scenes along,
And hears in the spirit that Little Bell sweet,
Call to prayers in the Church "where the four streets meete."

—*P. L. Converse.*

Mr. N. N. Osburn well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Sleepy Is It?

Rev. Dr. March preached at Reading last Sunday. We hope the senior Twombly, editor and proprietor of the *Chronicle*, went to meeting that day, for if there is a man in the sleepy old town of Reading who needs religion, and needs it bad, it is the Nestor of the Middlesex press.—WOBURN JOURNAL.

What's the matter with the senior? He reads the Woburn JOURNAL the first thing when it gets here, isn't that a good help to goodness? The town is only "sleepy" at night when orderly people should be abed. For instance, Bro. Hobbs, if you were manager of the *Chronicle* much of your time would have to be given to writing receipts for subscriptions and advertisements. Living in that little obscure suburb where you are, you don't comprehend these things. He has heard Dr. March preach and profited thereby, but, alas! he can attend no church since he has been laid up in his chamber for three years by the tortures of neuralgia.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Our old friend Twombly is sorely afflicted, we know that, and he has our heartfelt sympathy. Still, he ought to try to get out to meeting once in awhile, when they happen to have one in Reading, for it would do him good.

Bay State Sanitarium Co.

Many are telling the wonderful story of their rescue by the SPRINGER METHOD from physical and mental ruin by the curse of the alcoholic habit.

You who read this may not be a slave to the habit, but you no doubt have some friend in whom you are deeply interested who can be saved from a life of misery to possibly crime or suicide through your influence and persuasion.

Now is it not your duty to advise this friend to take DR. SPRINGER'S CURE and be made a new man?

The Bay State Sanitarium has moved into its large and homelike new place 14 Walnut street near Main, Woburn. This institution controlled by the best and strongest business men in your community is the place for you to recommend him to take treatment. Don't delay or neglect your duty, but call or send to the Sanitarium for circulars and testimonials.

William Tidd Brown.

William Tidd Brown of Stoneham died Wednesday in Hotel Vendome, Boston, after a long illness, aged 33 years. He was a member of the firm of William Tidd & Co., leather manufacturers, of Stoneham, and was a man of great business capacity.

Mr. Brown was a widower, his wife, a daughter of Alfred A. Dow of Woburn, having died seven years ago.

The Wends of northeastern Germany were a branch of the Slavonians, who settled along the sea in the sixth century.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "The Happy Hour." Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 6 P. M. Public Service at 7 P. M. Subject: The Saloon Work Illustrated by Stereopticon. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Seventh People's Service. Mr. M. B. McKay and Chorus will sing. Messrs. D. N. Hood, Organist, W. W. Crosby, Cornetist, and J. M. Kimball, Saxophonist, will play trios. Preaching by the pastor. Thursday, at 4 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Question Box Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday in Advent. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 17, by Rev. Joseph Keegan, Thomas H. Murray and Mary C. McGilvary, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 22, by Rev. H. C. Parker, Charles F. Remington and Fannie Menchin, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 20, John L., son of John and Catherine Doherty, aged 2 years, 9 months, 7 days.

In this city, Nov. 22, Patrick J. Clancey, aged 19 years, 1 month, 9 days.

City Government.

ALDERMEN.

The Board held a session on Thursday evening, Nov. 18. Mayor Feeney presided.

The Republican Ward and City Committee and the Democratic City Committee asked to have places for holding caucuses assigned, which was granted as follows:

Democratic as follows: Ward 1, Hibernian Hall; Ward 2, Highland Hall; Ward 3, Lyceum Hall; Ward 4, Mechanics Hall; Wards 5, 6 and 7, House Houses in each ward respectively.

Republican as follows: Ward 1, Y. M. C. A. Hall; Ward 2, Concert Hall; Ward 3, Mechanics Hall; Ward 4, Republican headquarters; Wards 5, 6 and 7, respective Hose Houses.

Ordered notice published in both local papers of municipal election Dec. 14.

Claim of Mrs. Caroline A. Pierce for pay for personal injuries referred.—Petition of Samuel Duren for burying ground tabled.—Thomas H. Dolan made Constable for the unexpired term of Michael Joe Mathews who resigned.—Reported leave to withdraw by Com. on Claims on petition of Charles Cummings.—Holling places for city election designated.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. MRS. F. BUTLER, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

"Oral Eustachian Catheter."

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., November 20, 1897.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL:

Inasmuch as Dr. E. Cutter of New York has so often spoken of his pleasant relationship with the people of Woburn and with the Woburn JOURNAL, I thought you might be pleased to learn that he has devised a new surgical instrument which promises to be of much importance and which he terms an "Oral Eustachian Catheter." I should say that Dr. Cutter has devoted considerable time to the dissection of the structures of the ear and was therefore able to base the principles of his invention upon his careful measurements and demonstrations of that work.

I do not write this to make for him any advertisement, but merely that you may not be uninformed of what one of your former townsmen has been doing.

Yours sincerely,
AUGUSTUS P. CLARKE.

[No member of the medical profession has done more, and very few as much, in the line of professional inventions and improvements as Dr. Ephraim Cutter, formerly of Woburn. Neither do we know of anyone who occupies a higher position in the profession than he does.—EDITOR.

The three-year-old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack, saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business, a member of the firm of Johnson Bros. of that place; and they handle a great many patent medicines for throat and lung diseases. He had all these to chose from, and skilled physicians ready to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family at a time when his child's life was in danger, because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says this is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Lexington Street Railway.

LEXINGTON, Nov. 21.—The Selectmen yesterday here granted a franchise to the Lexington Street Railway, the main line of which will begin at Reed street, North Lexington, and run to a connection with the West End Street Railway at Arlington.

There will be a loop to accommodate summer excursion travel to Shaker Glen in Woburn, which the Company has purchased. The loop will leave the main line at Maple street, running to Lowell street, and join the cross-country line at Woburn street.

The latter line will start from the Fitchburg R. R. station in Waltham, join the main electric line at Massachusetts avenue, and run thence to Woburn.

Last evening the Company were granted the franchise by the Arlington Selectmen. A franchise has already been secured in Woburn.

The Surprise of All.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it he took a bottle of it home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from the first dose, and half a dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is guarenteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at Parker's Drug store.

North Woburn.

Fresh goods from McCabe's bakery can now be obtained at Perkins Bros.

Mr. E. H. Pierce of Providence, R. I. visited Rev. Geo. Tilton this week.

Mr. J. W. Clark has put new machinery into his coffee manufactory on account of increased sales of his coffee.

Miss Gertrude Hall who recently moved from here, was married to Charles Herrick of Winchester, Thursday evening, Nov. 18.

Miss Amelia Davis of Newton was the guest of Mrs. Augustus Thompson of Elm street this week. Miss Davis has recently returned from Italy, and has brought back a collection of magnificent photographs of the country, especially of Naples and Pompeii.

Card of Thanks.

The Benevolent Society connected with the North Congregational church take this opportunity to thank Messrs. Merrill and Walls, also Mrs. and Miss Barker and the Misses Tilton for the pleasing program they prepared at the Harvest Supper given the evening of Nov. 12; also to all others who in any way assisted in making it a success.

Per order,
E. L. FRENCH, Secretary.

35 cts. will cure a bad cough or cold if it is used to purchase the right stuff. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is the stuff; it never fails. Sample bottles (enough to cure a *small* cough) 10c.

Woman's Club.

Friday afternoon, Nov. 19, was a gala day for the Woburn Woman's Club, as a reception was given to officers of Massachusetts Federated Club, nearly forty of whom responded in person to the invitations sent. The literary entertainment furnished, consisted of an intensely interesting paper given by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, his subject being, "Originality in Art and Literature," or as he made the alteration, "Originality in Literature and Art," for he considered literature a much broader field for labor than art.

The old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," was verified many times during the discourse, and yet the general criticism upon both paper and speaker would be, "How very original." From the beginning Mr. Dole maintained that much which passes as originality is but plagiarism. We find ourselves accustomed to associate certain lines with some particular author, when suddenly the same thought is found in the works of one of the ancient writers.

After all there is but a limited stock of words and phrases to be arranged and rearranged, and since we accept reproduction in so many other arts, why draw the line so rigidly in literature. Officials in Patent offices will say all is old, and it has been found that Egyptians and Romans, when wishing to draw objects nearer for inspection, used a peculiar glass, doubtless a rude opera glass. The railroad, it is claimed, is a modern invention, yet research discloses that man had probably accomplished something of this kind when those massive blocks were carried to the pyramids.

Plagiarism, Mr. Dole remarked, might often be forgiven for,

"Though old the thought,
And oft expressed
Tis his at last
Who says it best."

The cricket and nightingale he said never imagine their song the only true song, but sing on to do their best al though the same was sung in the garden of Eden. In this strain was given the quotation,

"He writeth best, who stealeth best, ideas great and small. For the great soul who wrote them first, from nature stole them all."

Of all forms of theft, plagiarism is perhaps the least dangerous, and even the bee steals pollen but to convert it into honey. Originality, the speaker claimed, is being one's self, and reproducing what he sees, for we may be individual, as each gem has its own color, and is known by its Divine Jeweler.

Mr. and Mrs. Dole received with the President of the Club at the close of the entertainment, after which all were served to refreshments bountifully provided.

At the meeting Dec. 3, Miss Mabel G. Foster will present to the Club, "A glimpse of Boston Studios," illustrated by Photographs.

C. G. R., Rec. Clerk.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Parker the Druggist.

WINCHESTER.

The High School Alumni Association will hold their "Midyear" meeting on New Year's Eve.

The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Kendall was celebrated Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Kendall was Mary E. Richardson, daughter of Jason Richardson of Woburn.

The *Star* is afraid, and not without reason, that travel on the A. & W. Street Railroad is going to be greatly obstructed and not at all reliable this winter if there should happen to be considerable snow.

The communion service used at the Unitarian Church is very valuable and was once the property of Edward Everett and was presented to the church by his son Wm. Everett, who was one of the charter members of the church. We are happy to say this service was not lost in the fire.—*Star*.

Mr. George H. Gilbert, one of the good Lord's big hearted Almoners, furnished the Home for Aged People their Thanksgiving Turkey. A considerable part of Mr. Gilbert's occupation is studying up new methods of doing good. His alms are quietly bestowed, but they get there all the same.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me, and I want all of my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Christian Science WANTED.

"Science and Health" or anything written by Mary Baker Glover Eddy before 1883. Dr. Keyes Christian Scientist, 230 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES!

The Republican voters of Woburn are requested to meet in their respective Ward Polling Places, as designated below, on

MONDAY, Nov. 29, 1897,
AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

To nominate One Candidate from each Ward for the position of Ward Alderman, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meetings.

Polling places have been appointed as follows:—
Ward 1. Y. M. C. A. Hall, Savings Bank Building.
Ward 2. Concert Hall, Savings Bank Building.
Ward 3. Mechanics Hall, 415 Main street.
Ward 4. Republican Headqurrtes, 381 Main street.
Ward 5. Hose House, Montvale.
Ward 6. Hose House, North Woburn.
Ward 7. Hose House, Cummingsville.

In each Ward the Caucus will be called to order by the Chairman of the Ward Committee, and the Caucus will be conducted in accordance with the provisions of the Election Law of 1895.

Republican City Committee,
HERBERT S. RILEY, Chairman.
HARRY A. T. DOW, Secretary.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE,

Likewise Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, and all kinds of staple Meats, Fish, and the Best Oysters in America, now ready for delivery at

C. C. STONE & Co's,
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass

Also, Vegetables, Fruits, and everything else nice for
THE HOLIDAYS.

To Let.

House corner of Bennett street and Church Ave. Just put in thorough repair. Steam heat and new plumbing. Rent moderate. Apply on the other side to
MRS. S. L. HOVEY.

Woburn Star Course
1897 1898

Fourth Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, Dec. 6, '97
CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD
The Poet Scout.
In his wonderful Entertainment
"The Camp-Fire and the Trail."

This is not a lecture, but two hours of Rare Enjoyment. Last appearance of Capt. Crawford.

Season Tickets for balance of the Course 75 cents.
Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
Doors open at 7.30 Concert at 8.

ANNUAL
Sale and Supper
—AT THE—
Unitarian Vestry
—ON—
Thursday, Dec. 2nd, 1897.

Tables comprising Useful and Fancy Articles. Cups, Saucers and Pitchers. Bags and Baskets. Household Articles and Home Made Candy.

ADMISSION 10 Cents
SUPPER 25 Cents

Doors open at 5 o'clock. Supper at 6.30.
Attractions for Children.

Entertainment!

Under the auspices of the Woburn Equal Suffrage League.

Living Statuary
Classic Posings
Readings
Music

Miss Stella M. Haynes, Director
MUSIC HALL
Wednesday Eve'g, Dec. 1, '97
ADMISSION, 25 Cents

Doors open at 7.30. Curtain at 8
Tickets on sale at Whitcher's.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Henry Bishop, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by Thomas Salmon who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

MILLINERY.
Grand Mark-down Sale!
Beginning
Monday, Nov. 29, 1897

Trimmed Hats and Bonnets
Less than half price. Also, Feathers and Flowers. A great opportunity to save money.
Miss J. C. SOULE,
347 Main St.

JAMES F. O'DONNELL,
Piano & Furniture Moving and Jobbing.
Orders promptly attended to.
Residence: WATER STREET

TO ALASKA.

$400.00 pays for ticket, passage, berth and meals to Dawson City. A year's entire outfit of tools, camping utensils, food, and freight on 1000 pounds. Apply early. J. F. HEALY, Manager, 396 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Spiritual Meetings.
Commencing Nov. 28, 1897.

Afternoon at 3 o'clock. Evening at 7 o'clock. All invited. To be held in Good Templers Hall corner of Main and Church streets,
Winchester, Mass.

1000 Cigars GIVEN AWAY

Free of Charge! Have you got one? If not, why not? Just ask me for a card for one of my BOSTON POST 5-cent Cigars. J. LIPP, Cigar Manufacturer, Woburn, Mass.

To Let.

Recently built HOUSE of 8 Rooms and Modern Plumbing, next to corner of Charles and Main streets. Rent moderate.
House is equipped for gas.
Apply to JOHN W. SHAW,
36 Pleasant St., Woburn

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

WANTED!

Situation by a good, reliable, honest man, sober and in ustrious, who understands the meat and grocery busines; can furnish good recommendations.
Apply to TREMONT HOUSE,
223 Main St., Winchester.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 19, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1893, Chapter 172 of the Acts of 1897, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote, will be held on

Tuesday, the 14th day of December, A. D., 1897,

in the following places, namely:
Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main Street.
Ward Two,—Fifield Hall, Fowle Street.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon**, and all such male citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also, for four members of the Board of Public Works, one for the term of one year; one for the term of two years; one for the term of three years; and one for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes or No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1898?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and Aldermen.
ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND.

Season of 1897-8.
LYCEUM HALL, - - WOBURN.

The Directors announce the following Course:

Thursday, Dec. 16. Hon. John E. Russell. Subject: "Transportation by Deep Waterways."
Tuesday, Dec. 28. Henry G. Spaulding. Subject: "Pompeii" and Bulwer's "Last Days." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 11. Alice Freeman Palmer. Subject: "The New Education. What it should do for our children."
Tuesday, Jan. 25. Dr. Thomas H. Dinsmore, Jr. Subject: "The Evolution of Chemistry." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb. 8. Prof. A. E. Dolbear. Subject: "The Antiquity of the Earth."
Tuesday, Feb. 22. H. C. Hovey, D. D. Subject: "The Mammoth Cave." Illustrated.
Tuesday, March 8. Prof. N. G. Shaler. Subject: "The Utilization of Environment."
Tuesday, March 22. Harry Gray Chase. Subject: "The X-Ray, and The Phenomena that led to its discovery." Illustrated.

NOTE.—Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the Course, may be made to the "Burbeen Lecture Committee" in writing on or before Saturday, Dec. 4. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the stores of A. W. Whitcher and J. W. Hammond & Son. Tickets will be apportioned by lot among the applicants, and will not be issued to children under the age of 16 years, except to pupils of the High School. Applications for more than two tickets for any one family will not be received. Tickets will be mailed to those who send in with their applications, prepaid re-directed envelopes; others may obtain their tickets at the store of A. W. Whitcher on or after Saturday, Dec. 11. Tickets not taken before Friday, Dec. 17, will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening; after that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

S. FRANKSFORD TRULL,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WM. R. CUTTER,
Directors.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1897.

WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

Tremont House
WINCHESTER.

I wish to inform the ladies of Winchester and Woburn that I have good girls on hand—Swede, Danish, English, Irish—with good recommendations. With thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, I remain most respectfully, etc.
MRS. J. A. MCMURRAY,
formerly Miss M. H. Norton of Woburn

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from $50 to $100 monthly clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to increase your present income from $200 to $500 yearly, by working at odd times, write the GLOBE CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, whether married or single, last or present employment, and you can secure a position with them by which you can make more money easier and faster than you ever made before in your life.

Horse For Sale.

Sound; No Outs; 7 years old; Good Roadster and Business; Every Way Right.
Call on JOHN CUMMINGS, 2d,
120 Bedford St., Woburn

Tenement To Let.

At Hammond Square. Eight rooms and bath. Piped for hot and cold water. Light, roomy basement with cemented floor and set tubs. Recently papered and painted.
Enquire of J. F. RAMSDELL, H. M. ALDRICH, or H. C. HALL.

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.
ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,
One minute to Station. All modern improvements' $22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

C. M. STROUT
Is now located
in the
Old Postoffice Rooms
Dow's Block.

First 3 Days.
Mrs. S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,
No. 413 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
(Formerly Dr. Lang's Office.)

Gives public notice that she will be at her office as above during the
First 3 Days of the First 3 Weeks
of each month for business.
** Public Patronage respectfully solicited.

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.

Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Have the Baby's Photos Taken
—AT THE—
NOWELL STUDIO,
396 Main Street, Woburn.
We give a Silver Plated Frame with each dozen of baby photos, until Oct. 1.

To Let.

The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.
W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.

A Fine Residence; all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

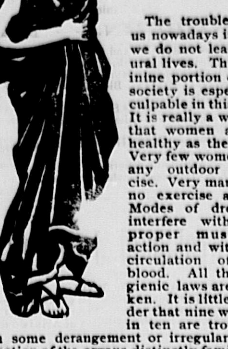
FOR SALE
—OR—
TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

Are You The Man?

WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.



The trouble with us nowadays is, that we do not lead natural lives. The feminine portion of our society is especially culpable in this way. It is really a wonder that women are as healthy as they are. Very few women get any outdoor exercise. Very many get no exercise at all. Modes of dressing interfere with the proper muscular action and with the circulation of the blood. All the hygienic laws are broken. It is little wonder that nine women in ten are troubled with some derangement or irregularity in the action of the organs distinctly feminine. Neglect and wrong living will show themselves first in the most delicate organs of the whole body. With such weakness and sickness so prevalent, it is to be expected that the bearing of children would be fraught with dread and danger. It should not be so, of course. Nature never meant it to be so. The performance of the highest function of which a woman is capable should not be accompanied by pain. If perfectly natural living were the rule, it would not be so. As lives are lived, something else must be done. A remedy must be found. For over thirty years, Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. During that time he has treated thousands of women. He has found in his "Favorite Prescription" a never-failing specific for female complaints. It strengthens the whole body and when taken during gestation, shortens the period of labor and makes childbirth well-nigh painless. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child.

HISTORY OF THE EARRING.

How Various Nations Have Regarded the Ear Pendants.

The custom of studding the person with gems is of extreme antiquity, and the fashion of piercing the ear lobes for the purpose of sustaining gems set in gold has been followed by most races from the earliest times to the present day. Homer describes how Juno placed pendants in the lobes of her ears. Eardrops were presented by Eurydamas to Penelope, and among the Athenians it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored.

Among the Phœnicians, however, the wearing of earrings was the badge of servitude, and the same custom obtained with the Hebrews. The rabbis assert that Eve's ears were bored when she was exiled from Eden as a sign of slavery and submission to the will of her lord and master. The Egyptian women wore single hoops of gold in their ears, and in Biblical times the custom appears to have been universal. They appear to have been regarded as the most cherished possessions of their wearers and were only parted with under great stress of necessity. Thus, the golden calf is supposed to have been made entirely from the gold earrings of the people. Among the Arabs the expression "to have a ring in one's ears" is synonymous with "to be a slave," and to the present day an Arab who has been conquered by another places a ring through his ear as a sign of obedience and servitude.

So general was the use of earrings in Rome and so heavy were they that there were women whose profession was that of "ear healer," who tended the ears of those ladies who had torn or injured the lobes with the weight of their pendants. These specialists were known as aurieuloe ornatirei. At one period the Roman men took to wearing earrings, but the custom was forbidden by Alexander Severus, while in Greece the children wore an earring in the right ear only.

Coming to more modern times, the fashion of wearing earrings appears to have been general in England from the conquest.

The early Saxons appear to have worn rings of plain gold in their ears, while in the fourteenth century these appear to have been decorated with small pearls. In the reign of Elizabeth earrings were adopted by men of fashion, and the custom spread until in James I's time all the courtiers had their ears pierced. The earrings worn by men took the form of either plain wire rings or crosses or triangles of gold, studded with gems.

There is a very ancient notion which is still held by country folks that the piercing of the ears is good for the sight. The origin of this belief is lost, but it has obtained for centuries. It is scarcely necessary to state that the belief is quite without foundation.

In the middle ages it was the custom for lovers to present earrings to their mistresses, and persons who were about to be married used to stick a flower through the ring or over the ear, much as a clerk would a pen, as a sign of their being engaged.

A curious variety of earring much worn during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I was the ear string. This has been alluded to by many writers. Thus in the Westminster drolleries we find:

Yet for thy sake I will not bore my eare
To hang thy dustie silken shoe ties there.

And Marston, in his satires, published in 1598, has:

What maan'st thou, dim that walks all open breasted,
Drawn through the ear with ribands?

As to whether the wearing of wires through the ears is likely to come into general fashion again in this country we do not offer any opinion. There must, we should imagine, always be a prejudice against the mortification of the flesh necessary, and the custom of having children's ears pierced has ceased to be general for many years, but the dictates of fashion are fickle, and it is just possible that we may see leaders of fashion wearing both ear and nose rings before the close of the century. Who knows?—Exchange.

One Spicy Suggestion.

"Any spicy features in the new play?"

"Well," the lady answered, "John had his mouth full of cloves."—Kansas City Journal.

SOME ODD EPITAPHS.

A PECULIAR SYMPOSIUM CONTRIBUTED BY NOTED WOMEN.

Queer Inscriptions Found on Tombstones. The Quaint Collection Formed a Feature of a Literary Club's Annual Meeting.

A symposium of queer epitaphs, contributed by noted women of the United States, was an interesting feature of the annual meeting of a local literary club of Bucyrus, O. The idea was suggested by a quaint inscription on a tombstone in a local cemetery, and it was determined that each member of the club should secure from some noted woman of the country the most unique epitaph that had ever come under her notice. The result was interesting in the extreme. The following are among those secured:

Mrs. Cleveland submits an epitaph which is said to be carved upon a stone in the nature of a matrimonial advertisement. Here is the inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of James H. Random, who died Aug. 6, 1800. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged only 24 and possessing every qualification of a good wife, lives in this village."

Mrs. Sherman confines herself to her own locality and sends an inscription which can be found in an old Mansfield cemetery. It is as follows:

Under this sod and under these trees
Lieth the pod of Solomon Pease.
He is not in this hole, but only his pod.
He has shelled out his soul and went up to his God.

Mrs. Brice gives two, which properly go together. The first was the inscription over the remains of the first wife of a Californian and reads:

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The grave of a second wife was embellished with the other inscription, equally appropriate:

I called upon the Lord, and he heard me and delivered me out of all my troubles.

Mrs. Harrison gives this quotation from a western monument:

"This yere is sakrd to the mem'ry of Bill Henry Shraken, who come to his death by bein shot with a Colts revolvers—one of the old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the kingdom of hevin."

Mrs. Foraker thinks the accompanying is about as curious as any she has ever heard:

Here lie I and my two daughters,
Brought here by drinking sedlitz waters.
If we had stuck to epsom salts,
We wouldn't be laying in these here vaults.

This rather peculiar selection comes from a Massachusetts cemetery and is furnished by Mrs. Grant:

Here lies the best of slaves now turning into dust.
Cæsar, the Ethiopian, craves a place among the just.
His faithful soul has fled to realms of heavenly light,
And by the blood that Jesus shed is changed from black to white.
January he quitted the stage
In the 77th year of his age,
1780.

Mrs. McKinley quotes the only oration over the remains of Tom Paine, the infidel, written by himself and delivered at his request:

Poor Tom Paine, here he lies!
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries
Where his soul is and how it fares
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Mrs. Alger contributes a curiosity, but fails to say whether it is to be found in a Michigan burying ground or some place more remote:

Here, fast asleep and full six feet deep
And seventy summers ripe,
George Thomas lies and hopes to rise
And smoke another pipe.

The following, however, does come from a Michigan cemetery at La Pointe and is furnished by Mrs. Stevenson:

"This stone was erected to the memory of J—— D——, who was shot as a mark of esteem by his surviving relatives."

Mrs. Reed quotes the lines of Shakespeare engraved on the stone above his remains:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man who spares these stones
And cursed be the man that moves my bones!

Mrs. Bryan's contribution comes from a little graveyard near Pittsfield, Mass.:

When you, my friends, are passing by,
And this informs you where I lie,
Remember you ere long must have,
Like me, a mansion in the grave.
Also three infants, two sons and a daughter.

Chicago is represented by Mrs. Potter Palmer, whose selection is as follows:

Here lies, returned to clay,
Miss Arabella Young,
Who, on the 1st of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

Mrs. Hanna quotes from a tomb in Pennsylvania. The inscription reads:

Sacred to the memory of Charley and Varley
Sons of loving parents who died in infancy.

In addition to the above there were a number of others which came in without signatures attached. Among the latter were the following:

The writer has seen with her own eyes the following inscription, which appears on a stone in a little cemetery in Cornwall, England:

Here lies entoomed one Roger Morton,
Whose sudden death was early brought on.
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.
The toe, or what it grew to.
The inflammation quickly flew to.
The parts they took to mortifying,
And poor, dear Roger took to dyeing.

He Wanted His Pension.

"I wants ter see de president," said an old colored man to the policeman at the door of the White House. He gave his name as Nat Tyler, "born up in Spottsylvania, but bin in dis town since it wus started."

"I wants my penshion," said the old man. He was told to go to the pension office.

"No, sar; I dun bin dar. Dey won't do nuffin. De president knows who I is. Hain't I dun talk ter him wen he live up yander?" pointing in the direction of where the president lived when in congress.

"Did you know the president when he was in the war?"

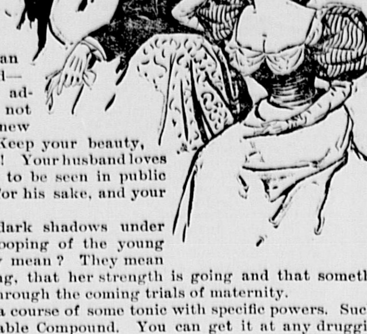
"Who say anyt'ing 'bout knowing him in de war? I know he fit in dem battles. I druv de amunation wagon in de Six corpse, but Mr. Kinley knew me, he do, and he'll gib me dat penshion. I jes' tells yer, I wus in so many battles dat I didn't count 'em. De way dem t'ings was rolling was awful. I jes' got under de amunation wagon and stay dar. W'en de war was over, I druv dem six mules back to Washington and guv dem to de governmen' down in south Washington. Dey didn't guv me a t'ing, and I wants my penshion."—New York Tribune.

Cotton From Egypt.

With a gradually improving system of irrigation the Egyptian cotton product is increasing and becoming more profitable. The annual production is now 247,500,000 pounds of lint and 22,275,000 bushels of seed, with a total value of $56,625,000, an increase of 60 per cent within seven years. The value of the crop per acre is about $69.25; cost of production, $46.50; net profit, $22.75.

WHAT MAN DOES NOT LOVE BEAUTY?

Mrs. Pinkham Counsels Young Wives to Keep Their Attractiveness. A Letter From a Young Wife.



Seven-eighths of the men in this world marry a woman because she is beautiful in their eyes.

What a disappointment then to see the fair young wife's beauty fading away before a year passes over her head!

I feel as if I would like to say to every young woman who is about to be married—"Strengthen yourself in advance, so that you will not break down under the new strain on your powers." Keep your beauty, it is a precious possession! Your husband loves your beauty, he is proud to be seen in public with you; try to keep it for his sake, and your own.

The pale cheeks, the dark shadows under the eyes, the general drooping of the young wife's form, what do they mean? They mean that her nerves are failing, that her strength is going and that something must be done to help her through the coming trials of maternity.

Build her up at once by a course of some tonic with specific powers. Such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You can get it at any druggist's.

Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife—of her own accord she addresses it to her "suffering sisters," and while from modesty she asks to withhold her name, she gives her initials and street number in Chambersburg, Pa., so she can easily be found personally or by letter:

To my Suffering Sisters:—Let me write this for your benefit, telling you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I am but nineteen and suffered with painful menstruation, leucorrhœa, dizziness, burning sensation back of ears and on top of my head, nervousness, pain and soreness of muscles, bearing-down pains, could not sleep well, was unable to stand without pain, and oh! how I longed to be well!

One day I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham telling her all, knowing I could do so in perfect confidence.

She wrote me a lovely letter in reply, telling me exactly what to do. After taking nine bottles of the Compound, one box of Liver pills, and using one-half package of Sanative wash, I can say I am cured. I am so happy, and owe my happiness to none other than Mrs. Pinkham.

Why will women suffer when help is near? Let me, as one who has had some experience, urge all suffering women, especially young wives, to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice.—Mrs. R. S. R., 113 E. Catherine St., Chambersburg, Pa.

AN ECCENTRIC DIPLOMAT.

The Quaint Personality and Strange Life of Minister Fox.

The former representative of the government of Great Britain to this country, Henry Stephen Fox, of whom the good story is told that when he met acquaintances in daylight he remarked how strange was their appearance, or they had never seen each other except by candlelight, is well remembered by a few of our older citizens as a most eccentric character. He was a figure as well known as most of the notables of his day. He had long been in the diplomatic service of Great Britain, and when sent here from South America to succeed Sir Charles Vaughan, one of the most affable as well as brilliant members of the diplomatic corps, Mr. Fox was expected to fill his place in society circles. Indeed, so much had been said of his witticisms and eccentricities that Washington was looking for a social lion. If any knew of his dislike of some of the society functions, our upper ten was not informed, and there was much disappointment that he did not step in the shoes of Sir Charles to the highest social position. A great-grandson of the Duke of Richmond, son of a general who had fought against our fathers in the Revolution and nephew of the great Whig leader in the British parliament, Washington society expected in him a leader.

Mr. Fox proved an acquisition to the society of the capital, at least so far as to furnish a subject for society gossip, and it was not long before his eccentric habits, his peculiar attire and his brilliant witticisms were known not only in society circles, but by the general public. Even the street gamins recognized him in his late afternoon strolls. Once seen, he could not be easily mistaken for another. In person he was tall and slim—exceedingly so—with the cadaverous complexion of an opium eater. He was scrupulously neat in his attire and usually in his walks wore a blue cloth swallow tailed coat with brass buttons, nankeen pants—minus straps, then worn by all classes—broad brimmed hat and to his shirt a high, standing collar, reaching the top of his ears. His identity was further emphasized by a green silk umbrella in his hand, and this to him was useless unless it rained, for he was seldom out of doors when the sun shone.

Mr. Fox lived here in a large brick house on K street, west of what is now Washington circle. He was almost a hermit, going in official society only so far as duty required and receiving but few visitors. His few entertainments took the form of dinners to gentlemen, after which the night was often spent at the card table, on which there were no small stakes. His day began about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he rose from bed and dressed and took a walk to the capitol grounds and back to his breakfast. In the evening he would attend the society functions of the diplomats, seldom of any others, and after watering his flowers, of which he was excessively fond, would return to bed ere the sun had risen. He had an aversion to shaking hands with ladies and gave that as an excuse for not opening his house to receptions, but in reality his residence was so lumbered up with old furniture, for which he had a mania, that there was not much room for entertaining any considerable number. Another hobby of his was entomology, and he had a large collection of specimens stowed away in boxes, many of which were never opened.

It was thought that he was a victim of the opium habit, and the supposition proved correct. His servants were charged never to disturb him or enter his presence except when summoned. One night in the early part of October, 1846, he remained in his chamber undisturbed, but when late the next day one of the domestics, despite the usage, went to his room he found him in a lethargic condition.

Physicians, hastily called, worked on him, but their efforts proved futile. Death came in a few hours. The supposition was that death was caused by an overdose of the drug he had long been addicted to using. His funeral was a large and imposing one, attended by the president (Mr. Polk) and his cabinet, the diplomatic corps and numbers of the leading men of the nation and District. But for his eccentricities and the rules of his household a most brilliant personage might have lived to a green old age and added luster to the family name.—Washington Star.

On the Wrong Side.

There were special services in the church, and every night an old, feeble man was helped by his daughter to a chair just in front of the platform, where the evangelist and the pastor sat. He was evidently very deaf, but now and then some familiar text reached him, and his face lit up as he nodded agreement. No doubt, he was getting as much as the rest of the congregation, for he watched the speaker's face closely, and when the hymns were sung and the middle aged daughter had rather fussily found the places for him he traced the words along the lines with his shaking forefinger. On the last night, at the close of the meeting, the evangelist said, "Now will every brother and sister here who can truly say he or she is on the Lord's side please rise?" The old man did not catch the words—"Just as I Am" had been sung quickly, and he was still on the last line—and when the daughter bent down and whispered reprovingly to him he apparently understood her to say he could sit still. As the congregation sat down, however, the meaning seemed to come to him, and a cloud settled on his face.

When finally the benediction had been uttered and all were moving down the aisles, his daughter was saying, "No matter, pa, no matter at all—everybody knows you." The gloom did not lighten, and every neighbor he passed he touched on the arm, saying, "I am getting a little hard of hearing—to think of me not getting up." The daughter smiled deprecatingly each time and kept up a steady stream of apology for his depression. "The idea of pa's taking it so. He has no occasion to worry, has he, Mr. Windom? Has he, Mrs. Wells? Everybody knows where he stands, don't they?" In the vestibule an elder of the church passed him and stopped an instant. "Blessed meetings, weren't they, Brother Morris?" he shouted. "Blessed meetings, I say, blessed, weren't they?" "Did you see me not getting up?" the old man quavered in reply. "Me not standing on the Lord's side?" "Oh, pa, you've no occasion"— The words died away as they opened the door and went down the steps.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Telling Evidence.

Long chamber, one of the dormitories in Eton college, furnished some 50 years ago a Spartan training which it is now almost impossible to imagine. It was a chamber of horrors, and the toughest boy might easily break down under the tortures there inflicted.

Fagging was a commonplace of the day, and the large boys even assumed a careless right to flog the younger ones if they chose. But of all the evidence against this battlefield of youthful life nothing is more telling than an indirect bit of testimony quoted by one of the "old boys."

He says that when he was about to be married he applied to a life insurance company for a policy in favor of his wife. He went before the board, 16 men sitting in deliberation at the table.

"You are a fellow of King's college, I see," said the chairman. "I believe that is so stated in your papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"I infer, then, that you were in Eton college?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long were you in college?"

"Eight years."

"Where did you sleep?"

"In long chamber, sir."

"All that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"We needn't ask Mr. Okes any more questions," said the chairman significantly, and no more were asked. In plain English, the interpretation seemed to be:

"If you passed the last eight years of your early youth in long chamber and are alive at the age of 29, you have a robust constitution."—Youth's Companion.

Spider Crab Salad.

"Spider crabs are not eaten here," said Dr. Bean of the New York aquarium, "but I have eaten them often in Alaska. They grow there to a great size, with claws that would stretch over a bushel measure. Only the meat found in the claws is eaten, but that makes a delicious salad."—New York Sun.

ALWAYS A PRESIDENT.

The Thoughtfulness of Wales When General Grant Visited England.

Grant's minister to the court of St. James being mortified at the manner in which ex-President Monroe was received at the many receptions to which he (Pierrepont) was an invited guest, and, though an ex-president, was often seated "below the salt," being preceded by young sprigs of the English nobility, determined that General Grant should not be subjected to a like treatment. He went to the Earl of Dufferin and told him that General Grant was on his way to England and that he wanted him received in a manner worthy of an American president. Earl Dufferin replied: "Pierrepont, you Americans are unostentatious, you disdain titles, you are perfectly satisfied, like Franklin, to be plain gentlemen, and, although I honor General Grant as a great general, I do not see how he can be received in state. There is no precedent. Give me a precedent, and I am willing to do anything I can for your sake."

"I can cite you a precedent," replied Pierrepont. "When Napoleon III was exiled, Queen Victoria received him in state, and he sat on her right as an emperor."

"Oh, yes," said Earl Dufferin, "once an emperor always an emperor!"

"I accept that motto," said Pierrepont. "Once a president always a president."

"Well," replied Earl Dufferin, "I will call a meeting of the embassies and see what can be done."

A meeting was called, and several embassadors, representing Belgium and several little principalities, refused to sit below General Grant. Pierrepont, in his dilemma, went at once to the Prince of Wales and told him that General Grant was on his way to England and the difficulties he (Pierrepont) had to encounter in regard to his reception.

"I want you to preside at a reception, with General Grant as the guest."

"Certainly, Pierrepont, it will give me great pleasure to honor General Grant." Taking a memorandum from his pocket, he erased an engagement and gave General Grant a reception the day after his arrival. Invitations were at once sent out stating that the Prince of Wales would preside at a reception in honor of General Grant. Another meeting of the embassies was called, and they asked three hours' delay before accepting, but they all sat below the hero of Appomattox.

When the Prince of Wales visited America, in 1859, Edward Pierrepont's was one of the 50 families delegated to entertain him, and his relations with the prince were of the closest. Pierrepont, though small in stature, was of indomitable courage. Being desirous of visiting the Garden of the Gods, near Manitou, in 1889, and his attention being called to the danger on account of several hold ups near Colorado City, he bought a six shooter and insisted upon the writer carrying his pistols so that they could be brought into immediate play.

At a reception where the lord chief justice of England was a guest the subject of American atrocities was being discussed. Pierrepont quickly took up a remark and said, "If you will look into your history, after the Lord George Gordon riots you will find that two wagon loads of young men were taken to Gallows hill and executed without any form of trial."

The loss of his only son at Rome, who was a member of the diplomatic corps, was the sorrow of his life, and the Latin quotation "He touched the earth" was a suitable inscription, forwarded to the bereaved family by the associate members of the corps.—Washington Post.

Why He Was Welcome.

"Here, Harry, is a dime for you," said Mr Harper to the little brother of the one he loves. "Have you ever heard Miss Bessie say anything about me when I wasn't here?"

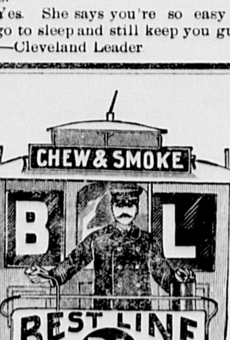
"Oh, lots of times," replied the sweet child.

"And what does she say, Harry?"

"She says she's always glad to have you come here when she's feelin all wore and tired."

"And," continued the delighted young man, "does she ever explain why she likes to have me come at such times?"

"Yes. She says you're so easy she can go to sleep and still keep you guessin."—Cleveland Leader.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 28.

Text of the Lesson, I Pet. iv, 1-8—Memory Verses, 7, 8—Golden Text, I Pet. iv, 7—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Having completed our study of the Acts of the Apostles, it certainly seems fitting that we should have at least one lesson from the writings of Peter, who was an apostle before Paul, who was used by the Spirit to be the messenger on the great day of Pentecost, who was also used to open the door to the gentiles, and with whom Paul at one time spent 15 days in Jerusalem (Gal. i, 17, 18). But whether we study the writings of Peter or Paul, the same Spirit spoke through both and wrought in both, even as Paul said, "He that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me toward the gentiles" (Gal. ii, 8). In fact, we must bear in mind that whether we study Moses, or the prophets, or the gospels, or epistles, or Revelation, all were written by the very same holy Spirit of God.

1. "For as much then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind, for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." The thought here takes us back to chapter iii, 18, where he said that Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit. It seems to me that the thought is a continuation of the beginning of his epistle, where he emphasizes the living hope by the resurrection of Christ from the dead and dwells upon the inheritance thereby secured to us which ought to lift us above all present things, making us holy in all conversation.

2. "That he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God." Or as in Rom. vi, 11, "Dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The saved sinner is a new creature or creation in Christ, old things passed away, all things new, and he is supposed to have left in the grave of his baptism into Christ all the self life, with its aims and desires, and henceforth ever to walk in newness of life (Rom. vi, 3, 4).

3. "For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revelings, banquetings and abominable idolatries." That is the life of many a citizen of this world today, just living to fulfill the desires of the flesh and of the mind (Eph. ii, 3), with no thought of God or of a future life. That, however, is not the writer's point here, but rather that those who bear the name of Christ are ofttimes guilty of living that same old life in some measure, to their own loss and to the great dishonor of Him whose beautiful name they bear.

4. "Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot, speaking evil of you." In our day it is not only the people of this world who think it strange that their wives or husbands, or brothers or sisters, will not frequent the theater and the ballroom any more since they have received Christ, but many whose names are on church registers and who are seen at the communion table and yet continue in this old godless life are harder to put up with in their cruel words and conduct toward those who will walk no longer with them in their worldliness.

5. "Who shall give account to Him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead." As we found in the Acts, there shall be a resurrection both of the just and the unjust, but not at the same time. There shall be a judgment also of living and dead, just and unjust, but not all at the same time. If we are Christ's, our judgment for sin is past at Calvary, where He suffered for our sins, but all who are His must appear before His judgment seat, to be judged for their works since they received Him (Rom. xiv, 10; II Cor. v, 10). After that we will come with Him to judge the living nations for their treatment of Israel (Math. xxv, 31). At the end of the thousand years all the unsaved will appear before the great white throne ere they are sent into the lake of fire to have their portion with the devil and his angels (Rev. xx, 11-15). If people had any faith at all in God and His word, one would suppose that the statement, "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccl. xii, 14), would lead them to consider their ways, and if Christians believed what is written in I Cor. iii, 14, 15, they would surely mend their ways and quit their worldliness, lest they be saved as by fire, much to their shame.

6. "For, for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the Spirit." The best light I have upon chapter iii, 19, is that found in chapter i, 11, which, if I understand it, teaches that the same Spirit who was in Christ was also in Noah, as well as in all the prophets, and through him preached to the antediluvians, who in the days of Christ's humiliation were spirits in prison. May they not be the dead here referred to who, when they were alive, had the gospel preached to them, some of whom must have believed during those 120 years, but possibly died before the deluge? I confess that the waters are deep here, but some day we shall know more fully.

7. "But the end of all things is at hand. Be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer." In view of the possibility of our sojourn in these mortal bodies ending any day, or the possibility of the whole church being caught up any day, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness? Whatever gifts or graces God has bestowed upon us, let us minister the same one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God (verse 10). Let us not think trials strange, but endure all meekly, counting them a privilege, and, even if we suffer for doing well, God will be well pleased if we take it meekly (chapter ii, 20).

8. "And, above all things, have fervent love among yourselves, for love shall cover a multitude of sins." Humility before God (chapter v, 5, 6) and love to our fellows must be very pleasing in the sight of God, for both are so Christlike. Though He was rich (how rich we cannot imagine), yet for our sakes He became poor that thus He might make us rich, and it was His love to us when we were dead in sins that did it—the love that shed His blood for us, that blood which alone can take away sins. This is the love that covers sins, and if we have any love to Him worth mentioning we will not worry much over chapter iii, 19, or iv, 6, but just hold fast and wait for light and live to get souls under the blood which cleanseth from all sin.

Columbus' Diplomacy.

That Columbus was diplomatic was shown by his first interview with the native chief on the day after he took possession of the western hemisphere in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella.

"So all this land of ours belongs to your king and queen, eh?" demanded the chief, with a sullen look in his eye.

"Yes, my dear fellow," said Columbus, whacking him on the back genially, "but they will make easy landlords. We won't charge you any rent up to this time, and, in fact, if you'll be sensible about it we'll let you stay until the 1st of next May at a purely nominal figure."—Harper's Bazar.

Quite True.

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara falls to a quart."

"How much?" replied she.

"Two pints."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cultivation of Punctuality.

Habits of punctuality can be cultivated. Slow coaches can be cured. Some one has said that the only way to catch a train is to start in time, and in this pithy sentence lies the gist of the only cure of the habit of unpunctuality. Two rules grow out of it. One is, "Always begin in time to get ready," and the other is, "When there are several things to be done decide which is the most important and do that first." Perhaps these rules are best explained by illustration. No. 1 means that if you have an engagement for 5 o'clock and it takes you 30 minutes to get ready, start promptly at 4:30 and let no siren voice tempt you to delay beginning until 4:35 Be resolute, be firm in this.

But in No. 2, suppose you have to dress to go out by a certain hour and you have also a note to write. You decide to write first; the note lengthens into a letter, your pen runs rapidly away with the time; you add a postscript for a very important item, and then you have barely time to dress, using all speed, and as you begin in haste a button pops off, or you cannot find your gloves, and after this unavoidable delay (?) you hurry to your rendezvous to find your friends waiting. In spite of their gracious assurance "that it makes no matter" you know that it does. But suppose you had thought your engagement of paramount importance, you would have dressed first, mended the button calmly, then written the note without any lengthening of it, and neither your friend nor your correspondent would have suffered.

Believe it, punctuality is a comfortable virtue in a family, and entirely dependent upon your will.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An African Thorn Forest.

A bad thorn forest had to be passed through here, composed principally of the Waacht een beetje thorn trees, whose hooked thorns, arranged in opposite curves on the same branch, catch the unhappy passerby in their toils whichever way he moves. The instinct, when caught by a thorn, is to halt and loosen oneself carefully, and then try to avoid the repetition of the occurrence.

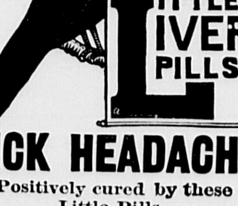
The Waacht een beetje, however, with diabolical accuracy, whenever it has "hooked" a passerby, renders such attempts futile, for as soon as one has got free in one place, the thorns set in the opposite direction on the same branch invariably hook into some fresh part of the clothing and at each move the neighboring prehensile branches, set in motion by the movement, seem to hook on from above and below, until apparently there is only one possible way out of the difficulty, and that is to wrench oneself free at the expense of one's clothing and a succession of very pronounced and ugly scratches. Added to all this, the plant, with its light green foliage hiding the vicious thorns in its friendly appearing verdure, seems to invite the touch by an outward display of attractiveness, never exposing on its exterior any sign of its disagreeable nature. Many a hard pressed giraffe or buck owes its life to the friendly intervention of the Waacht een beetje tree, past which the hunter, all unsuspecting, has brushed in the hurry of the chase, to be held fast while the game vanishes over the belt.—"The New Africa," by Dr. Aurel Schulz.

An Easy One.

The country editor is a reliable encyclopedia. A subscriber sent him this query recently: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find one or more of them keeled over to rise no more." The reply was: "The fowls are dead. It is an old complaint, and nothing can be done except to bury them."—Lockhart (Minn.) Phonograph.

Health of Plants.

It is impossible for plants to thrive unless they have plenty of earth. There must be ample room in the pot or tub for the expansion and sustenance of the roots.



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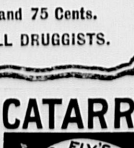

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A.M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent
W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

UPHOLSTERING!
C. L. SMITH,
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.
(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
115 Main Street. WOBURN.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton and Funeral Director,
Sexton of Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.
241 Main St., Woburn

Business Cards.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.
Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford
WHEELS.
Repairing and Enameling a specialty.
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GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.

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J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.
Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE, 28-3.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged. Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
(SUCCESSORS TO)
L. HOUGHTON ALLEN,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS
Coffin Warehouse, 8 Montvale Avenue, Woburn Center. Residences, 2 Eastern Avenue, and 65 Montvale Avenue, Woburn.
Wholesale or Retail Orders left at either place, or sent by Telegraph or express, promptly attended to. Hearses, Carriages and Flowers furnished. A large assortment of Coffins, Caskets and Grave Clothes constantly on hand.
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Miss S. Bancroft,
WIG MAKING.
Ladies' Hair Work made to order.
No. 410 Main Street, Woburn.
Opp. Lyceum Hall.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 10-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS-WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Z. W. ATWOOD,
TAILOR,
Room 5. No. 316 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.
All work warranted first-class. Prices reasonable.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,
EYE SPECIALIST.
Graduate of the New York School of Optics, will be at the
Jewelry Store of Linwood E. Hanson, 409 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
THURSDAY, Dec. 16, 1897,
From 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

TWO THINGS Worth Considering.
STAR PEPSIN GUM, 2 packages for 5 cents.
OUR TOOTH POWDER, Large bottle 25 cents.
The former a popular novelty, the latter one of our many standard preparations.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

FOREST HOOPER,
PLUMBER,
Walnut St., Woburn.
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

INVESTMENT.
Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE,
415 Main Street

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

Woburn Real Estate Exchange.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

A nation spoke to a nation.
A queen sent word to a throne.
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,
Said the Lady of the Snows.

Neither with laughter nor weeping,
Fear nor the child's amaze.
Soberly under the white man's law
My white men go their ways.
Not for the gentile's clamor,
Insult or threat of blows
Bow we the knee to Baal,
Said our Lady of the Snows

My speech is clear and single.
I talk of common things,
Words of the wharf and market place
And the ware the merchant brings,
Favor to those I favor,
But a stumbling block for my foes.
Many there be that hate us,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

I called my chiefs to council
In the din of a troubled year
For the sake of a sign ye would not see
And a word ye would not hear.
This is our message and answer,
This is the path we chose,
For we be also a people,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

Carry the word to my sisters,
To the queens of the east and south.
I have proved faith in the heritage
By more than the word of mouth.
They that are wise may follow
Ere the world's war trumpet blows,
But I—I am the first in the battle,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

A nation spoke to a nation.
A queen sent word to a throne.
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my mother's house,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

—Rudyard Kipling in London Times.

A RUSE OF WAR.

Do I remember the war of 1870? Indeed I do. I lost pianos and clocks, but I bought new clocks and pianos, while my camellias, my poor camellias—20 years of patience, labor and adoration—all lost, destroyed, obliterated, weeded out. And what do you think I found in the middle of my greenhouse in place of that delightful little marble statuette I had brought from Naples? Oh, there's no use guessing. You never could guess

After the battle of Sedan my wife showed great resolution. "My dear," said she, "we must remain here. We must stand by our house." And I added mentally, "And by our camellias."

On the 17th of September, at 8 o'clock in the morning, one of my tenant farmers arrived breathless, shouting: "The uhlans, sir! They will be here in an hour!"

My wife was stricken with terror "Let us fly, my dear. I do not wish to see the uhlans. Let us go at once. Take me away. Oh, take me away, no matter where."

The horses were put in the carriage, and we departed at once. We left at the chateau seven or eight servants, among them my wife's maid, Antoinette, a Parisienne, pretty, intelligent, saucy and cunning. Antoinette kept reassuring us, saying: "Have no fear, sir. I shall receive the Prussians. I know how to talk to them. They will not steal even a match."

The next day we arrived at Trouville. My wife fell seriously ill, and for a fortnight I was very uneasy. From my country place every week I received a letter from Antoinette. "Do not be uneasy, sir," she would say. "Everything is going well here. We have had the good luck to happen upon an excellent Prussian colonel and some very amiable officers. It is, thanks to the kindness of these gentlemen, that I am able to make my letters reach you, sir," etc. And the gardener wrote to me: "Antoinette has saved almost everything, sir, by her cleverness. I do not dare to say more on account of the Prussians, who may read my letter. And nevertheless the Prussians, thanks to Antoinette, have not been harsh on us."

Toward the end of October my wife was convalescent, so one morning I packed my bag and left for my country place. I wanted to see my camellias again, and I wanted, above all, to know how Antoinette managed to save everything. I shall not bore you with the story of my journey. It was peculiar, nevertheless. It took me seven days to go from Trouville to Corbeil. I was arrested three times as a Prussian spy by the French and four times as a French spy by the Prussians.

At last I saw again my magnificent avenue of chestnut trees; at the end of the avenue, my gateway. I crossed my courtyard, which was full of horses, cannon, artillery caissons, dragoons and Prussian artillerymen. I walked up my front steps. I found myself in my vestibule. The furniture, the pictures, the hangings—all were in their places. But as for me, I stood there staring like a rustic, my traveling bag in my hand, in the midst of five or six Prussian dragoons, who were eying me curiously.

"What do you want?" asked one of these dragoons, apparently a lieutenant. "Why do you come here?"

Why did I come to my own house? I repeated that I wished to speak to the colonel.

"He is busy He is breakfasting Who are you?"

"Who am I? I am the proprietor of this house, sir!"

"Ah, the proprietor—you are the proprietor! Wait. I shall notify the colonel."

In a few moments my door opened and I saw coming toward me a tall Prussian, booted and spurred, with long, gray whiskers who, with both hands extended, cried in excellent French: "M. Rivet! It is you, M. Rivet?"

"Yes, it is I."

"Ah, how glad I am to see you! You have done well to come." And those two Prussian hands were still extended toward me, which patriotically held as far away as possible behind me my two very French hands.

"Ah, I see that you are prejudiced," said the colonel, bursting into a roar of heavy laughter. "I see what it is. You are prejudiced. I think you will get over that. But come—come with me. We are at table."

"At table! But I don't wish to breakfast."

"You don't wish to breakfast with us? Ah, more prejudice! But you must do away with your prejudice, because the baroness is breakfasting with us, and she will be delighted to see you."

"The baroness! What baroness?"

But without listening to me, without replying, the colonel seized me by the arm, and, dragging me along, he made me cross my own salon, and then, opening the door of my dining room, he cried: "Baroness, here is your uncle! It is M. Rivet."

Then I saw seated at my table eight or ten Prussian officers, and in the middle of these officers Antoinette—Antoinette, who had upon her back one of my wife's velvet gowns, in her ears my wife's diamond earrings, on her fingers all my wife's rings and around her neck my wife's black pearl necklace. All of my wife's bracelets were around her wrists, while in her hair she wore my wife's rubies and in her corsage my wife's sapphires. Antoinette was no longer Antoinette. She was a jeweler's show window.

Antoinette, seeing me enter, jumped up, became very red, and then, quitting the table, threw herself violently upon my neck and began to embrace me, crying, "Ah, how glad I am to see you!" And as she continued to embrace me she whispered in my ears, "Embrace me, embrace me tenderly." So I embraced her, and she commenced again to embrace me, continuing to whisper in my ear: "Look more tender than that. I am your niece. Don't you understand? It is to save madam's diamonds," etc. It seemed as if we would never stop kissing and hugging under the eyes of these Prussians. There was, however, nothing disagreeable about it. Antoinette was a charming young woman. All the officers looked at me with an air that said, "What a lucky dog he is to be able to hug and kiss such a pretty girl!"

Then, after two or three minutes consecrated to these close confidences and explanation, Antoinette took me by the hand, led me around the table and seated me by her side. With infinite grace she presented me successively to each of my Prussian guests—"Colonel So-and-so of the Second dragoons, Major Such and-such of the Third hussars," etc. As for me, I was like a drunken man, and I assure you that it was difficult for me to understand how I could remain thus seated for an hour at that table in the midst of all these Prussian dragoons and hussars. Nevertheless I have retained a clear recollection of the extraordinary conversation which went on.

"Well, M. Rivet," said the colonel, "I hope that you will soon bring Mme. Rivet here too. We lead a most charming life here. Your niece will tell you. We are not all such savages as your idiotic newspapers would make us out." And the colonel burst into one of those roars of coarse laughter which had a moment before had so jarred upon my nerves. At once all of his officers together, as if obeying the word of command, abandoned themselves to violent laughter. There is a light and vivacious gayety which is French gayety. There is another, heavy and brutal, which is Prussian gayety.

"No, we are not savages," continued the colonel, "and you need not condemn Mme. Rivet to pass the entire winter in some hole of a town on the seacoast because we are here for the whole winter. You are lucky to have had to do with Prussians. If you had had Bavarians here, you would have had a hard time. Our Prussian king is altogether too good to permit Bavarians side by side with us Prussians. The Bavarians should not be allowed to serve in the Prussian army except as musicians. King Louis of Bavaria ought to be field marshal of all the German bands."

At last we arrived at the end of this odious breakfast. The colonel rose and dismissed his officers, and, approaching me, said: "And now I shall conduct you to your greenhouse. I wish to show you your camellias."

"My camellias!"

"Yes, yes, I know your passion. The baroness has been good enough to tell me you adore those camellias. So I sent for your gardener and explained to him that he would be shot in front of the greenhouse door if he allowed a single camellia to die. This was a joke, you understand. I would not have had him shot. We are a civilized people, but I would not have hesitated about having him tied to a tree for 24 hours without anything to eat or drink. But it has not been necessary. Your camellias are in perfect condition. Come and see them."

We went out, the three of us—the colonel, Antoinette and I. This Prussian did me the honors of my own park. I was tingling with anger. A dozen times I was on the point of breaking out, but Antoinette hung on my arm and made so many supplicating little faces, and she did look so pretty and yet so ridiculous under the trees in the garish sunshine, with her diamonds and rubies blazing about her, that I was appeased in spite of myself.

We entered the greenhouse. It was trim and beautiful. My camellias had been treated with the utmost care.

"Well," said the colonel triumphantly, "you see we are not all vandals. Now I shall leave you. You must have family matters to chat about. I hope you will do us the pleasure to dine with us."

He invited me to dine in my own house, but I could not voice a word in reply. He left me, however, which was all I desired. I was alone with Antoinette, and she, without awaiting my questions, as soon as the colonel was gone, said:

"Ah, sir, did you notice how he ogled me as he went away? It is horrible, sir, it is horrible. This Prussian is in love with me. You must not scold me. You should pity and thank me. I have devoted myself to saving your house. When this colonel arrived on the 18th of December, he flew into a violent rage on learning that the people of the house had fled. 'Ah,' cried he, 'so they flee when we come. Do they take us for barbarians? Very well then. I shall act so. I shall stable my horses in the drawing room.' Then, sir, as the colonel had not yet seen me, I ran up stairs, put on one of madame's gowns, and, descending, I told the colonel that I was your niece, the Baroness de Barneville, but I think it's no harm. It seems that I have not acted it too awkwardly, as for more than a month now I have led this colonel by the nose, and I am too good a Frenchwoman to let him touch even the tips of my fingers. Moreover, I have made all his dragoons and hussars march as by a magic wand. I have saved your silverware, your horses, your carriages and your camellias. As to madame's diamonds, I wear them all upon me, not because I wish to, but because they are safer upon me than in the drawers. I do not know much about the Bavarians, but the Prussians are not worth much in my opinion where diamonds are in drawers. But now, sir, if you will do me the favor you will leave at once, because in affairs of this kind men are worthless. I was obliged to tread on your foot several times during breakfast in order to prevent you from exploding, and it is not proper for a lady's maid to be pressing her master's foot under the table. I will get you a good Prussian passport, and you shall carry away all of madame's diamonds. I shall put them in a little casket, and Pierre can drive you away in the break. As for me, I shall remain and keep good watch over the house. Besides, you see, it amuses me to make fools of these Prussians and make them believe that I am a great lady."

I was much moved when Antoinette had ceased speaking. "You are a good girl, Antoinette," said I, "a good girl and a clever girl. I want to ask only one thing and then I shall go."

"What is that, sir?"

"The permission to kiss you."

"As niece or as lady's maid?"

"As lady's maid, Antoinette."

"Very well, sir."

I gave Antoinette a good hug and a resonant smack. "Put the diamonds in the little casket, Antoinette," I said, "but do not put that bracelet in the little casket. Keep it for yourself."

"Thank you, sir. Wait for me here, and in a quarter of an hour I shall come for you. But be careful; commit no imprudence and get into no quarrels with these Prussians."

She hastened away. Scarcely had she disappeared when I remembered that my daughter had asked me to bring her two photographs which were on little easels upon her mantelpiece. I returned to the house, mounted the staircase, and near the door of her room I stopped in surprise. Some one was playing the piano in my daughter's room. I knocked discreetly. "Come in." I went in. It was one of the dragoon officers—a tall, blond young man, with a single eyeglass stuck in his eye, who was playing a Chopin waltz on my daughter's piano.

"Ah, it is you, sir!" said he. "Come in, come in, I beg of you."

"I came to look for something in this room."

"Certainly, sir. Take whatever you like." And he resumed his interrupted waltz. I approached the mantel, and on the two little easels I found in place of my portrait a photograph of King William and in place of my wife's portrait a photograph of Prince Bismarck. The blood rose to my head, and in a voice strangled with anger I exclaimed: "Sir, there were two portraits here. I should like to know who has permitted you to remove these portraits and replace them by the photographs of these two rascals."

"You said, sir"—

"I said these two rascals," and, snatching the photographs from the easels, I tore them into bits. Then, with perfect calmness, I threw the bits into the fireplace.

The officer rose. He was very pale. He approached me. The only remaining question was which of us should first be slapped in the face, and I was certain that it was not I, when Antoinette hurried into the room.

"What is the matter?" she demanded.

"This gentleman has dared to take from their easels two portraits which I came to get."

"You did that, sir?" said she, addressing the officer. "Where are these portraits."

"In this drawer."

"Give them to me!"

"Here they are," and in the most docile manner, the Prussian officer passed the two portraits to Antoinette, who gave them to me, saying, "Is this what you were seeking?"

"Yes."

"Come, then," and she led me away. The Prussian officer had not moved since Antoinette entered the room. I was confounded. Antoinette had played this little scene with the cleverness and self possession of an actress.

"How astonished you look!" she said, as we descended the staircase.

"Astonished? Well, I"—

"You need not be. Do you think that it is only the colonel who is in love with me?"

• • • • • • • •

I returned to Trouville, and another month passed without a single letter from Antoinette. I was beginning to be very much disturbed, and despite the difficulties I was prepared to risk a second journey, when one morning toward the close of November my wife threw open the door of my room and said: "Antoinette, my dear. It is Antoinette, but in what a state, the poor child."

I looked, and I saw a pale, thin, haggard creature who seemed to have been exhausted by fatigue, hunger and illness.

"It is indeed I, sir," said Antoinette, "and I bring you bad news. You remember all the jokes made by the Prussian colonel about the Bavarians? Well, to be just, he was not a bad fellow, this Prussian colonel, and he certainly was not wrong about the Bavarians. There was a movement of the troops. Our Prussians were taken away, and there were sent to us some Bavarian infantry who had suffered a good deal upon the Loire, and who came to recuperate in our neighborhood. Pillage began at once. I must admit that the pillage was as well organized as the rest of the military operations. There was at the heels of this Bavarian regiment a column of Bavarian peddlers. They threw themselves upon the chateau like thieves, and at once began to make a sort of inventory. I went at once to find the major who commanded the detachment, a little, short, fat, red faced man who spoke a frightful dialect, half French, half German. He uttered cries of joy as soon as he saw me, and without giving me time to say a word he cried:

"'Oh, here she is, the baroness who is a lady's maid, the lady's maid who is a baroness. The Prussians are nice men, but the Bavarians are not nice men, eh? All the same, you can't hoodwink the Bavarians as you hoodwinked the Prussians. I have spies out. Goodby, my false baroness, goodby.' And he gave some command in German to an officer. Two soldiers brutally seized me, and I was led on foot, sir, by stages all the way for many leagues to Rheims from post to post. At Rheims they threw me in prison. I remained there for a week, sleeping on straw, with dry bread and water. At the end of the week I was taken before an officer of Saxon infantry, a tall, blond young man, who did not appear cruel.

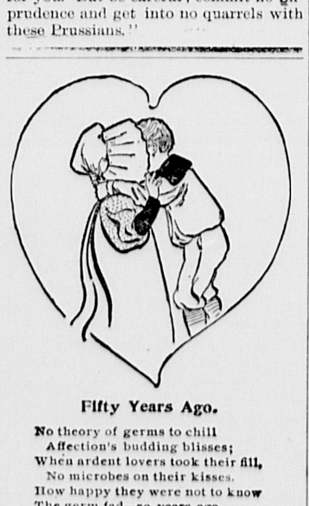
"'I am going to set you at liberty,' said he, 'but you must not attempt to return to your house. There is a report at headquarters from a Bavarian major They are brutes, you know, those Bavarians. All this trouble would not have happened to you if you had had Saxons quartered with you.'

"I was free, and I have succeeded in dragging myself here. But, sir, your poor chateau is in very bad hands. I fear that you will not find much when you return."

She was right. I found nothing at all when I returned because the chateau was burned down. But I was wrong when I said I found nothing. I did find my greenhouse. The chateau was burned down, but the greenhouse remained, and in the greenhouse—in my poor greenhouse, in place of my camellias, there were five Bavarian tombstones, ornamented with poetic inscriptions like these, "Here lies Fritz Hartmann, a young and heroic Bavarian dragoon, cut off in the flower of his age."—Translated For Argonaut From the French of Ludovic Helevy.

AYER'S HYGIENIC CEREAL COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.
REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.
A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.
Prepared by M. N. AYER of Boston. A Vegetarian for many years.
Price, 20 Cents per Pound.
For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."
M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.
Sold by Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch.



Fifty Years Ago.

No theory of germs to chill
Affection's budding blisses;
When ardent lovers took their fill,
No microbes on their kisses.
How happy they were not to know
The germ-fad—50 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

is the standard family remedy of the world for colds, coughs and lung diseases. It is not a palliative, and is not therefore put up in small cheap bottles. It is put up in large bottles for the household. They cost more but cure more.

Fads come and go but no theory or fad can overthrow the fact, that the greatest cure for all colds, coughs and throat and lung diseases, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

50 Years of Cures.

Japanese Welcome Society.

The Japanese have shown their hospitality and their desire to cultivate the good will of strangers by establishing a "welcome society" in Tokyo. The object of this society is to give counsel to all strangers visiting Japan and to make their sojourn in the kingdom of the mikado as agreeable as possible.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Catch Problems.

Little arithmetical problems with a "catch" in them are always fascinating to the average man. No matter how simple they appear you will find the banker and the broker disputing over them on 'change or in the counting rooms of the capitalists. Here are one or two that have been floating around among the business men of Cincinnati for two or three weeks:

A banker found a $10 bill. At home he gave it to his wife, who paid the butcher in settlement of his account. The butcher paid it to the farmer for a calf, and the farmer paid it to the merchant, who in turn paid it to the washerwomaan, and she, owing the banker a note of $10, went to the banker and paid the note. The banker recognized the bill as the one he had found and which up to that time had settled $50 of debt. On a careful examination he found the bill was counterfeit. Of course the problem is, Who lost in the transaction?

Here's another, but along a different line, and they do say that men who are way up in local finance were disputing over the question on 'change, though it is extremely simple: A man bought a horse and buggy for $110. The horse cost $100 more than the buggy. What did the buggy cost the owner? That's easy, but don't go to work to figure it by algebra.

There's one more, a very old one, but it's good and not near as easy as the others. A man went into a shoemaker's shop and bought a pair of shoes for $5. He gave the shoemaker a $10 bill. The shoemaker had no change, but went to a neighbor and got the $10 changed. He returned and gave the purchaser his change, $5. A short time afterward the neighbor came in and claimed the $10 was counterfeit. As he was right the shoemaker was compelled to make the $10 good, which he did by giving a good $10 for the counterfeit. Now, how much was the shoemaker out in the whole transaction?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

What Pasteur Did.

It seems to us now, in 1897, that from all time we must have known that an organic solution when heated was sterile, and that a germ would suffice to render it capable of fermentation. But this is a mere delusion. No, a thousand times no! This great fact of the generation of germs was absolutely unknown before Pasteur, and the method of sterilizing liquids and of their inoculation with spores was revealed to us by Pasteur. It is the nature of great discoveries that they become popularized in a short time, and thus very quickly become elementary. A first year's medical student knows perfectly that which neither Lavoisier, nor Liebig, nor Fremy, nor any one before Pasteur had been able to perceive.

We are always tempted to be ungrateful to great creators, for their creations pass rapidly into the domain of common knowledge. They become so simple that they cease to surprise us. We do not think of being grateful, and we forget the efforts which genius has had to make to wrest the truth from jealous nature. Gentlemen, let us not be ungrateful, let us remember that the recognition of the real cause of all fermentation (the development and germination of organized elements) dates from 1857, and from the celebrated memoir of Pasteur upon lactic fermentation. A new world was then opened to science. —Professor Ricker's Address at Montreal.

Better Than Klondike Gold

Is health and strength gained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It fortifies the whole system and gives you such strength that nervous troubles cease, and work which seemed wearing the laborious, becomes easy and is cheerfully performed. It has done this for others, it will for you.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

The Tennyson Spectacle.

One day, some years ago, says the London News, Lord Tennyson was walking in meditation about the grounds at Aldworth, when a tourist rushed toward him, leaving behind a party of friends to follow more at leisure. Arrived within speaking distance, the stranger aid, "Can you tell me where I can find the poet Tennyson?" Taken by surprise, the great laureate was not ready with any evasion and answered, "I am he." Whereupon the stranger turned to his friends, and pointing to the poet with no more reverence than if he were an inanimate curiosity bawled out, "Say, this is the man, this is the man!" The friends hastened their pace and stared with all their eyes, while the only thing the poet could do was to beat a hasty retreat, speechless with indignation. The News adds that the visitors were Americans.

Dover, N. H., Oct. 31, 1896.

MESSRS. ELY BROS:—The Balm reached me safely and in so short a time the effect is surprising. My son says the *first* application gave decided relief. I have a shelf filled with "*Catarrh Cures.*" To-morrow the stove shall receive them and Ely's Cream Balm will reign supreme. Respectfully, MRS. FRANKLIN FREEMAN.

Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10 cents. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1897.

THE NONPARTISAN TICKET.

At last, after years of effort and discouragement, the voters of Woburn have now presented to them for their suffrages on the 14th a strictly nonpartisan list of nominations for city officers, so far as the Mayor, Board of Public Works, Aldermen-at-Large, and School Board, are concerned. If the business men and professed friends of good local government have been honest in their demands and really want something different and better than what they have been having, they will be given an opportunity to express their feelings at the polls a week from next Tuesday.

The vote will be a test of the sincerity of their professions, and we expect it will be in favor of the nonpartisan ticket by a large majority. If this movement by the citizens, irrespective of party lines, fails this year it will be useless to try it again for a long time to come, for never can more favorable conditions exist for such an experiment. This fact ought not to escape the attention of leading and influential people, but should receive their careful consideration. This is the city's opportunity for a nonpartisan administration, an exceptionally favorable opportunity; now it is for the voters to say whether they want it or not.

The ticket presented by the Charter Committee is far superior in point of ability to any that has been voted for in the past, and as to honesty nothing can be alleged against a single name on it. From top to bottom the list is made up of men of brains, men of affairs, men who will do the business right and give us reason to be proud of their administration. We will print it that the voters may see and study them for themselves.

FOR MAYOR.

George F. Bean.

ALDERMEN-AT-LARGE.

Timothy Calnan.
Edmund C. Cottle.
George W. Norris,
Benjamin H. Nichols,
Joseph F. DeLoriea,
S. Franksford Trull,
B. Frank Kimball,
John Larkin.

WARD ALDERMEN.

They were nominated at the Republican ward caucuses, and not as nonpartisan candidates by the Charter Committee:

Ward 1, Herbert E. Lord.
Ward 2, James P. Mooney.
Ward 3, Nathan W. Frye.
Ward 4, Arthur B. Wyman.
Ward 5, William H. Cadwell.
Ward 6, Edwin J. Marston.
Ward 7, Patrick Daly.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

The committee's nonpartisan candidates are:

George E. Fowle, 4 years.
Albert F. Converse, 3 years.
Elwyn G. Preston, 2 years.
James Skinner, 1 year.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Jennie K. Adams.
Thomas J. Feeney.
Thomas D. Hevey.

A strict scrutiny of the above list of names by the voters is solicited. A careful comparison of the ticket with former ones might help the voter to make up his mind in which direction to cast his ballot. There is no poor timber on it. No man in this community is more widely or favorably known than Hon. George F. Bean, candidate for Mayor. A few years ago he served the city in that capacity and served it well. Are not the advocates of a nonpartisan city government sufficiently strong to elect him by a handsome majority on the 14th? We believe they are.

And so all down through the list, is there a name to object to either as to ability or integrity?

The nonpartisan nominees for the Board of Public Works are particularly strong in business qualities. The Board is an important one and needs the best business talent to conduct its multiform affairs judiciously and successfully. That as good as there is in the city has been selected by the committee will not be denied.

And so of all the candidates, they are good men, eminently qualified to fill the positions for which they have been nominated, and it is our firm belief that they will be elected.

THIS IS BEAN'S YEAR.

The election of Hon. George F. Bean to succeed Mayor Feeney on Jan. 1, 1898, is in the air. The atmosphere is impregnated with victory for Bean on the 14th. All the signs in the zodiac point that way, and the conditions are just right for it.

Aside from his irreproachable private character and eminent fitness for the Chair of Chief Executive of Woburn, the strong hold which Mr. Bean has on the popular vote is, that he is the candidate of no political party. He was nominated by a genuinely nonpartisan convention in which all sides, by their representives, took an active part. The choice was in response to a demand that has annually been made for some time past for the relegation of politics, especially partisanship, in our municipal elections to the rear, and the substitution of business ideas and methods in the selection of candidates. Mr. Bean was nominated for Mayor under these conditions, and therein will lie largely his strength at the polls. Business men, large taxpayers, true friends to the welfare of the city, have been clamoring for nonpartisanship in our local elections; at last they have a nonpartisan ticket presented to them, a strong, clean, and everyway worthy one, and it will be elected.

Mr. Bean's ability to give the city a firstrate administration is not doubted or questioned in any quarter. He occupied the Chair one term and left it with a clean record. No Mayor since the organization of the city has acquitted himself more creditably than Mr. Bean. He aimed to advance the best interests of the city and accomplished, generally speaking, what he sought. With the experience acquired while Mayor and the additional knowledge gained of our affairs by observation since, he is better equipped than ever before to give Woburn an ideal administration.

We repeat, Mr. Bean's election is in the air.

THE SCHOOL CANDIDATES.

It is particularly gratifying to the JOURNAL to be able to announce the renomination of Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, and Mr. Thomas D. Hevey for re-election to the School Board by the Non-partisan Committee. Any other action would have been a disappointment to the public.

Mrs. Adams is one of the ablest and best educated women in Massachusetts. She was by nature endowed with a large stock of practical commonsense, and to this was added a school training as thorough as the best institutions in this State had the means of bestowing. She is an influential member of the Board, on which she has served with marked efficiency for years, and her influence is always thrown for the best interests of our public schools. Her ideas are practical, her suggestions centre shots, sound sense characterizes her official conduct, and not to re-elect her would be a misfortune.

Mr. Hevey and Mr. Feeney are old members, tried and true, and deserve to be re-elected without a dissenting vote. The verdict at the polls will probably be practically unanimous in their favor. It would not be an easy task to find two better men for the place, or two as good. Both are devoted to the best interests of our schools, they understand the system as operated in this city thoroughly, and both are honest. One thing that we like about them is, they refuse utterly to mix politics with their public duties, or countenance trickery in others. They are straight forward, capable men, and have filled the position to the satisfaction of the people.

IN FAVOR OF BEAN'S ELECTION.

With possibly a single exception all the leading leather manufacturers in this city are not only supporters of Mr. Bean's candidacy for Mayor but are active and enthusiastic in behalf of his success. They favor his election from a purely business standpoint. They have large property interests and would protect them. Politics in municipal affairs cut no figure with them; wise management of the finances of the city; a fair equivalent for the taxes paid; economy in all the Departments; intelligence in the administration of public matters; are the things they seek.

These men of wealth and large business interests have confidence in the executive ability and integrity of Mr. Bean, the nonpartisan candidate for Mayor, and are at work for his election. These facts mean a good deal. For one thing, they mean that Mr. Bean is a worthy candidate; for another, that he is morally certain of being elected.

WITH THEIR ARMOR ON.

The "No License" campaign was opened in this city last Sunday evening with rousing rallies held at the First Congregational and Methodist Episcopal churches. If there was ever an atmosphere of "business" pervading a moral cause and movement it was to be found at those churches that evening.

Rev. Dr. March made the principal address at the first named place, and Rev. Mr. Packard was the speaker at the other. Dr. March was in splendid condition and his eloquent words aroused the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch. He is wonderfully gifted on such occasions. His words made a deep impression, and we hope it will last until after election.

Mr. Packard made a very able address which was listened to with interest and enthusiasm.

"Keep the ball rolling!"

HEADQUARTERS.

The Charter, or Municipal Reform, Committee, to whom the people owe honor for the best ticket, from top to bottom, that has ever been presented for them to vote for, have established permanent Headquarters in the Rooms formerly occupied by Lawyer Curran and later by Lawyer Murphy on the second floor of the Savings Bank Block, where during the present campaign some or all of the members may be met every evening. They mean business.

☞ When or why is it that our exportations to practically all the countries which protested against the new tariff have increased under the new law? The thirteen countries which protested against the new law, instead of shutting out our goods in retaliation for the passage of this act, actually increased their purchases from us in August and September nearly $25,000,000, as compared with the corresponding months of last year under the Wilson law. Here is a conundrum for those Democrats who insisted that a high tariff meant destruction of our market abroad.

☞ Free-traders, who predicted horrible things with reference to the markets for our own productions abroad under the Dingley law, have not seen their promises made good. On the contrary, August and September exportations from this country to the countries which made protests against our tariff amount to $131,446,393, while those of the corresponding months of last year under the Wilson law amounted to only $107,977,280. This doesn't look as though the "protests" were a matter of much anxiety.

☞ Having co-operated with the Charter Committee in making up a city ticket John W. Johnson, Esq., declines the nomination for Alderman-at-Large given him by the Democratic convention.

For Sale or To Let.

House of 13 rooms and out-buildings and an acre of land, 138 Canal St. Two separate tenements, 6 and 10 dollars per month, or 15 dollars per month for whole place. No one but responsible persons need apply.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., Woburn

☞ There is one thing that Mayor Feeney should have unstinted credit for, and almost entitles him to re-election, and that is the abolition of "opening speeches." It had got so before his reign that a country road couldn't be "opened" without a speech from the Mayor, and as for "functions," Good Lord! what would a "function" amount to that wasn't "opened" by him? We cheerfully give Mayor Feeney the credit of doing away with that idiotic practice.

☞ In honor of his fiftieth birthday Mr. Arthur A. Fowle, for many years Managing Editor of the Boston *Globe*, was complimented with a dinner at Young's last evening by the people connected with that paper in a manner that must have been highly gratifying to him. From all accounts it was a great time. The honor paid Editor Fowle was well deserved. He is one of the ablest and most popular newspaper men in Boston, and what is better than that, he is a gentleman from the ground up.

☞ We are indebted to the courtesy of Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, for his latest official publication, issued Nov. 26, "Part 3, Vol. 2 of the Census of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for 1895," which contains a large fund of valuable information, and for which he will plase accept the JOURNAL's thanks.

☞ We are glad to learn that an esteemed friend of ours, Mr. Frank W. Hutt, is one of the "all around Editors" of that sterling old paper, the *Boston Courier*, and that he is "flourishing" like a green bay tree. He is a talented young man, also a poet of considerable reputation, and is destined to make his mark in the world.

☞ Here's hoping that Woburn will get nonpartisan municipal government if she really wants it. Meanwhile, her citizens would do well to keep in mind the fact that the only way to get nonpartisan government is to go in and get it.—*Boston Herald*. That's what we are doing and success is in sight.

☞ The attempt of the people in Woburn to start off with a nonpartisan government seems to be deferred indefinitely once more. There are too many people in the city to take their politics straight. — *Boston Record*. Same's they do their tod.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

R. P. Tillman—Boston Journal.
N. W. Choral Club—Entertainment.
World's Dis. Med. Ass'n—Dr. Pierce.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— We had a little snow on Wednesday.

— Y. P. S. C. E. at the Orthodox church on Dec. 15.

— Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., elected officers last evening.

— Everybody is saying, "Oh it is Bean this time sure!" So mote it be.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— Woman's Relief Corps 161 will elect officers on Tuesday evening, Dec. 14.

— Mrs. Elwyn G. Preston has been quite ill of diptheria, but is very much better.

— Ex-Ald. Newhall of Sedgewick Park visited Keith's theatre last week and enjoyed it.

— Don't fail to read Hammond & Sons great offer in this paper. Gaffle on to it at once.

— Relief Corps, 84, gave a delightful whist party in Burbank Hall last Tuesday evening.

— Think of an all wool suit for $5.50! Hammond & Son are offering them just at present.

— A glance into Hammond & Sons will show they are already preparing for a big Christmas trade.

— Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., held a meeting Wednesday evening and initiated some candidates.

— Note the change in Geo. T. Connor's advertisement. He has heaps of beautiful holiday wares.

— Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, at Lyceum Hall next Monday evening in the Star Course.

— They tell us that the city election campaign is wide open and hustling has commenced in good earnest.

— Mrs. Lawrence Reade has been ill for some time but is now recovering, as everybody will be glad to know.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Our good friend, Mr. Alexander Ellis, will please accept thanks for late copies of Seattle papers and Klondike news.

— Be sure and attend the big "No License" Rally at the First Congregational church, at 7 p. m., next Sunday evening.

When you buy
Sarsaparilla
Ask for the best and you'll
Get Ayer's.
Ask for Ayer's and you'll get
The Best.

— Don't forget the supper and entertainment at the Baptist vestry Dec. 9. Tickets to both, 25 cents. Entertainment, 10 cents.

— The Unitarian Fair last evening was a great success. The "Fortune Teller" was the kingpin of the amusement department.

— The first in the 1897-8 series of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund course will be given on Thursday evening, Dec. 16. Stick a pin there.

— Mr. Curtis Greenwood and wife, his brother, Miss May Greenwood, and other relatives, took their Thanksgiving dinner at the United States Hotel in Boston and enjoyed it hugely.

— A brother of Mr. A. S. Hayward of Fairmount st., this city, died at his home in Southboro last week. He was 88 years old, born in Augusta, Maine.

— After the close of the present municipal campaign in this city, Dec. 14, the JOURNAL will take pleasure in publishing "Ode to the Sun" by our esteemed friend Dean Dudley.

— Mrs. William Pettitt of Benzonia, Mich., is visiting her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan W. Frye, 14 Lowell street. Mrs. Pettitt will remain here until after the holidays.

— The Woburn Equal Suffrage League will hold its next meeting in Y. M. C. A. parlor, Monday evening Dec. 6, at 6.30 p. m. All members are specially requested to attend.—A. M. H. Sec.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward, clerk and business man for Ellis & Buswell, returned from Littleton, N. H., last Saturday evening. He went up to study the ground for a proposed stonework contract.

— Moore & Parker, the newsdealers, are back to and well settled in their old quarters near Woodberry's Corner and are happy. Their store is much better than it was before the fire that drove them out.

— The Knights of Columbus will give a ball on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14, 1898. We are assured that the managers are making extensive arrangements for the same and that it bids fair to be a great success.

— Relief Corps, 161, gave a beautiful pink supper in Savings Bank Hall last Tuesday evening. It was well attended and one of the pleasantest affairs of the season. The ladies of the Corps are workers.

— At the close of the registry list for city election it contained 3111 males, 19 more than last year; and 832 females, 6 more than last year. The latter insures the election of Mrs. Adams, Feeney and Hevey.

— An announcement of Men's working suits at $5.50 at Hammond & Sons will create a big rush the next few days. Their advertisements are always responded to because they have always kept faith with the public.

— Librarian Cutter says there has never before been such a demand on our Library for historical information as there is at present. It takes all Mr. Loring's time to reply to correspondents seeking historical knowledge of Mr. Cutter and his books.

— The Police Relief Association will give a grand ball, their first one, on Friday evening, Dec. 31. Chief McDermott is having a new "swallowtail" made for the occasion; Kean will wear his last year's one; and French will appear out in a Prince Albert.

— The photograph pictures displayed in the front windows of the store of Copeland & Bowser are choice and beautiful. They are for sale at prices which defy competition. The firm have filled their store with everything lovely and appropriate for holiday presents.

— The Alpine Quartet of this city sang with great acceptance at Reading one evening last week. They were recalled at the close of every piece showing that this fine musical organization was duly appreciated by the good people of our lovely sister town.

— Mr. Arthur H. Leathe of Woburn and Miss Caroline McKellar of Pearl street were married last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. S. A. Bragg officiating. They will make their home for the present with the bride's parents.—*Reading Chronicle*.

— A good place to buy goods for the Christmas dinner—one of the very best places in the city—is the grocery store of Mr. Willis J. Buckman. He is making a specialty of fruits, spices, and all and singular those choice things without which a Christmas dinner is a stale and unprofitable affair.

— One evening last week Mrs. Capt. William C. Parker of Canal st. entertained a bevy of beautiful girls from Laselle Female Seminary at a theatre party which was greatly enjoyed. Among the young ladies was Miss Grace P. Richardson of Erie, Penn., who is a niece of Capt. W. C. Parker.

— Stereopticon lecture on the "Life of Christ" at the Swedish Ev. Luth. Church, Montvale avenue, Woburn, Mass., Saturday evening, December 4, 1897, at 7.30 o'clock. Rev. H. Jacobson will deliver the lecture in English. Admission 50 cents. Children under 12 accompanied by parents admitted free.—2.

— Rev. H. Jacobson will deliver a lecture in English, "Life of Christ," at the Swede Evegangelical Lutheran church, illustrated with stereopticon views, at 7.30 o'clock tomorrow evening. Admission 50 cents; children under 12, free. Rev. Mr. Jacobson is an able lecturer and will no doubt draw a houseful tomorrow evening.

— Mr. William T. Kendall would not have accepted the nomination for Alderman in Ward 5 if it had been presented to him on a silver platter with gold knife and fork. Neither would Mr. George F. Hosmer. Either of them would make a good Alderman, all the same. The Republicans took Mr. William H. Cadwell, a good man.

— The cantata, "Under the Palms," will be given by the Choral Society in the North Congregational church auditorium, Dec. 10, at 8 P. M., for the benefit of the church organ fund. The club will be assisted by Miss Mary Eulalia Bass of Boston, Mr. W. W. Cummings and an orchestra. Tickets 25c. to be had of club members or at Whitcher's.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness — no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small — we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

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CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
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General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.
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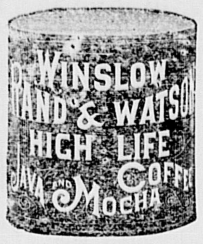


Winslow, Rand & Watson
High Life Coffee
This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS; and
NECTAR JAVA COFFEE
packed in 3-lb. Square Tins, are the finest Coffee on the market.
For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

— Surveys are being made for a passenger shed at the station.

— Local reporters for the Boston papers have lately been claiming that this, that, or the other was the oldest person in Woburn. Our oldest person is Mrs. Nancy Knight of Sturgis street who was born at Newburyport on March 20, 1805, and was consequently 92 years old last March. She is as smart as a trap, and one of the best Christians in this city.

— Woburn students will be interested in hearing that the next lecture in the Course on Geography by Prof. W. M. Davis, "Lowell Free Lectures," in the Teachers School of Science at Huntington Hall, Institute of Technology, Boylston st., Boston, will be delivered at 9.45 o'clock tomorrow forenoon, Dec. 4, instead of 11 o'clock a. m. as previously announced.

— What shall we Drink? A cup of Coffee is the almost universal beverage of Americans for breakfast, yet thousands of coffee drinkers are painfully aware that it does not agree with them. It is the stimulative and nerve-killing element in coffee that does the mischief. A good substitute, equally palatable, more nutritious, and absolutely harmless is now sold by grocers under the name of "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee."

— At 7 30 o'clock, Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, Mishawum Lodge, 61, A. O. U. W., will hold a business meeting, and at 8.30 an entertainment, collation, etc. will be given. The Lodge is lotting on a very pleasant occasion. We understand that the Order is increasing in numbers in this city and growing stronger all the time. There is no more popular organization of the same character than the United Workmen.

— Monday evening, Dec. 6, the citizens of Woburn and vicinity will have the opportunity of hearing Capt. Jack Crawford who appears in the Star Course at Lyceum, and who will give glowing pictures of the beautiful borderland; Recitations of his own quaint poems; Thrilling stories of life in camp and field; Exciting and humorous experiences beyond the line of civilization; "Pony Bill's" quaint cowboy sermons; Songs of the plains and Mountains; A wonderful temperance story. Single tickets will be only 25 cents or 35 cents for a reserved seat. For the balance of the Course the price is only 75 cents, for sale by Brooks, the Druggist.

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than any other proprietary medicine. This is because it possesses greater medicinal merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that

Tells the Story.

All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy Hood's Sarsaparilla almost to the exclusion of all others.

Customers Want Hood's.

"We order Hood's Sarsaparilla in large quantities and it is the only blood purifier which a druggist can buy in large quantities without risk. It is selling very rapidly and customers who buy it once are sure to call for Hood's the next time. We believe Hood's Sarsaparilla must possess true merit in order to retain its popularity. Its sales exceed all similar preparations and its praises are often heard." L. SOMMER & SON, Springfield, Illinois. Thousands of druggists say the same.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best — in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

— The Sunday evening programme at the Methodist church will embrace, among other things, "Twelve Reasons for those voting Yes;" Illustrations of the Saloon Business by striking views from Real Life; Quartet singing and solo, illustrated by stereopticon. All defenders of the Saloon cordially welcomed.

— The ladies of the Baptist church are preparing a supper and entertainment to be given in their vestry Dec. 9. The ladies of this church are justly famed for their ability to provide a tempting repast and this will be no exception. After the supper a pleasing entertainment, good music and "The Floral Rainbow," by twenty eight girls will be given. Supper at 6 30 entertainment at 8. Tickets to supper and entertainment 25 cts. To entertainment, 10 cts.

— In one of the windows of Hammond & Son, leading clothiers, is a handsome Turkey. A sign says, "All our customers are invited to guess on the weight of the turkey and cage, which will be given to the person making the nearest estimate. Weighing will take place Christmas eve. Dec. 24, at 10 p. m." In case two or more guess the same, the turkey will be presented to the first correct guess received. Now is your chance to get your Christmas dinner for nothing.

— Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, will be the fifth entertainment in the Woburn Star Course on Monday evening, December 6. At Attleboro, New Bedford and East Boston, where he has appeared, he has had crowded houses, and from the press notices he must have pleased his audiences very much. The G. A. R. boys and other citizens should give him a rousing house. The Boston Daily *Globe* of Friday, March 12, 1897, said: "Capt. Jack showed before he had been on the platform three minutes that as an entertainer he is a positive genius."

— Important additions and improvements are underway at the Works of the Gas Light Company in this city which involve the laying out of a large sum of money. But the company are bound to have "the best" regardless of cost. In place of the original single one built in 1854, a double lift holder, with a capacity of 90,000 feet, is being substituted, which of course largely increases the ability of the Works to manufacture gas. It is a steel tank 20 x55, the first lift being 53x20, and the second 51 1-2x20, to stand on a brick and cement foundation, all above ground, unlike the other, and will reach 61 feet in hight. The new holder, as it is called, added in 1873, of dimensions 55x16, is to be retained, and the original one given its time. These changes and additions will greatly improve the Works. The business of the Company has largely increased during the year past. New territory has been opened up and mains extended, and the prospect for still larger business in the near future was never brighter.

— We will give the Essex county papers the facts about saving "Old Ironsides" from the clutches of the Rebels at Annapolis in 1861. It had leaked out that they wanted to capture her for the prestige it would give them. The 8th Regiment followed close after General Ben Butler's famous 6th, but could not get through Baltimore because the Rebels had destroyed the railroad. A detail of the Salem Zouaves, the Pittsfield Company, Capt. Briggs, and the Sappers and Miners, in which were the "Marblehead Boys," were sent round by steamer to head off the Rebel plot to seize "Old Ironsides," and they did the job in fine style. The Essex county papers make the mistake of giving the "Marblehead Boys," alone the glory of the rescue. The detail was made up of Salem, Marblehead and Pittsfield soldiers, all of the 8th Regiment, and to these was due the credit for saving the gallant old Frigate. Veteran Joseph W. Fields of this city was a member of the Salem Zouaves and one of the detail, and that was the reason why Governor Wolcott sent him a special invitation to attend the late "Constitution Centennial Celebration."

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

— Neighbor Reading is full as good a place to shoot deer in as Miramachi in New Brunswick or Mattawaumkeag in Maine. The next issue of the *Chronicle* of that burg will contain a full account of the thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes of a large company of armed citizens who finally killed the deer over there last Monday night after it had broken its back trying to jump over a stump-and-root front fence of one of the "fine residences" of that delightful little hamlet, and it will make "mighty interesting reading." The *Chronicle* will not say that its venerable Editor headed the vanguard of deer slayers, nor that it was his trusty flintlock that put a period to the poor creature's sufferings; but the "intelligent reader," of which Reading woods are full, will be left to draw his own conclusions from the published story. Modesty would step in and forbid the disclosure. It was, however, a very exciting affair, and heroic, withal, on the part of the Reading rustics. This item is written to save hunters the trouble and expense of going Down East for game.

Democratic Nominations.

The Democrats of this city have made their nominations for city officers on the instalment plan this season. It didn't work much better than the old way. Not a few leading men of the party are very much dissatisfied with the ticket, except in the matter of School Committee.

Last Tuesday evening they ground out the last grist of nominees as follows:

ALDERMEN AT LARGE: Timothy Calnan (on the Citizens ticket), James F. McLaughlin, John W. Johnson, William R. Bartlett, Percy W. Linscott, Frank H. Naven, Augustus B. McCarthy, George H. Newhall.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS: Herbert B. Dow, 1 year; Charles J. Quigley, 2; Thomas Moore, 3; John O'Donnell, 4.

Two of the candidates for the Board of Public Works are good men for the place; but the other two are of such miserably poor stuff that the whole ticket must inevitably be swamped. No party in this town can carry such loads.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Mayor Feeney Renominated.

At the Democratic Mayoralty convention held last Monday evening Hon. John P. Feeney was unanimously renominated for Mayor of this city. The same convention selected for School Board candidates Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, and Mr. Thomas D. Hevey, the nominees of the non-partisan convention. This insures the re-election without opposition of those three able and efficient members of the Board.

Mr. Feeney accepted the honor in a speech overflowing with enthusiasm and confidence in the success of the Democratic ticket on the 14th. His audience were in entire sympathy with his prophesies, and cheered them to the echo.

However, it is never wise to "count chickens before they are hatched." A different course not infrequently entails disappointment, chagrin and sorrow.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS BANCROFT
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

COFFEE!

You can buy of us the genuine Mocha and Java Coffee ⅓ Mocha and ⅔ Java at

35c. per lb.

You cannot buy it for less money anywhere.

If people who think they are buying the best Mocha and Java Coffee at retail for less than it costs to import would try a pound of our

Boston Blend
At 25c. per lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Y. P. S. C. E. Entertainment.

The Society of Christian young people with the above alphabetical cognomen will give an entertainment in the vestry of the Congregational church on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15 instant. There will be given

"THE FAN DRILL"

Conducted by Miss E. Minnette and Mr. Harry A. T. Dow, with Miss Dora Winn pianist. Young lady members of Drill: Irene Boone, Ethel Burbeck, Maud Ellis, Bertha Buckman, Bertha Bryant, Lillian Bustead, Lylie Fowle, Mabel Taylor. Readings by Miss Lottie M. Rollins. Tenor solo by Mr. George M. Parker.

By special request the following High School ladies and gentlemen will give Declamations: Helen Cook, Guy E. Marion, J. Max Murdock, Fred F. Davis. Banjo and Guitar duet by Misses Cora May and Sadie Buxton; Piccolo solo by Mr. Waldo P. Cutler; Cornet trio Messrs. Crosby, Hearn and Dow.

The money is to go to Home Mission work. The entertainment was arranged by a special committee appointed by the President of the Christian Endeavor Society, Mr. Charles Hill.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

WE SHALL OFFER

Friday Morning,

Five lots, comprising, all told, about

75 MEN'S SUITS

Made to sell for $8 and $10, and all new, desirable styles. In the entire lot can be found all sizes from 35 to 44. The price will be

$5.50 PER SUIT.

At this figure the lot will not be one-half large enough to supply the demand this announcement will surely create. With the exception of one lot only, these suits are of strictly all-wool goods, and at the above price they are just right for strong, every-day working suits. Included in the lot is a line of all-wool suits especially adapted for grocers. **"A Dollar Saved is a Dollar Earned,"** and you cannot earn a few dollars easier than by looking over this bargain lot. Don't delay, however, as the lot is comparatively small, and this price is less than the suits could be made for, at present price of woolens.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

New
Fall and
Winter
Goods

During the Summer months we have been on the alert and have purchased for cash many goods at unprecedently low prices. We propose to offer them at prices that will give our customers the benefit. Call and examine the stock. We believe our prices and goods will suit you.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

The Way To Have a Merry Christmas

Is to make others happy. Make them happy with suitable gifts. But where to find the gifts? Our stock answers that question perfectly. Come and see. Something for every eye. Something for every taste. To look through our splendid assortment is a pastime. To show the goods is a pleasure.

Linwood E. Hanson,

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 4—3.

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.

1844 Reproduces without abridgment the ablest articles from the Leading British reviews, magazines and weekly literary and political journals in every department of Literature; also, TRANSLATIONS from leading Continental sources.

1898 ENLARGED by the addition of a Monthly Literary Supplement, containing Readings from American Magazines, Readings from New Books, a list of the Books of the Month; contributing to make this periodical

ENCYCLOPEDIC IN SCOPE, CHARACTER, COMPLETENESS, COMPREHENSIVENESS.

"AN EPOCH-MAKING STORY."

"WITH ALL HER HEART." From the French of M. Rene Bazin. Arrangements have been made for the SERIAL PUBLICATION of a TRANSLATION, made expressly the LIVING AGE, of this famous novel. The first instalment appears in the number of Nov. 6, and it will be continued weekly for several months until completed.

This novel, in its recent presentation in the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, aroused the greatest interest, attracting the attention of litterateurs both in France and England. A vivid portrayal of life in a French industrial town, it is interesting alike as a social study, and as a realistic, yet delicate story of modern life.

Its literary and ethical qualities are so unusual that LES ANNALES LITTERAIRES ET POLITIQUES described it as "An Epoch-Making Story."

The LONDON ATHENÆUM characterizes it as "a work of fine and searching analysis, full of charm and redolent of a perfume which is exquisite and possesses no disquieting element."

DURING THE YEAR other translations from the best writers will appear from time to time, with serial or short stories by the Leading British Authors.

FREE. To all NEW SUBSCRIBERS the LIVING AGE for 1898, will be sent FREE the EIGHT NUMBERS of 1897 containing the first instalments of "With All Her Heart."

Choicest Literature at Club Prices. For $9.00 THE LIVING AGE and any $4.00 Magazine (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) sent for a year; or, for $8.00 THE LIVING AGE and *Scribner's* magazine.

Published Weekly at $6.00 a Year, postpaid. Single Copies 15 cents.

THE LIVING AGE CO., P. O. Box 5206, Boston

FALL and WINTER STYLES
OF A GREAT VARIETY IN
Foreign and Domestic Goods,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

You Have No Idea
How Cheap You Can Get
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Until you have examined the pretty things at

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

George C. Conn.

We have it on the best of authority that Mr. George C. Conn of this city is expecting to move, with his family, to Minneapolis, Minn., the latter part of this month, where he will make his future home. He has been given a fine business position there, that of Commercial Agent for the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad, of which Hon. W. W. Crapo of New Bedford is President. It was not sought by Mr. Conn but came to him voluntarily, on his merits, and as it is a very desirable one he did not feel like declining it.

Mr. Conn is one of our foremost citizens and is highly esteemed wherever known. He was born and bred here. He graduated from the Woburn High School in Class '84, since which he has been continuously employed in railroad business, occupying responsible positions from the start. For some time he was connected with the old Boston & Lowell, then with the Boston & Maine, subsequently with the Pennsylvania, and for the last seven years with the Canadian Pacific Despatch, from which he goes to his new post of duty. He has never failed to give satisfaction in any position of trust held by him. He is able, bright and honest, and 13 years of experience has fitted him for the best kind of railroad work in any place where he may be put.

In years gone by Mr. Conn has taken considerable interest in politics. He was for some time Chairman of the Woburn Republican City Committee; several times member of the Republican State Central Committee and Chairman of important sub-committees of the same. In 1895 he was President of the Common Council in the Woburn city government, and has more than once declined political advancement. He seemed always rather to work for somebody else than hold office himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Conn move in the best circles of Woburn society. They are good people to know, hence have many warm friends who will regret their removal to the West.

We congratulate Mr. Conn on his promotion and extend to him and family our best wishes for their future prosperity and happiness. They deserve a generous share of the good things of this life and we hope they will have them.

Mrs. Patterson.

The demise of Mrs. NANCY H. PATTERSON occurred at her home in this city on Nov. 27. Her age was 88 years, 3 months, and 17 days, and she died sincerely lamented. Her husband, Mr. Jotham Patterson, died about two years ago.

She was the daughter of Thomas and Sarah Rumery, and her mother was Sarah Stimpson before marrying Thomas Rumery, and they were all born in Biddeford, Maine, to which city the remains of Mrs. Patterson were taken for interment last Tuesday.

The undertakers were the Messrs. Tripp of Montvale avenue.

The deceased was noted for her amiable disposition, her charities, and her Christian life.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

The Stately Minuette

Was danced 'mid a perfumed atmosphere sweeter than the spicefields of Arabia. Speaking of perfumes calls to mind the endless variety of bottled odors we are offering to our patrons. Our holiday line is far ahead of anything we have shown in previous years.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Foot Ball.

Thanksgiving Day Woburn High School vs Boston College Freshmen.

WOBURN.	BOSTON.
Buckman, re	Hartnet, le
Eaton, rt	Wall, lt
Pierce, rg	Minnegan, lg
Davis, c	Kelly, c.
Fraser, lg	Hessian, rg
Maloney, lt	Short, rt
Dodge, le	Regan, re
Maguire, qb	Coyle, qb
Dimick, lh	Reade, rh
Cutler, rh	Dee, lh
Fowle, fb	Cahill, fb

Referee, Stetson; Umpire, Reade; Timer, Andrews; Linesmen, Smith and Hartwell.

The field was decidedly a snow-mud-ice-ooze puddle, despite the efforts of the boys to clear it off but the crowd was there to see the game and after they were adorned with labels at 10c per comer, there was nothing to do but play.

It was Woburn's kick off against a quarter wind. Fowle kicked to Boston's 25 yd line where Boston was held for downs.

Dimick gained 4 yds and Cutler and Buckman each added gains, when Dodge made the first touchdown and Fowle kicked the goal—6 to 0 for Woburn.

Boston kicked off to Fowle who made up quite a space before being downed. Woburn fumbled, but speedily regained the ball on downs. After two more exchanges of fumbles, which were excusable owing to the slippery pigskin, Dodge started down the field behind the prettiest interference one wants to see. Boston's backs were brushed off like so many flies, and after 70 yds run, Harry planted the leather behind the goal for his second touchdown. No goal —10-0 for Woburn.

Dimick caught the ball on the next kick off and was well toward the centre ere he was tackled. Cutler and Fowle each made 5 yds thro' centre; then Buchanan added 30 yds on the criss-cross. Fowle added 20 more, when Cutler cleverly dodged the agile Boston boys and made a touchdown. Goal was kicked, score 16-0. In the second half after exchange of punts Woburn fumbled, but Maloney captured the ball and was off. He was tackled but gave his foe the slip and the baggage wagon was off again for a touchdown while but few of the team could see what was up. Fowle kicked another goal—22-0.

The guards back worked well for Woburn, and the gain was seldom missed so that ere the whistle blew Harry Dodge, while dodging Boston, and with a Dodge on his back (his brother substituted for Boston) made the last score, thro' a hole large enough for a team. No goal—26-0 for Woburn.

Woburn has lost but one game this year, and that one was no dishonor, and has had but 10 points scored against them in all; this we call doing pretty well and hope there will be as good support accorded them another year.

Bay State Sanitarium Co.

Many are telling the wonderful story of their rescue by the SPRINGER METHOD from physical and mental ruin by the curse of the alcoholic habit.

You who read this may not be a slave to the habit, but you no doubt have some friend in whom you are deeply interested who can be saved from a life of misery to possibly crime or suicide through your influence and persuasion.

Now is it not your duty to advise this friend to take DR. SPRINGER'S CURE and be made a new man?

The Bay State Sanitarium has moved into its large and homelike new place 14 Walnut street near Main, Woburn. This institution controlled by the best and strongest business men in your community is the place for you to recommend him to take treatment. Don't delay or neglect your duty, but call or send to the Sanitarium for circulars and testimonials.

Montvale.

Mrs. James Folsome, one of the best and most highly esteemed ladies in this part of the city, will spend the winter at 68 L street, South Boston. Everybody hopes she will enjoy herself.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Progress of Mankind, onward and upward forever." Sunday School at 12 M.

ST. JOHN'S BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Walter Gay. Christian Endeavor at 6 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Friday evening, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday in Advent.
Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "Yokes." Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 6 P. M. At 7 P. M., Subject: The Saloon, Illustrated by Stereopticon with Solo, Quartet and Chorus Singing. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D., followed by Communion Service. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7. Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting at 7.30. Supper and Entertainment Thursday evening, Dec. 9.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Grand No License Rally. Special instrumental and vocal music. Address by the pastor. Thursday, at 4 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 24, by Rev. Joseph Keegan, Patrick Cox and Annie Cullen, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 24, by Rev. Joseph Keegan, Thomas G. Collins and Mary Riley, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 24, by Rev. James F. Doherty, Frank Smith and Delia Walsh, both of Woburn.

In Reading, Nov. 24, by Rev. Samuel Bragg, Arthur H. Leathe of Woburn, and Caroline W. McKellar of Reading.

In Hawley, Mass., Nov. 25, by Rev. Elijah Harmon, of Wilmington, Mass., Fordyce A. Thayer of Plainfield, and Minnie Belle Harmon of Hawley.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 27, James N., son of Aden and Margaret Murphy, aged 5 months, 2 days.

In this city, Nov. 27, Nancy H. Patterson, aged 88 years, 3 months, 17 days.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

Most intelligent people are interested in that far-off land of India. We are all interested in the dusky, treacherous-looking Sepoy, the mysterious Brahman priest, and the red-coated English trooper. In "Shannon of the Sixth," which comes to the Columbia next week, will be found these characters true to life. In the second act you will behold the world-famed "Beautiful Hills near Delhi," a magnificent scene correct and true in every detail. The acting of the star and the company, and the dramatic construction of the play are not secondary to the scenic effects and wonderful mechanical appliances. The production pleases both the parquet and the gallery.

THE TREMONT.

Next week, the fourth of Mr. Willard's most successful engagement, owing to very many being disappointed in seeing his most beautiful production of "Tom Pinch," he has decided to play it again, opening on Monday evening next, for six evenings and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The week of 22d November that Mr. Willard presented "Tom Pinch" was the largest week's business he has ever done in Boston, the Tremont Theatre being filled at every performance, and owing to the numerous requests at the Box Office and by letter, it has been wisely decided to revive it for next week; these will be positively the last performances of this popular comedy, and judging by the sale of seats, next week promises to equal if not exceed Mr. Willard's record breaking week of Nov. 15. Beginning Monday, Dec. 20, Francis Wilson in "Half a King."

Consumption Positively Cured.

Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant of Chilhowie, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief: spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drugstore.

A Brilliant Entertainment.

Miss Stella M. Haynes, teacher of Elocution and Physical Culture in the Boston Conservatory, has never before given a public entertainment in this city, although she has read here a few times, but her reception at Music Hall last Wednesday evening must have shaken her faith in the saying that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," for her audience was not only large but it was composed by the best class of people.

The entertainment was as pleasing as unique, consisting of Living Statuary, Classic Posing, Reading and Music. The pianists and accompanists were Miss Florence S. Porter and Miss E. Minnette Dow, both of whom gave some fine playing. The young ladies who were seen in the principal parts were: A. May Barker, Madeleine A. Bartlett, Grace E. Bond, Ethel M. Bryant, Grace M. Fifield, Florence I. Ferguson, Mary E. Hayward, Helen M. Hertkorn, Zoe M. McKay, Bertha M. Munroe, Claire B. O'Brion, Edith P. Rallston.

A description of the "Statuary" and Posing is of course out of the question; to fully appreciate their beauty they should have been seen. All present said it was the finest exhibition ever seen in Woburn.

Mr. Frank Lawrence of Worcester managed the calcium lights to perfection. He is an artist in the production of lights and shades, and was particularly happy in the employment of them in showing off the beauty and brilliancy of the entertainment.

It was a gratifying success.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief*.

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case having resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Lithograph Advertising.

John B. Schoeffel of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, has decided to do away, so far as his theatre is concerned, with all lithograph and window advertising, and consequently all lithograph passes. Long experience has convinced him that so-called "lithograph advertising" shows no profit and costs the theatre, when business is good, much more than it is worth. Manager Schoeffel would have been glad to have had the managers of the other theatres act with him in the matter, but as it was not convenient for those who believe with him to make the change at present, he determined to act independently. Mr. Schoeffel feels confident that he will have the support of all the prominent attractions appearing at the Tremont Theatre in this innovation. Duncan B. Harrison, manager of Digby Bell, says: "I am unalterably opposed to the use of lithographs as a medium of advertising. It is a method that is fallacious as an effect to attract the public, and it is in every way detrimental and virtually useless as a motor to draw attention to the attraction you are desiring to exploit. I, for one, shall never again use the lithograph as an advertising medium, but intend to curtail my window and wall advertising to block printing announcements, and appeal directly to my public through the medium of the press and their advertising columns."

"Sharps and Flats."

(From Boston Record, Nov. 26.)

Mr. Looker-On: I see you exposed the fakes that went from door to door, taking orders to do crayon pictures for nothing, and then charging enormous rates for the frames.

There is another class of fakes that need to be exposed, and that is fake piano tuners (?) who go from door to door offering to tune pianos for $1, when the regular price is twice as much.

Their scheme is to get into to look at your piano, and then tune it for $1, but when they are through their charge is anywhere from $2 to $5. They say they had to put in so many new wires, and do so much other work that it will cost so much. They don't tell you this until they get through.

Then half the time the piano is not half tuned, and is in a worse condition than before they touched it. These tuners (?) sometimes go in pairs, one getting the orders, the other tuning (?) it. Can't innocent persons be protected from these sharks?

One of the Victims.

Nov. 15.

These fellows have been through Woburn pulling door bells and swindling people, they are liable to call on those they omitted so beware of them. We are looking up some things in regard to them that will interest our readers which we will print later on.

Growing in Favor.

In no place more than in the newspaper world is enterprise appreciated, and it is not surprising that the New England Home Magazine, which the Boston *Sunday Journal* is giving free to its readers, goes so well. Each of the four Sundays that the magazine has been published has seen a largely increased sale. Next Sunday, in addition to the striking features of the magazine, will be a Welcome to Merchants' Week, and the Illustrated Weekly will be published in colors. Features photographed for the magazine or the weekly will be Cleo de Merode, Anna Held, Cissie Loftus and Cissie Fitzgerald, Mark Twain, Gertrude Stein (with article by Philip Hale), Capt. Dibblee of Harvard, Princess Kaiulani and Advisory Committee of Merchants' Week, to say nothing of news and of articles on Boston's commercial greatness.

North Woburn.

Miss Leila Tilton is spending a few days with relatives at Attleboro, Mass

Do not forget that the cantata by the choral society will be given in about two weeks.

Mrs. Merrill of Rutland, Vt., is visiting her son Mr. S. W. Merrill of Elm street.

Strangers need not wonder at the apparent abnormal size of the faces of some of our residents as it is nothing but the mumps.

The Choral Club of this village have arranged for the presentation of the beautiful Cantata, "Under the Palms," in the auditorium of the North Congregational church at 8 o'clock Friday evening, Dec. 10, for the benefit of the Organ Fund. Miss Bass of Boston, and Mr. W. W. Cummings are the assisting talent. Tickets only 25 cents.

Not so tight as it was, that cough of yours, but a little too tight yet. It's only two or three days you know. Keep on taking Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam and that cough will soon be as dead as Julius Cæsar.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 2. Dec. 1.

Buxton,	133	210	123— 466
Curtis,	128	118	132— 378
Bartlett,	164	119	143— 426
Marion,	169	177	179— 465
Caulfield,	159	165	181— 505
Team Totals,	753	729	758—2240

TEAM 5.

Sawyer,	138	154	154— 446
Buchanan,	118	156	157— 431
Buss,	156	119	179— 454
Grant,	127	114	104— 345
Hinckley,	104	126	146— 376
Team Totals,	643	669	740—2052

Ward 5.

The following preamble and resolution was adopted at the late Republican caucus in Ward 5:

WHEREAS the nominations made by the Charter Committee are of such character as to merit the support of all good citizens therefore be it

Resolved by the Republicans of Ward five in caucus assembled, That we make no nominations to be voted for at large, but endorse the Charter Committee nominations and recommend them to all citizens desiring an honest businesslike administration of affairs.

Off the Eggs.

Political factions in Woburn are trying to find a mayoralty candidate to oppose a second term by John P. Feeney, the youngest Mayor in the State. If the many travellers who have cursed Woburn roads in the past and have enjoyed the wonderful improvement the past year could have a voice in the matter, the cry of "Feeney and Good Roads" would bring triumph.—*Somerville Citizen.*

You mean "Hugh Martin and Good Roads," don't you? Hugh's the man.

How To Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach be disordered, you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys be affected, you have a pinched look. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Purifies the blood, cures pimples, blothes and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at Parker's Drugstore. 50 cents per bottle.

Burlington.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. — Preaching Sunday at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7.30 P. M. Gospel meeting at 8 P. M.

A Church Festival Christmas week will be held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th, at the Congregational Church. Supper will be served at 7.30 o'clock. Vocal and instrumental music and other attractions. The Committee of arrangements are: Mrs. T. I. Reed, Mrs. F. Marion, Mrs. F. Walker, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. A. Skelton, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Estabrook, Miss Ella Carter, Mrs. Rogan, assisted by all members of the Circle. After the supper will be the annual sale of the pews. Mr. Prior will be auctioneer.

WINCHESTER.

The leather manufacturing firm of Beggs & Cobb will at once erect a large currying shop upon their property, with a frontage on Swanton street. It will be 150x50 feet and four stories high. The basement and foundation walls were completed Friday by J. M. Ellis of Woburn and carpenters will commence when lumber arrives. The new shop will have a capacity for 150 hands, and will furnish employment for many skilled operatives. The plant will be used for the purpose of currying fancy leather.

A New Kipling Novelette.

About the last story published from the pen of the master Kipling appeared in the August number of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, and his next story is announced for publication in the Christmas number of the same periodical. It is a long story—practically a novelette—but it will be published complete in one number. In it Kipling returns to India—the ground, undoubtedly, on which he is most at his ease and most engaging to his readers. The story is described as the narrative of the experience of a young English officer whose family had done their duty in India without noise or brag, but with great efficiency and bravery, through a number of generations, and who on taking up the family work found himself compelled to live up to a very high family tradition in the matter of shooting tigers and laying down the law to the native tribe of Bhils. Especially exacting on him was the final disposition of a certain "clouded" tiger, entailing a series of great adventures. A novel experiment has been tried in illustrating the story for MCCLURE'S. Two well-known artists have collaborated—one chosen for his personal familiarity with India and the other for his general skill in bodying forth imaginative personages, actions, and scenes.

Keep up Your Sign.

Here is what Peter Cooper, who died worth many millions, said of a newspaper: "In all the towns where a newspaper is published every man should advertise in it if nothing more than a card stating his name and the business he is in. It does not only pay the advertiser, but it lets people at a distance know the town in which you reside is a prosperous community of business men. As the seed is sown so the seed recompenses. Never pull down your sign while you expect to do business."

But there is better authority for advertising. A reverend gentleman, who has charge of the advertising of a prominent religious weekly, was recently asked what scriptural authority he could find for his occupation.

"Oh," he replied, "that is easy enough. Advertising not only has scriptural authority, but is of very respectable antiquity as well. If you will look in Numbers xxiv, 14, you will find Balaam saying, 'Come, now, and I will advertise,' and Boaz says in Ruth iv, 4, 'And I thought to advertise.' Advertising is no modern thing."—*The New England Press.*

School Meeting.

The Board held a meeting on Tuesday evening, Nov. 30.

Clara L. Nichols was appointed Principal of the Wyman school, and Mary D. Caulfield to fill a vacancy at Montvale. Supt. Emerson reported an average attendance at the Evening School of 68. It will close on Dec. 24. Ordered that 300 copies of Rules and Regulations be printed. The resignation of Martha E. Leslie accepted. Applications for positions in the High and other schools were numerous.

Christian Science
WANTED.

"Science and Health" or anything written by Mary Baker Glover Eddy before 1883. Dr. Keyes Christian Scientist, 230 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Woburn
1897 Star
1898 Course

Fifth Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, Dec. 6, '97
CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD
The Poet Scout.
In his wonderful Entertainment
"The Camp-Fire and the Trail."

This is not a lecture, but two hours of Rare Enjoyment. Last appearance of Capt. Crawford.

Season Tickets for balance of the Course 75 cents.

Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
Doors open at 7.30 Entertainment at 8.

Under the Palms.
A BEAUTIFUL CANTATA BY
The Choral Society, No. Woburn,
— IN THE —
North Congregational Church,
— ON —
Friday Ev'ng, Dec. 10, 1897,

For the benefit of the "Church Organ Fund." The Society will be assisted by

Miss Mary Eulalia Bass, of Boston,
Mr. W. W. Cummings,
And an Orchestra.
Commences at 8 o'clock.

Tickets, - - 25 Cents
To be had of the Club Members, or at Whitcher's

Here's a Magazine
Costs $5 a Year
But,
You can get it
Free!
The New England
Home Magazine

(published every week), a 48-page magazine, equal in character and illustrations to the Cosmopolitan, Munsey's, McClure's or any of the first-class magazines, filled with photographs of interests, of beautiful women, pretty children, people of prominence, and containing articles and stories from such writers as Theodore Roosevelt and Capt. Charles King. This and the handsome Illustrated Weekly are both

Free to Every Reader of the
Boston Sunday Journal

in the Greater Boston District. Order this great combination offer (at only 5 cents) from your newsdealer now.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Henry Bishop, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by Thomas Salmon who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE,

Likewise Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, and all kinds of staple Meats, Fish, and the Best Oysters in America, now ready for delivery at

C. C. STONE & Co's,
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass

Also, Vegetables, Fruits, and everything else nice for

THE HOLIDAYS.

JAMES F. O'DONNELL,
Piano & Furniture Moving and Jobbing.

Orders promptly attended to.

Residence: WATER STREET

TO ALASKA.

$400.00 pays for ticket, passage, berth and meals to Dawson City. A year's entire outfit of tools, camping utensils, food, and freight on 1000 pounds. Apply early. J. F. HEALY, Manager, 396 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

1000 Cigars
GIVEN AWAY

Free of Charge! Have you got one? If not, why not? Just ask me for a card for one of my BOSTON POST 5-cent Cigars. J. LIPP, Cigar Manufacturer, Woburn, Mass.

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM
Burlington, Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 19, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1893, Chapter 172 of the Acts of 1897, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote, will be held on

Tuesday, the 14th day of December, A. D., 1897,

in the following places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main Street.
Ward Two,—Fifield Hall, Fowle Street.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon**, and all such male citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also, for four members of the Board of Public Works, one for the term of one year; one for the term of two years; one for the term of three years; and one for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes or No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1898?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and Aldermen.

ATTEST:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

BURBEEN FREE LECTURE FUND.

Season of 1897-8.

LYCEUM HALL, - - WOBURN.

The Directors announce the following Course:

Thursday, Dec. 16. Hon. John E. Russell. Subject: "Transportation by Deep Waterways."
Tuesday, Dec. 28. Henry G. Spaulding. Subject: "Pompeii" and Bulwer's "Last Days." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 11. Alice Freeman Palmer. Subject: "The New Education. What it should do for our children."
Tuesday, Jan. 25. Dr. Thomas H. Dinsmore, Jr. Subject: "The Evolution of Chemistry." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb. 8. Prof. A. E. Dolbear. Subject: "The Antiquity of the Earth."
Tuesday, Feb. 22. H. C. Hovey, D. D. Subject: "The Mammoth Cave." Illustrated.
Tuesday, March 8. Prof. N. G. Shaler. Subject: "The Utilization of Environment."
Tuesday, March 22. Harry Gray Chase. Subject: "The X-Ray, and The Phenomena that led to its discovery." Illustrated.

NOTE.—Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the Course, may be made to the "Burbeen Lecture Committee" in writing on or before Saturday, Dec. 4. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the stores of A. W. Whitcher and J. W. Hammond & Son. Tickets will be apportioned by lot among the applicants, and will not be issued to children under the age of 16 years, except to pupils of the High School. Applications for more than two tickets for any one family will not be received. Tickets will be mailed to those who send in with their applications, prepaid re-directed envelopes; others may obtain their tickets at the store of A. W. Whitcher on or after Saturday, Dec. 11. Tickets not taken before Friday, Dec. 17, will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening; after that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

S. FRANKSFORD TRULL,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WM. R. CUTTER,
Directors.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1897.

WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

Have You Seen
The New Automatic
SASH LOCK?

If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

Tremont House
WINCHESTER.

I wish to inform the ladies of Winchester and Woburn that I have good girls on hand—Swede, Danish, English, Irish—with good recommendations. With thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, I remain most respectfully, etc.
MRS. J. A. MCMURRAY,
formerly Miss M. H. Norton of Woburn

To Let.

Recently built HOUSE of 8 Rooms and Modern Plumbing, next to corner of Charles and Main streets. Rent moderate.
House is equipped for gas.
Apply to JOHN W. SHAW,
36 Pleasant St., Woburn

Horse For Sale.

Sound; No Outs; 7 years old; Good Roadster and Business; Every Way Right.
Call on JOHN CUMMINGS, 2d,
120 Bedford St., Woburn

Tenement To Let.

At Hammond Square. Eight rooms and bath. Piped for hot and cold water. Light, roomy basement with cemented floor and set tubs. Recently papered and painted.
Enquire of J. F. RAMSDELL, H. M. ALDRICH, or H. C. HALL.

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.
A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,

One minute to Station. All modern improvements! $22.00 per month.
Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

C. M. STROUT
Is now located
in the
Old Postoffice Rooms
Dow's Block.

First 3 Days.
Mrs. S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,
No. 413 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
(Formerly Dr. Lang's Office.)

Gives public notice that she will be at her office as above during the

First 3 Days of the First 3 Weeks

of each month for business.
*** Public Patronage respectfully solicited.

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.

Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters, Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

To Let.

The store occupied by Davis & Martyn, bicycles and repairing, will be To Let October 1. Will also sell the business in the above store.
TO LET—House of 8 rooms, all modern improvemenss, To Let October 1.
W. H. CUMMINGS,
19 Beach Street, Woburn Mass.

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.

A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

FOR SALE
— OR —
TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from $50 to $100 monthly clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to increase your present income from $200 to $500 yearly, by working at odd times, write the GLOBE CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, whether married or single, last or present employment, and you can secure a position with them by which you can make more money easier and faster than you ever made before in your life.

Are You The Man?

WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J., 111-113 Bleecker St., New York.

Snow Balling. About one young woman in ten nowadays would dare to run out bare headed and bare handed and frolic and snow ball in midwinter. They have to be muffled up like hot-house flowers before they dare venture out in severe weather, and even then would shudder at the thought of rollicking in the snow as their grandmothers did.

The trouble lies in the fact that too few women enjoy perfect health and strength of the special womanly organism. A woman who is not well and strong locally cannot enjoy good general health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. It is the most perfect and scientific remedy ever devised for the peculiar ailments of women. It restores womanly power, strength and virility. It tones and builds up the nerves which have been shattered by suffering and disease. It corrects all irregularities and derangements and stops exhausting drains. It restores weak, nervous invalids to perfect health. It is intended for this one class of disorders and is good for no other. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. No other known medicine can take its place.

"I have been troubled with female weakness that my physician called catarrh of the womb," writes Miss Tean Conner, of Catfish, Clarion Co., Pa. "I doctored for it and did not get better. At last I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I got better right along and when I had taken four bottles was cured. I recommended the 'Favorite Prescription' to a friend of mine. She has been using it and thinks it is wonderful."

Constipation is a little illness that if neglected builds a big one. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe.

WATER LILIES.

How like you water lily fair
Is my true love! In her I find
Both in body and in mind
Spotless purity combined
With beauty rare.

Somewhat like a lily, too,
Am I! Ah, now a merry cry
Rings from her laughing lips, "Fie, fie!"
Yet listen, saucy one, and I
Will prove it true.

'Tis not for pow'r to charm or please,
'Tis not for comeliness of face,
For purity like thine or grace.
God knows I have but little trace
Of such as these!

But this is why—though from her boat
White rigged upon the waters still
The lily dips and drinks at will,
That she can never quaff her fill
Is plain to note.

For when the fleecy cloud light whirls
The raindrops down her leaves unfold
Like sails and in her bosom's hold
She loves to store amid the gold
The dewy pearls.

Though deep her roots like anchors trend
Where life and sustenance abide,
With water round, below, beside,
Her thirst unslaked, unsatisfied,
Still knows no end.

Thus, then, sweet lily love, am I
Like to this ever thirsting flower—
The more the love that thou dost shower
On me the more my will and power
To drink thee dry.

To quaff of love, for maids and men
Doth seem, I vow, but foolish waste;
The more the thirsty creatures taste
The greater is their panting haste
To quaff again.
—Will Hill in Chambers' Journal.

A BASE BETRAYAL.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

In the year 1862 an English merchantman, called the Red Cross, was wrecked on a reef in the gulf of Siam, and the sole survivor of a crew of 16 men was a sailor named George Matthews.

He floated an entire night and part of a day on a piece of wreckage, and was finally cast ashore on one of the Panjang islands. All charts up to 1864 show a group of three islands. Those printed since show but two.

As a matter of fact, one of the islands disappeared in 1863, and soundings over the spot show a depth of 100 fathoms. It was on this island, however, that Matthews was cast ashore, after drifting for 30 or 40 miles, and he remained there for four months before being taken off.

His island was almost circular in form and about half a mile across, and between the wild fruits on the trees and the shellfish along the shore the sailor did not suffer for food.

He found evidences that fishermen and shell gatherers visited the island at intervals, but it was 130 days after landing before he saw a human face.

Matthews had been on the island about 60 days when a strange thing happened. There was a coral reef encircling the island and at low tide much of it was visible.

One morning he awoke to find that the water had receded in all directions until he could walk from the beach to the reef. In other words, where there had been from six to ten feet of water he now found the ocean bed.

As the sailor looked about him and puzzled over the phenomenon he caught sight of the hulk of a small vessel lying in the basin and close to the reef. It was resting on its side, and he soon made out that it had tumbled off its bed on the reef as the waters receded. It was almost dry ground between him and the hulk, and he at once started out to examine her. It was a curious discovery he made—an old wooden hull, incased in an armor of shells a foot thick. He judged the craft to have been of about 200 tons burden, and she had been brig rigged. Her masts had been broken off short near the deck, her rudder was gone, and there was a great hole in her bottom where she had crashed on the reef. Although in fear that the waters would return at any moment, the sailor gave the hulk a pretty thorough overhauling.

He found that she had been armed to fight, and close against the reef he found two small cannon, the hilt of a creese and the rusty barrels of three or four pistols. So thoroughly incased was the hulk in her shell armor that there was no way of getting into her without proper tools. Her bulwarks had been swept away to the last inch, but the crust over her decks was thicker than on her sides.

At the end of an hour Matthews heard a great roaring outside the reef, and realizing that the waters were returning he ran for the beach. Something like a tidal wave swept in after him, and had he not caught the limb of a tree and pulled himself up he would have been killed or drawn out to sea.

It was half an hour before the sea grew quiet, and he then found that the hulk had been swept in and left on an upright keel so near the beach that the waters barely covered her at high tide. At low tide her whole decks and two feet of her sides were exposed, and a casual observer would have taken her for a rock.

At the first low tide Matthews boarded the hull and pounded off the shells about the cabin hatch and finally made his way to the cabin itself. It was full of water, of course, and he gained nothing. He realized that so long as the hulk remained where she was he could not penetrate the interior. He did not even board her again during his stay on the island.

Some 50 days after his first discovery he was taken off by a native boat and 20 days later was set ashore at Singapore. His rescuers did not notice the shell incrusted hulk, nor did the sailor say a word concerning her. It was curious enough that I was the first person he spoke to on landing at Singapore. I was a reporter on The Times and had been aboard of a craft in the harbor.

Matthews accompanied me to the office and gave me the particulars of his story, and in return I supplied him with money for his immediate wants. He said nothing to me of the wreck in telling his adventures. It was three days later before he sought me out and gave me that bit of information.

He had concluded from the first that the hulk was that of a Malay pirate, and he was strong in his belief that she would have treasure aboard. He could not get at her alone, and, being penniless and only a common sailor, he feared that if he gave his information away he would not be fairly dealt with. I think he trusted me simply because he felt obliged to trust some one, though having been a sailor myself my heart had warmed toward him a bit.

His plan was to equip a craft and send her to the island to overhaul the hulk. If there was no treasure, then it would be a dead loss; if anything were found, there would be no one to dispute our claims.

It wasn't a matter to be decided in a day, and as a matter of fact it was a week before I made up my mind to take the chances. I had a bit of money laid by, as did one of the political editors of the paper, and we took in as fourth man the proprietor of a marine store. The three of us were to bear the expenses and the four of us to share and share alike in whatever might be found.

There was a little trading schooner in port, which we chartered at a moderate figure, and it was agreed with the captain that if any treasure was found he should have a handsome present in addition to his wages. I resigned my position on The Times to go as mate of her, and when we finally sailed away our crew consisted of Captain Cross, an Englishman and the owner of the craft, Matthews, myself and four Chinamen.

I had my last dollar in the outfit, as did the editor, and though we had induced the merchant to invest with us he had no confidence that anything of value would be found.

In due course of time and without adventure we reached the island, and the first thing before us was the hulk Matthews had told about. After a cursory examination Captain Cross pronounced her a native Malay craft, and the fact of her being armed seemed to prove that she had cruised as a pirate. She had not moved an inch since Matthews left the island, and we had to face the question of how to get at her.

We had talked this over before leaving Singapore, however, and had come prepared. Just where the hulk lay the reef made a curve toward the beach and approached it within a cable's length. Outside the reef there was deep water, and we could sail the schooner close up.

Our first move was to take blocks and tackles ashore and make them fast to the trees and to the bow of the hulk. Then the free end of a cable was brought off to the schooner and made fast to her stern, and after waiting a whole day for a change of wind we got it from off the island and gave her all sail. The idea was to make our sail power move the hulk up the shore, but for half an hour the scheme was a failure.

The cable tightened until it sang like a telegraph wire, but the hulk was heavy and imbedded in the sand. We were condoling with each other over the failure when there came a heavy gust of wind and the schooner began to crawl. Had the cable been smaller it would have broken under the heavy strain as the schooner surged away.

That hulk had to be moved up an incline a distance of 60 feet, and it moved almost inch by inch. Sometimes the schooner gained, sometimes she stood still, and we expected to see the sails fly away or the masts go overboard. Everything held, however, and at the end of an hour the hulk was so far up the beach that she would be entirely clear at low tide.

We secured her in that position and felt that the heaviest part of our work was accomplished. Next day we ran the schooner around through an opening in the reef and into a small bay, to be left to care for herself, and set up a camp close by the hulk.

We began work on the wreck by clearing away the shells from her starboard side and boring half a dozen auger holes to drain the water out. She must have been under water for 30 or 40 years to take on such an armor as she had. In some places it was quite two feet thick and as tough as iron. On the level decks it was thicker than on the sides, and we put in two full days' work before we had them cleared.

It was not until we had the main hatch off and saw that the craft was in ballast only that we entered the cabin. There was two feet or more of mud and sand on the floor, and shells and grasses had attached themselves everywhere. It was only a small cabin, with three berths for officers, and nothing of value was discovered. The between decks had been fitted up for the men's quarters, and here we found evidences of what the hulk had been in other days.

There were quarters for at least 60 men, and we found cutlasses and pistols and muskets galore, or at least the rusting remains. In the sand on the floor we found skulls and bones and bits of clothing, but not a coin or jewel of any sort. If there was a treasure room in the hulk, the entrance would be from the cabin, and there was nothing to do but clear away the sand.

It took us a day to accomplish this, but our labor was rewarded by finding a trapdoor leading to a lazarette. There was an iron bar across this, fastened with two huge padlocks, but all were so rusty and weak that they gave us no trouble. The trapdoor fitted so closely that no mud had filtered down, and the water had been drained off by the auger holes bored from the outside.

The lazarette was a little room just the size of the cabin overhead in length and breadth, but not over 4 feet high. I was first into it, carrying a light in either hand, and after one glance around I cried out in exultation. Even on the floor at my feet I caught the glitter of diamonds from a broken box. Bales of what had been choice goods had been stored here, but all had been reduced to pulp. Piled up at the far end against the bulkhead were 18 stout boxes, about a foot square, and to port and starboard were two iron chests just a trifle smaller than the trapdoor above. Leaving one of the candles behind, I picked up three loose diamonds, a large pearl and a sapphire ring and made my exit, and when I had gained the cabin there was much cheering and handshaking.

I will tell you exactly what we took out of that hulk, for I made the list with my own hand. Each of the 18 wooden boxes was packed with gold coins amounting to about $6,000. Every nation was represented in these coins. In the iron chest were silver and gold amounting to $73,000, and in the other jewels to the value of $150,000. Nearly all the stones were set, and it was plain that at least a hundred women had been robbed to get such a lot together. There were a score of gold watches, ten gold snuffboxes, five jeweled sword hilts and a Chinese idol of solid gold weighing four pounds.

You may judge of our elation at coming across such a store of wealth. It took us two days to overhaul it and pack it away on the schooner, and we were then ready to set sail for Singapore. We had to wait for a change of wind, however, and this could not be expected before morning.

At about 9 o'clock at night Captain Cross suggested a last visit to the wreck for the purpose of setting her on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea to get the hulk out of the way, and Matthews agreed. He was to remain and look after the schooner, and we left him with all going well on board. We had a walk of half a mile down the beach and around a point, and once we were aboard of the hulk we made a last search of her before applying the torch.

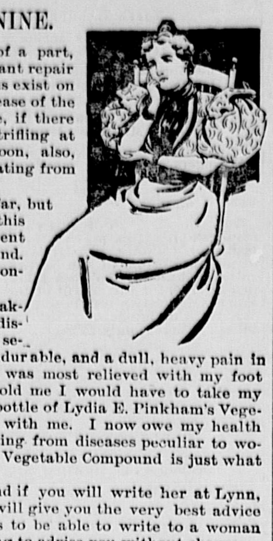
We were gone about four hours in all and returned to the bay at 1 o'clock in the morning to find the schooner gone. A favorable breeze had sprung up during our absence and Matthews had taken advantage of it to get the schooner out and run away with the treasure. She was out of sight when daylight came, and neither of us ever set eyes on her again or heard of the sailor.

The craft may have been lost at sea, or she may have landed him in Siam, China, Borneo or Java. I had in my pocket some jewels which I had been cleaning up, and Captain Cross had others, and at Singapore these sold for more than enough to recoup us. That was poor consolation, however, when we realized that we had been basely defrauded of a fortune.

At the end of ten days we were taken off the island by a native craft and a year later there was no island there. A submarine disturbance opened the bottom of the sea and sucked it down, and along with it went the charred timbers of the pirate craft we had looted and been robbed in turn by a man who deserved hanging for his treachery and ingratitude.

We wonder why a woman always looks as if she would like to kill the man who sees her stub her toe.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.



Heat, sense of tenderness and swelling of a part, are all indications that there is need of instant repair—the stitch in time. Where these symptoms exist on the left or the right side of the womb, disease of the ovary is setting in, and soon there will be, if there is not already established, a discharge, trifling at first, but later copious and irritating. Soon, also, there will be felt dull, dragging pains radiating from the ovary.

Do not, my sister, let your malady go so far, but those of you who are already suffering in this way should begin at once a course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will restore the organs to their normal condition.

In this connection MRS. E. L. MYERS, Quakake, Pa., says: "My ovaries were badly diseased, and for almost a year I suffered with severe burning pains which were almost unendurable, and a dull, heavy pain in the lower portion of my back. If standing I was most relieved with my foot resting on a stool or chair. The doctor told me I would have to take my bed and keep quiet. I had not used half a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before it worked wonders with me. I now owe my health to the Compound. To those who are suffering from diseases peculiar to women, I would say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is just what they need."

Mrs. Pinkham wishes to befriend you, and if you will write her at Lynn, Mass., telling her just how you feel, she will give you the very best advice free of charge. Think what a privilege it is to be able to write to a woman who is learned in all these matters, and willing to advise you without charge.

OLD MAIDS IN BERMUDA.

Marrying an Alien Means Loss of a Woman's Landed Estate.

In spite of the pre-eminence of the spinster in New England, the proportion of unmarried women is greater in the British colony of Bermuda than anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic ocean. The semitropical climate of the islands, together with their isolation, has made of the white inhabitants of English stock a quiet, almost a sluggish, people of a simplicity nearly Arcadian. The women especially, many of whom have led very circumscribed lives, never leaving the islands, cultivate an old fashioned hospitality and possess a natural ease of manner that seems to rise from perfect faith in other people. Crime is very rare in Bermuda, partly because it is extremely difficult for a criminal to get off the islands.

Bermudan women are excellent housekeepers and bring up large families of children, the favorite chicks of a flock being sent, in some cases, to the states for education. In matters of etiquette these flocks are much more exact than Americans. They are a comfortable, well to do set of people, with here and there a family possessing ample means. As in England, property, especially real estate, remains in the same family for a long period, some of the descendants of the original settlers still possessing lands that never have passed out of their families.

It is conservatism as to real estate ownership that keeps up the supply of spinsters. No alien can acquire a title to land in Bermuda either by purchase or inheritance. This law is directed mainly against the Portuguese, who have flocked to the colony and taken to growing onions. So long as these intruders own no land they have no vote, and the difficulty of naturalization and the property qualifications combine to make a double barrier, protecting the natives in their control of things.

But the law provides, further, that if a woman owning land marries an alien she forfeits her real estate and becomes incapable of inheriting any. They have no "squaw men" in Bermuda. This law is not very popular with young women, who see their brothers and sweethearts paying court to American girls with comfortable incomes. The number of Americans who have become residents of Bermuda is smaller than it would be under different land laws, but the winter colony is a large one, and the most energetic business men of Hamilton, the capital of the islands, are from the States. Marriages result of Bermudan men with American girls, but in a community where so large a large proportion of all property is land Bermudan girls are prevented from retaliating. There are instances where girls renounce their birthrights, but penniless belles are not universally attractive.—New York Tribune.

A Spy In a Royal Court.

"Marie Antoinette as Dauphine" is the title of an article in The Century by Miss Anna L. Bicknell. It contains much new material drawn from the state papers in Vienna. Miss Bicknell says: Maria Theresa had a strong desire to give suitable guidance to her daughter. She consequently arranged with the German embassador, Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, a secret correspondence, by which she was to be told of everything concerning the young dauphine. Mercy kept a journal, which was regularly sent to the empress, in which the most minute details of the daily life of the princess were jotted down; every act, every incautious word, was registered. Being in utter ignorance of this agreement, Marie Antoinette treated Mercy with full confidence, often expressing astonishment at the information possessed by the empress concerning her, but never dreaming that Mercy, whom she entirely trusted, was, in fact, an accredited spy through whom everything was revealed.

There is, it must be owned, something revolting in the part played by Mercy. True, the revelations were made only to her mother, but she was empress of Germany, and while Marie Antoinette ought henceforward to have been devoted to the interests of France, the country over which her husband was to reign, the one idea of Maria Theresa was the prosperity and welfare of her own empire.

Nothing New.

"No," said the long haired poet, "I cannot write at all times. The divine afflatus only urges my pen at certain inspired moments."

"I see," said the busy editor; "same old plea—temporary insanity."—New York Journal.

A Last Resource.

The Rev. Mr. Dullboy (who is calling)—Can I help you with that wakeful baby?

Mrs. Wearywife—Yes, you can. Preach a sermon, please.—Yellow Book.

The Decay of Literary Taste.

Edmund William Gosse, who holds the position of translator to the British board of trade and is the "clerk lecturer in English literature" at Cambridge, in writing on the present decay of literary taste says: "The only hope for literature is that in spite of the indifference to—nay, the positive dislike of—careful writing on the part of the public, those who write, being themselves artists or artisans, shall continue to give to their productions this technical finish which alone invests it with dignity. It is only fair to say that in our own age there has been no lack of those who have honorably and unselfishly turned out work not slovenly finished, as the public preferred, but fashioned and polished in accordance with the laws and traditions of the art. But I am bound to confess that I see and I deeply deplore a relaxation of this noble zeal in some of our youngest craftsmen. I fear that something of the laxity of public taste has invaded their private workshops and that they are apt to say to themselves that second rate writing is 'good enough' for the publishers. Whenever I see it boldly put forth that 'the matter' is everything and the 'manner' nothing, that to write with care is an 'affectation' or an 'artifice,' that style may take care of itself, and that 'unchartered freedom' is the best badge of a writer there seems to rise before me the lean and hungry scholar, scraping and cringing before the great vulgar patron, with 'What you wish, my lord. I don't presume to decide.' And from this sort of obsequiousness to public 'taste' no return to self respect is possible."

R. H. Hutton on Dickens.

The late Richard Holt Hutton, editor of the London Spectator, was a well known intellectual critic. The following were his criticisms on the genius of Charles Dickens: "The wealth and subtlety of his [Dickens'] contrasts, the fine aim of his exaggerations, the presence of mind (which is the soul of wit) displayed in his satire, the exquisitely professional character of the sentiments and metaphors which fall from his characters, the combined audacity and microscopic delicacy of his shading in caricature, the quaint flights of his fancy in illustrating a monstrous absurdity, the suddenness of his strokes at one moment, the cumulative perseverance of his touches at another, all make him such a humorist as many centuries are not likely to reproduce. But then humor of this kind is not necessarily connected with any deep knowledge of the heart and mind of man, and of such a knowledge I can see little trace in Dickens. He had a memory which could retain and an imagination which could sublimate and a fancy which could indefinitely vary almost any trait which had once fixed itself in his mind, but the traits which did so fix themselves were almost always peculiarities, and his human figures are only real so far as they reproduce the real oddities of life, or what to a man in Dickens' rank and class seemed real oddities, and of course while there are many real oddities in the world these are not the staple of our average life, with which, indeed, Dickens' genius never dealt either.

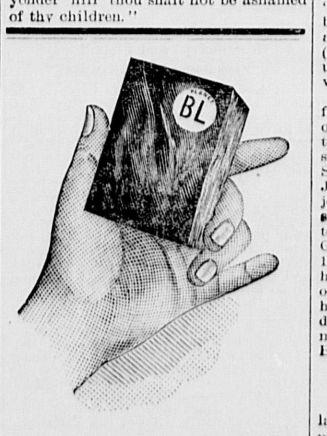
Color Tints.

It is interesting to know the real meaning of the various color tints with which we are familiar today. The majority think the titles are bestowed haphazard, but it is not so. Each one is traceable to a well defined origin. For instance, mastic, the fashionable gray tan shade, is named after the mastic tree which grows in Greece, the gum of which it resembles in color. Blue black is in honor of the charcoal that comes from the vine stock. India ink is made from burned camphor. Scarlet is iodine of mercury. Chinese white is zinc. Turkey red is made from the madder plant that thrives in Hindustan. For indian yellow we are indebted to the camel, and for sepia to the cuttlefish. The latter is an inky fluid the fish discharges when attacked in order to make the water opaque. The vivid crimsons, carmines and reddish purples are all furnished by the cochineal insects. The beautiful prussian blue is achieved by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter in a strong solution of potassium carbonate. Vermilion is from the ore cinnabar, gamboge from the yellow sap of a tree in Siam. Bister is the soot of wood ashes, and raw sienna is the natural earth from the vicinity of Siena, Italy. Umber is also an earth found close by Umbria.—Table Talk.

Two Prayers.

Bishop Leslie, "the fighting bishop," before a battle in Ireland thus prayed: "O God, for our unworthiness we are not fit to claim thy help, but if we are bad, our enemies are worse, and if thou seest not meet to help us, we pray thee help them not, but stand thou neuter this day and leave it to the arm of flesh."

The United Service Magazine compares with this the supplication which an officer offered before one of the battles for Hungarian independence in 1849: "I will not ask thee, Lord, to help us, and I know thou wilt not help the Austrians, but if thou wilt sit on yonder hill thou shalt not be ashamed of thy children."



The Right Thing.

Be sure to get it—it's the choicest article going—the flavor is perfect, for it's made from best leaf—use

B-L

TOBACCOS

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 5.

Text of the Lesson, Phil. ii, 1-11—Memory Verses, 5-8—Golden Text, Phil. ii, 5—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies." Consolation here is literally "one called to your side," and comfort is "one speaking beside you." So we might read, "If there is anything in Christ being ever with you and ever talking to you, and in having the constant companionship and guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit, if there is anything in the tenderness and compassion of the Father manifested in the Son by the Spirit, then let it be seen in you to the glory of God that Christ may be magnified."

2. "Fulfill ye my joy, that ye be like minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." Oneness of the members of the body in the service of the head is something greatly desired by our blessed Lord, as is very manifest in His prayer in John xvii, and it will also be the great desire of all who are fully one with Him. Not only does He comfort us with the assurance, "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you," but He also adds, "This is My commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you" (John xv, 9, 12).

3. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." Another reading is, "In nothing follow self seeking." Jeremiah said to his scribe, Baruch: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not" (Jer. xlv, 5). Although the whole land was Abram's and not Lot's, yet rather than have strife Abram told Lot to take his choice and go whither he would. When the Philistines strove for the wells which Isaac had reopened, Isaac did not resist, but kept on yielding until there was room for all, and the strife ceased (Gen. xiii, 8, 9; xxvi, 22).

4. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Not enviously as some would pervert it, but desiring the welfare of others as much as or more than your own. Love seeketh not her own (I Cor. xiii, 5). Let Episcopalians seek and rejoice in the welfare of Methodists, and so Methodists of Baptists, Baptists of Presbyterians, and so on, all uniting heartily to seek the honor of the Head in the completion of His body, the church, which has no name but Christ (I Cor. xii, 12, 13).

5. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His (Rom. viii, 9). Now, every penitent sinner who truly receives Christ receives also the Spirit of Christ, but some are more controlled by and manifest more of that Spirit than others. It is the privilege of every believer to be filled with the Spirit (Eph. v, 18), and led by the Spirit and to walk in the Spirit, and when one is only willing to have no will but the will of God, no choice but God's choice, no way but God's way, no service but what He appoints, God will quickly fill that one with His Spirit and continue to fill him day by day and moment by moment.

6. "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." Another reading is, "Deemed not his equality with God a thing to grasp at." He was not always saying, "I am God; I created all things; I own the universe; I do as I please in heaven and on earth, and therefore you must bow to Me, and if you don't I will make you, for I have all power." Those who are always grasping at their position as if they might lose it, or at least some of the honor belonging to it, are very small people, or people of very small minds, whatever their position may be.

7. "But made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of man." He took not on Him the nature of angels, which would have been a very great humiliation, but as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same (Heb. ii, 14, 16). He emptied Himself of the glory which He had with the Father before the world was, and consented to endure the limitations of a mortal body for over 33 years—not only so, but He consented to endure such limitation under the most limited of earthly conditions, such as the manger at Bethlehem, the humble home and the carpenter's shop at Nazareth.

8. "And being found in fashion as a man He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many (Math. xx, 28). He consented to be despised and slandered and misunderstood, persecuted, blindfolded, buffeted, spit upon, scourged, led as a lamb to the slaughter, crucified.

9. "Wherefore also God hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name which is above every name." He is now at God's right hand, with the Father on His throne (Rev. iii, 21), and in due time all kings shall fall down before Him and all nations serve Him (Ps. lxxii, 11). By His work and by that alone, which He has finished without help from man, eternal life is freely given to every one who receives Him, and a share in His glory and a place on His throne (John xvii, 22; Rev. iii, 21).

10. "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." And so it shall come to pass, for God has purposed it. "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed, so shall it stand" (Isa. xiv, 24). John saw the consummation of it in his vision when he heard every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, saying, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever" (Rev. v, 13). There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved.

11. "And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." It shall surely be, to the everlasting comfort and bliss of some and to the everlasting woe of others. Saved and unsaved shall all confess that Jesus Christ is Lord. The saved shall rejoice in Him as their Lord, while the unsaved shall have to confess Him as Lord to their everlasting confusion, but in each God will be glorified. See II Cor. ii, 15, 16. A good test as to whether we are now honoring Him as Lord is seen in verse 14 of our lesson chapter. If by the Spirit we have confessed Him as our Lord and daily do so, there can be in our lives no murmuring or disputing, no strife or envy. He is not Lord of these things.

A Chinese Secret Society.

The Chinese secret society the Ko-lao-Hui, which is answerable for so much of the antiforeign agitation, exercises a perfect terrorism over its members. One of the rioters at Wusuch was tortured to try to extract the names of the ringleaders belonging to the society, but nothing could be wrung from him.

"My life," he said to his judges, "is forfeited in any case. If I tell you the names the Ko-laos will kill me and the whole of my family and wipe my name off the face of the earth. If I remain firm, you will kill me, but the Ko-laos will take care of my family."

These terrible organizations recruit members in a very unscrupulous fashion. One way is for a man to go round the various kitchens selling cooking utensils and telling each purchaser that he need not pay till he has proved the wares—perhaps not for a year, only he must sign the peddler's book.

The next day the peddler calls again and shows the unlucky cook that he has signed the membership roll of a secret society and henceforth must consider himself at its service.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

A Pullman Conductor on a Few of the People's Characteristics.

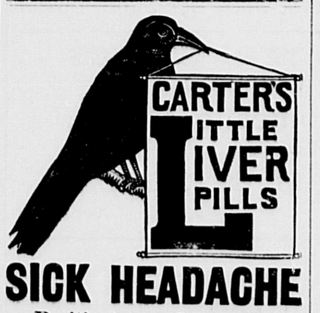
"There are some people who suppose the life of a Pullman conductor is a bed of roses," said one of the fraternity, sitting in the comfortable smoking room of one of the rolling hotels the other day, "but let those persons try it for a month or two and they will find there is something to do besides go through the coaches and take up, or 'lift,' as we call it, the tickets. Every ticket punched, every occupied and every unoccupied seat, section or berth is to be reported to the proper officials and a diagram of each coach, showing the location of each passenger, must be attached to the report. On this train I am in charge of every Pullman coach and am responsible to the company for any damage which may be done. If a lock is broken or a glass cracked or broken, a towel, a brush or comb lost, I am expected to report the whole circumstances attending the accident, giving the time, place and all possible reasons for it, and by whom done, if known, and if not known then it must be so stated. The porters, of course, are all under me and are required to report to me all such things which come under their notice. A good porter can aid a conductor very materially in his duties, and his services in that way are never overlooked. I have one with me now who goes on nearly all my runs and is my right hand man.

"There is one thing I have noticed particularly, and that is the difference in the traveling public in the south and in the north. I go as far as Florida one way and to the line of Canada the other, and I feel like I am in a different land almost when I cross Mason and Dixon's line. The northern passengers require three times as much attention and service as the southern. The greatest trouble with them is that they are never satisfied with the place their tickets call for. If they have lower 6, they want upper 8. It doesn't make any difference whether it is more desirable or not; they just want the change. Now, today, in the parlor car ahead the man in No. 8 wanted to get No. 16 in order to be next to some friends. So I tried to get No. 16 to take No. 8, but he refused to change, so of course there was nothing for me to do, but I had No. 8 and No. 16 both angry because No. 8 didn't ask for the seat he wanted when he bought his ticket of the agent at the office. In this case the man happened to have a good reason for wanting to change, but certainly had none for finding fault with me because No. 16 wouldn't agree to it.

"Now, in the south I have never had any trouble like that. A passenger comes in, takes the seat his ticket calls for, and there he stays unless a misplaced switch or some other accident throws him out. There I go to bed as soon as the passengers are all in bed, but up here you can never tell when some man will want to change his berth.

"I am a northern man myself, but the southerners are the people. Philadelphia is my native town and has always been my home, but if I could arrange it I would go south and settle down. It would seem that the people from the south, having been raised with slaves around them, would be more trouble than those from the north, but, taking them as a class, they seem to have more consideration for those around them and more of that tact and courtesy which make friends for them everywhere.

"In Florida I never had any hotel bills to pay where I am known. I go to the best hotels, and my uniform carries me through, but in the north it is very different. I would starve here, even among my friends, if my money were not as good as the next. I don't mean to say that a man should expect any more, but it only goes to show the difference in the two sections. In the north the people got rich too easily, and they don't know how to carry it as they do in the south."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



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VOL. XLVIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1897. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 1.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8 15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent

W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 6.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10 40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

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F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cahoun's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m., 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m., 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m., 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
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FOREST HOOPER,
PLUMBER,
Walnut St., Woburn.
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

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C. L. SMITH,
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I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

INVESTMENT.
Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE, 415 Main Street

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
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Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
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C.E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

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HYGIENIC CEREAL
COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.
REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.
A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.
Prepared by M. S. AYER of Boston.
A Vegetarian for many years.
Price, 20 Cents per Pound.
For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."
M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.
Sold by Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch.

The Woburn Journal

I SURELY OUGHT TO KNOW.

I have the prettiest little wife
You could meet on the longest day—
Fair as a rose, gay as a lark
And sweet as the flowers of May.
Many a wife is sweet and fair,
That's true, and I don't say "No,"
But I think my wife more fair than all,
And I surely ought to know.

I have the cleverest little wife.
She is always busy and clean,
And it's just a joy when work is done
To come to my home at e'en.
The peace, the comfort, I have there
No money on earth could buy.
I know it's so, I know it's so,
And who can judge better than I?

I have the tenderest little wife.
God grant I may never miss
Her cooing words, her clinging arms,
Her night and morning kiss!
Other men have been dearly loved,
That's true, and I own it so,
But I have the tenderest wife of all,
And I surely ought to know.

The summer comes, the winter comes,
The days and the years go by—
She's always loving, neat and sweet.
Who knows that better than I?
She changes not whatever wind
Of good or evil blow.
I've proved her now for twenty years,
And I surely ought to know.

I am not born to power or state.
I've little money to spare.
Fortune was kinder far to me,
For Mary was my share—
Mary and love and joy and peace,
A calm and a happy life.
So I would not take the whole round world
For my darling little wife.
—Lillie E. Barr in New York Ledger.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

It is not to be assumed that idyls always go topsy turvy in Shakespeare's country. There, as elsewhere, journeys end in lovers' meetings, but in the particular case I tell of the end was severance.

The country for many a mile lies as flat as the palm of your hand. The grass is so exquisitely green and fresh that foreign travelers, beholding it for the first time, are given to exclamations of delight and wonder. The slow Avon goes winding and sliding through sleepy fields, glassing trees and cattle and homesteads in its tide. The hedgerows that skirt the lanes are gardens of wild and luxuriant beauty.

The people not so very long ago were just as sleepy as the land and wore just the same sort of tranquil picturesqueness. Nowadays the board schools have killed the old, quaint accent. The tongue of Shakespeare himself probably had the homely twang of it. Salesmen of ready made clothing have banished the beautiful and befitting raiment of the old peasantry, the canvas clad engineer has taken the place of the plowman who used to drive his team afield, and the daily press has brought its perky English into the place of rich and venerable provincialism. The rustic folks themselves are somewhat dull copies of the people of the towns, a sort of copperplated class of human goods, shining with the cheapest tarnished brilliance. Forty years ago the stolid humor of this class was as delicious as when Shakespeare loved it. The types of Tudor times were sturdily alive in field and lane, and the men and women breathed of old days. The homesteads, pinned together by massive beams of oak, seemed rooted fast in the earth, like the ancestral trees, and one could easily fancy them a spontaneous growth of the soil.

On the last edge of this delightful old times there lived in a charming old homestead within an easy morning stroll of Stratford-on-Avon a family consisting of three elderly spinsters and one middle aged bachelor brother. They were of good old yeoman stock, and the farm had descended from father to son from time immemorial. In that hospitable house it savored of meat and drink all the year round. The three elderly spinsters spent by far the greater half of their working time in cooking, preserving and distilling. They made preserves the very names of which are now hardly remembered and many homely growths were turned to wine—blackberry wine, rhubarb wine, currant wine, elderberry wine, cowslip wine—there was no end to the homely vintages. There was a gooseberry wine which was merely elysian. It beats hollow and faraway (in memory) any champagne I ever tested. Perhaps the unsophisticated palate of infancy reported of it beyond its real merit. Then there was brewing in the mild, misty, sunlit October days—days always and inseparably associated with the richness of the smell of malt and the aroma of the great hop pockets. There were cider pressing and merrymaking, and the huge "maslin kettle" of polished copper was on the fire for hours every day for weeks together, and regiments and armies of gallipots were marshaled on the great white scoured table in the kitchen for the receipt of jams for winter storage.

The three elderly spinsters—the withered, withered roses that they were—were always spotless. The morning saw them in dresses of calico print, starched stiff as buckram, and as fresh as new fallen snow. Indoors and out and all the year round they wore cotton sunbonnets, as stiff and as prim and as clean as their dresses. The kindly, smiling spinster faces, wrinkled like rosy old apples that have lain for months in the straw, shone on you from the far end of immaculate snowy tunnels. These elderly ladies were always laughing and said the most uncompromising things to each other with genuine good humor. I dare say they had even been pretty, and certainly they had once been young. They were green at heart still. A jollier trio of old girls never made the holiday life of a schoolboy happy. Jane was the eldest of the family. She may have been five and fifty. Mary came next. You may set her down at 50. Hannah Maria was the child of the family, a mere girl of 40, the Benjamine of the household—not quite an old maid yet, but beginning, perhaps, to run a little danger of a life of single sleep and unchanged name.

There seems to have been a continued epidemic of bachelorhood and spinsterhood in that little parish. Rosy cheeked, towheaded urchins tumbled about the laborers' cottages by the dozen, but in the four or five farmsteads and in the parsonage and at the hall itself there was no laughter or crying of children or any marrying or giving in marriage. The place was like a Shaker settlement so far as the well to do folks were concerned. Think, then, how tongues ran and how speculation leaped awake when it became evident on a sudden to the popular eye that Hannah Maria had a suitor. I say "on a sudden" advisedly, for the courtship had not been in progress more than seven or eight years at the utmost before the knowledge of it became common property.

The thing was the more surprising inasmuch as it was John Thurston whom the blind boy had clapped upon the shoulder. He had reached the age of 60 or thereabout, and the bachelor brother spoke of him as "a maturish sort of a chap," as he certainly was if ever he were going to be. He wore a hat of silver beaver, with a low bell topped crown and a broad rim. I doubt if there were such another in the country, and it is likely enough that it was an heirloom. He was bald as an egg, and the knobs on his head shone with a high pale polish. This contrasted well with the wrinkled brick red of his hard old visage, which might have been cast in terra cotta for any flexibility of feature it displayed. I never heard a hint of harm of him, but he went about with a fierce, shortsighted scowl which made him look as if he contemplated murder. He was very bowed in the legs and bent at the hams, and he was as lean as death everywhere except in the region of the lower waistcoat, where he put forth a bulb so extravagantly out of keeping with the rest of him that it looked artificial and preposterous. He was as neat as a new pin always, and his tight fitting drab gaiters and breeches, his red plush waistcoat, his blue broadcloth coat with its bright smooth gilt buttons, his high white collars, his silken birdseye necktie and the great bunch of seals depending from the watch that strained its tight little pocket made him a picture of respectability.

John, as befitted the maturish sort of a chap he was, went courting very stolidely and sedately.

Every Saturday night, hail, rain or shine, winter and summer and spring and autumn, he dressed to perfection, drove over to the neighboring farmstead, which was about a mile from his own door, and sat there from 7 o'clock till half past 9—a dissipated hour, the constant observance of which alone might have told the parish that he found an unusual attraction in the house. He and the bachelor brother sat opposite each other on either side the fireplace, which in itself was like a modern chamber for capacity. Each pulled solidly at a yard of clay (the real old Broseley clay, which lent such majesty to the smoker), and each appealed often to a mug of brown October. Hannah Maria kept the mugs filled, and the two tillers of the soil sat as solemn as a pair of graven images, speaking with extreme rarity and the weightiest deliberation. The three spinsters chattered like a trio of magpies, and when once their eyes were open to the real condition of affairs there would be sudden silences among them, and arch glances at John in his silent corner, and then shakings and contortions of suppressed laughter. Then Hannah Maria would blush and bridle, and one at least of the sisters would be so overcome with mirth that she would think it seemly to retire. John never so much as twinkled, but he must have understood, and it is probable that a slow courage took root and grew within him as a result of these manifestations.

They are all under the turf this many a year, John and the bachelor Harry and the jolly old maids, but it looks to me like yesterday. It was summer weather, and the long time of tender twilight was almost at an end. The full moon, pale as yet, but gathering power, hung low over the orchard trees. The roses pushed their lovely incense breathing faces through the open window. The candles had just been lit, and for a wonder the women folk were dead quiet. We could hear the tinkle of a sheep bell now and then from the fold, a quarter of a mile away across the fields, and now and then the sleepy, querulous call of a bleating lamb. A bat in his circular flight cut the ring of the full moon again and again. The horses occasionally stamped on the stable floor or moved their chains in the manger. In that rural silence you heard and noted sounds which would not have reached the ear at all elsewhere.

Hannah Maria was seated at the table where the two newly lit candles were standing. She was tracing a pattern on cambric for an embroidered collar. John was sitting in the chimney corner, with his short arm at full length supporting his pipe and his mug in his right hand. He stared hard at Hannah Maria for perhaps five minutes, and smoked with growing fury. Then he knocked the ashes softly from his pipe, placed it gingerly on the two nails driven into the oak wainscot for its support, rose, emptied his mug with great deliberation and walked right over to the youngest spinster. He stooped across the table and, with an unchanged, unchangeable visage, he chucked Hannah Maria under the chin. Hannah Maria looked up at him, and we were all eyes. I know I seemed to have no sight for anything but this stupendous business, and yet I remember perfectly how everybody stared. John stuck that terra cotta figurehead of his into the immaculate tunnel of garden bonnet and kissed Hannah Maria at the far end of it with a loud smack. To say that he looked unmoved after this seems by contrast with the reality to confer on him some sign of emotion. He took up the immemorial beaver and pulled it over his baldness with both hands. Then he spoke.

"Drive a piece with me tonight, Harry?"

Harry rose, knocked out the ashes from his pipe, emptied his mug, took his hat and walked out after John. There was a silence which might be felt, and through it we heard the two men harnessing the horse to the trap. We heard them clamber in, and we heard them drive away. Nobody said anything or did anything. It was as if the end of the world were here.

It was half an hour before Harry came back again, on foot, and found everything as he left it.

"Well?" said Jane terse and sharp, breaking the silence like the snap of a fiddlestring.

"Well?" said Harry like the slow snore of a very deep note on the 'cello.

"Hain't the man said anything?" Jane asked in tart exasperation.

"No," said Harry, with his bovine drawl. "Nothin in particular."

He hung his hat on its customary hook behind the door, walked with the deliberate, high lifting gait the striding of many furrows had lent to him to his place in the chimney corner, and there filled and lit his pipe.

"Well," said Jane, "didn't you ask him to say anything?"

"No," he answered. "I didn't see any particular occasion."

"No particular occasion—after what the man did here, at this here very table?"

"Why," said John, "he seems to have made his mind up. Where's the need of talk? I should like a sup of beer, though."

Hannah Maria drew the beer, and the three spinsters sat in silence for a time. Then the eldest came to the charge once more.

"Didn't the man say nothin?"

"He niver opened his mouth but once," said the bachelor brother.

"And what did he say then?" Jane urged him.

"Well, it wasn't nigh the question." He stuck the bowl of his long pipe in the fire and then sat back as stolid as an ox.

"I wouldn't trust you to know," said Jane, who by this time had lost her temper, "whether it was nigh the question or whether it wasn't. You tell me, sour Harry, this instant minute what it was as that there John Thurston said."

"Well," said Harry, with a low smile, which took half a minute to overcome the rigidity of his face, "you know aour taown pump?"

"God bless my soul!" cried Jane. "I ought to after nigh on threescore year."

"Well," said Harry, "we drove by there." He seemed to go to sleep for a little while in his intense enjoyment of his pipe. "Zeb Shaw was there, and Ziah Bayley was there, and they had a dog apiece." He seemed to doze again. "Then," he continued, "old John woke up, and he says to me, 'There always is a craowd raound aour taown pump,' he says."

Then the well springs were unsealed, and the two elder spinsters chattered 19 to the dozen. But Hannah Maria went to bed. It was quite understood that John had done it at last. It was acknowledged that he had done it oddly, but it was felt that it was like himself and that he had done no violence to his own traditions.

"Five years ago," said Jane, "the very first Sunday we had suckin pig for dinner that year, I said he'd do it. Naow, didn't I, aour Mary?"

"Aour Jane," said Mary, with solemn emphasis, "you did."

"Yes," said bachelor Harry, "he's abode awhile to turn things over, but he's found his mind at last aperiently, and none too soon, considerin his time of life."

But all this ardor of the rustic blood came to melancholy nothing, and there was not even an asking in church for our Hannah Maria.

In the whole darling landscape there was nothing nearer than Guy's cliff, at Kenilworth, that was worth calling a hill, but the spinster ladies had their home on a little rise of ground, and John lived, as it were, in a dimple on the fair cheek of nature, and the one house could be seen from the other. Jane, busy in an upper chamber, reported that John was coming this way on foot, and Hannah Maria flew to her own secret bower and fell to adorning herself for the coming groom. The whole house atmosphere, in spite of its perfumes of lavender and the smell of the flower garden through the open windows, went acrid with the scent of singed hair in evidence of the vigor with which she wielded the curling tongs.

"He's got his Sunday coat on," Jane called to Mary below stairs, "and a flaower in his buttonhole."

Hannah Maria came down stairs in black silk, with three stiff, long corkscrews at either withered rosy cheek. She had discarded the poke bonnet, and there was a little shining patch of baldness at the hinder end of the parting of her hair, of which, I hope, she was unconscious. A cameo, big as a raspberry tart, held her yellow heirloom lace at her throat. I think a little bile stirred in Mary's sisterly heart, for she shrilled with a somewhat spiteful laughter and says she:

"Well, aour Hannah Maria, you have made an owl of yourself—at last."

As if that had been the one effort of the faded little spinster's life.

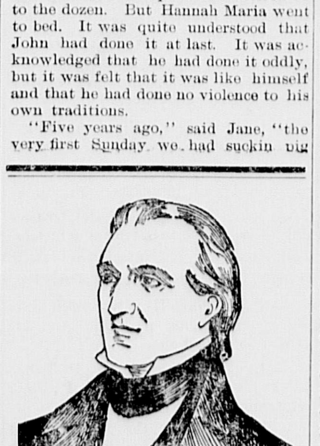
Hannah Maria foundered in instant tears. She was overstrung.

"Maybe," she said, "Jack Thurston ain't much of a catch, but you'd ha' set your own cap at him if you'd seen half a chance."

"Me!" said Mary, with a beaming scorn. "Why, you wouldn't ha' took him yourself if you hadn't been at your wits' end."

"Maybe I wouldn't," said Hannah Maria.

Neither had seen John's terra cotta countenance at the door until they turned at that fatal moment. But it was there, and it turned away, and John walked home, and never from that hour smoked his long Broseley in the chimney corner, and five years later was gathered to his fathers. And the faded rose of Hannah Maria's affections was plucked by no tender hand, but she lived for 20 years thereafter and lived to tell the tale in my hearing and to laugh over it many and many a time.—David Christie Murray in Brooklyn Citizen.



Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair,
While in Lowell was Doctor Ayer;
Both were busy for human weal
One to govern and one to heal.
And, as a president's power of will
Sometimes depends on a liver-pill,
Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow
For his liver, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills
were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with griping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.
50 Years of Cures.

A Story of Dickens.

When I was a girl of about 10 years of age, says one of the oldest inhabitants of Broadstairs, during a dreadful winter I was sent by my parents, who were very poor, to Ramsgate to buy myself a pair of strong winter boots. On my way home the cold was intense, and, holding the parcel close to me, I found, when nearly at my journey's end, that the boots had slipped out of the parcel and that I only held the brown paper in my hands.

With my heart in my mouth, I ran back by the way I had come, and, meeting a man whom I had passed some time previously, asked him if he had seen the boots, and he answered, very gruffly, "No!"

Continuing my search, I met a man in a dogcart, who inquired what was the hurry. I told him of my loss. After telling him all my story, he told me to jump up with him, and soon we overtook the man whom I had met before. My good Samaritan interrogated him very closely, and eventually it turned out that he had picked them up.

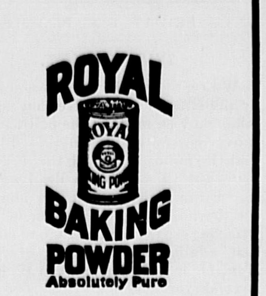
Charles Dickens—for it was he who had befriended me—then said to him, "If you had been an honest man, I should have rewarded you, but as you are not a good horsewhipping is what you deserve." He then turned and asked me if I had heard of Charles Dickens, to which I answered "No." Then, smiling upon me, he said, "You will hear of Charles Dickens one of these days, and you will then be able to tell how he did a kind action once in his life."—Scotsman.

Indian Professional Dyers.

The number of professional dyers in India is fast diminishing. Aniline dyes and cheap European goods are killing their trade. They are being compelled to turn their attention to new handicrafts, just as French competition and the vagaries of fashion caused the ribbon makers of Coventry to seek a new livelihood in the manufacture of bicycles. Aniline dyes have made every man his own dyer. Formerly the complicated processes by which indigenous dyes were prepared made the dyer a specialist.

Nowadays anybody can dissolve the chemical powders sent out from Europe and color his own clothes. The aniline dyes are more brilliant, and, to the native, they have the superlative merit of cheapness. They are not so fast, and they lack the delicacy of color which, judging by the specimens annexed to the monograph, distinguish the Indian dyes, but their gaudiness makes them more popular and so the fate of the native dyer is sealed. Silk dyeing, cotton dyeing, and carpet dyeing are all declining. The fault, it should be added, is to some extent due to the conservatism of the native dyers themselves. They persistently adhere to their crude methods of preparing their dyes, and show a lamentable lack of ingenuity in preparing new designs.—Bengal Government Report.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Big Ben.

"Big Ben," so called after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was the first commissioner of works when the order for the clock was given, was cast in 1856 at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees.

From the north of England this enormous bell, weighing 16 tons, was conveyed to London by sea, where it had, on a small scale, almost as adventurous a passage as the Egyptian obelisk which now graces the Thames embankment. Once or twice during the voyage, indeed, it was feared that it would send the vessel bearing it to the bottom of the ocean. Not very long after the clock had been placed in a temporary position at Westminster—on Oct. 24, 1857—and while it was being rung, as was customary for a short time at 1 o'clock on Saturdays, it was noticed that it had a cracked, uncertain sound.

On a minute examination with a lighted candle a crack was discovered to extend from the rim about half way up the side. The catastrophe to an instrument which cost £3,343 raised the question as to who was to pay for recasting it. The founders repudiated responsibility, declaring that too heavy a clapper—it weighed 12 cwt.—had been used. The authorities, however, placed on record that it was "porous, unhomogeneous, unsound and a defective casting."

Be that as it may, Big Ben was broken up and recast at a cost of £750. Its weight was 13 tons 10 cwt. 3 qr. 15 lb., its diameter 9 feet and its height outside 7 feet 6 inches. It was rung for the first time on Nov. 18, 1858.

Alas, in less than a year after this the new bell ceased to strike the hours, having become more seriously cracked than its predecessor. The crack, which was inside, was 3 inches in extent. For about three years afterward the hours were struck on the largest of the quarter bells. The experiment was then tried of turning the great bell round, so as to present a fresh place for the hammer or clapper to strike on. With a light hammer this experiment proved so far satisfactory that during the years that have elapsed the fissure does not seem to have increased, and it is possible when the wind is favorable to distinctly hear it in most of the suburbs booming out the midnight hour.—London Mail.

Afghan Slaves.

Afghan slaves, says The Ladies' Pictorial, have not, as a rule, the posi[illegible] that the Antislavery societ[illegible] to combat. There is nothing [illegible] their condition. Afghan women [illegible] ally indolent and usele[illegible] ept mothers of children, whom they [illegible] lutely neglect. It is the slaves who [illegible] age everything. Generally in a rich house there is one chief slave, a sort of housekeeper, rather a grand person, whom it is always wise to conciliate if you intend having many dealings with that establishment. In summer she is always dressed in purest white; in winter, velvets and brocades are not beyond her reach. She is generally an elderly person, with considerable influence and a good deal of authority.

Then there is another who is a sort of maid to the lady of the house. She is another person that it is not wise to quarrel with. She is always very much in evidence. She it is who prepares everything for her mistress' toilet, as also for her master's. It is the wife's special duty and privilege, however, when the things are being prepared to wait upon her husband when he is dressing and to pour the water over his hands and feet during his religious washings and to spread his prayer carpet.

Could Hardly Walk.

"I had rheumatism in my limbs and could hardly walk. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, and thought I would try it. After taking a few bottles I was cured. I take Hood's Sarsaparilla whenever my system needs toning up or my blood is impure and it keeps me well." MRS. JOHN HOGAN, Wauregan, Conn.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Where to Find It.

The story is told of a minister that a member of his congregation, by name Miss Helen Hunt, picked up a small Bible lying in the aisle of the church one Sunday morning as she was hurrying out from services. As there was nothing in the book to indicate to whom it belonged, she spoke to the pastor and suggested that he announce the fact of the find on the following Sunday. He did it in this way: "The person who dropped a small Bible, in flexible cover, in the main aisle at last Sunday's service can go to Helen Hunt for it." Then he wondered why everybody smiled.—Ohio Patriot.

His Speech Betrayed Him.

He—My friend is opposed to everything English.

She—Yes. I noticed that in his conversation.—Yonkers Statesman.

Stop drugging yourself with quack nostrums or "cures" Get a well-known pharmaceutical remedy that will do the work. Catarrh and Cold in the head will not cause suffering if Ely's Cream Balm is used. Druggist will supply 10c. trial size or 50c. full size. We mail it.

ELY BROS, 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr, of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1897.

THE TICKET.

We reproduce the ticket nominated by the Charter Committee that no mistakes may be made at the polls. Look it over carefully. It will be observed that it is made up of the very best material. There is no dead wood on it. From top to bottom the nominees are thoroughgoing business men. They will be elected and give our city the best administration it has ever had. Hon. George F. Bean will be Woburn's next Mayor.

FOR MAYOR.

George F. Bean.

ALDERMEN-AT-LARGE.

Timothy Calnan.
Edmund C. Cottle.
George W. Norris,
Benjamin H. Nichols,
Joseph F. DeLoriea,
S. Franksford Trull,
B. Frank Kimball,
John Larkin.

WARD ALDERMEN.

They were nominated at the Republican ward caucuses, and not as nonpartisan candidates by the Charter Committee:

Ward 1, Herbert E. Lord.
Ward 2, James P. Mooney.
Ward 3, Nathan W. Frye.
Ward 4, Arthur B. Wyman.
Ward 5, William H. Cadwell.
Ward 6, Edwin J. Marston.
Ward 7, Patrick Daly.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

The committee's nonpartisan candidates are:

George E. Fowle, 4 years.
Albert F. Converse, 3 years.
Elwyn G. Preston, 2 years.
James Skinner, 1 year.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Jennie K. Adams.
Thomas J. Feeney.
Thomas D. Hevey.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

The canvas shows clearly and without a shadow of doubt that the ticket nominated by the Charter Committee—the Nonpartisan ticket—for the Board of Public Works will be elected by an overwhelming majority. This opinion is current among all classes, and even the Democratic leaders do not insist that their men stand any show for an election. The reason for this is found in a comparison of the Nonpartisan and Democratic list of names presented as candidates for the Board. Give the people time to think and consider and they are apt to hit pretty near right in such matters, and they are going to vote right at this election.

Taken individually or as a Board and there is no comparison between the two tickets. The Nonpartisan nominees are not only personally strong for the position but as a combination to do the public business that will fall to them under the charter it is almost ideal. On the other hand, one or two good men on the Democratic ticket fail to redeem [illegible]aracter as a whole, and cannot save it from defeat next Tuesday.

There is no doubt in our mind but that a large majority of the voters of this city want the best city government that can be had, and regarding the Board of Public Works as the most important Department under the new charter, they will not be led astray by wily politicians who care more for party success than the public good, but will vote for the Nonpartisan candidates.

That Messrs. Fowle, Converse, Preston and Skinner will be triumphantly elected does not admit of a doubt. It is only a question of how many hundreds their majority will be.

A GOOD WORK.

If this town votes No License next Tuesday the JOURNAL will feel like giving the credit to Rev. Mr. Packard of the Methodist church, and Rev. Mr. Scudder of First Church, and their coadjutors in the good work. For nearly a month these gentlemen have been carrying on a vigorous temperance campaign, holding Sunday evening meetings at their houses of worship, dealing blows straight from the shoulder at the saloon, and their splendid efforts have been heartily seconded by congregations that have tested the capacity of the rooms.

Last Sunday evening not only was the Methodist church filled to the limit but scores of people were obliged to leave without hearing one of the ablest arguments in favor of No License ever delivered in Woburn. The lecture was illustrated, and the pictures and Mr. Packard's eloquence aroused intense enthusiasm.

At First Church, Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Scudder treated the subject of The Saloon in a masterly manner. He has but one plank in his platform. Every man who stands up for No License is his brother and fellow partisan. In his fight against the evil he knows neither creed, sect or color. It was an able and convincing address.

Besides their Sunday evening meetings these pastors are doing very effective missionary work, and whether the city goes Yes or No, they will be entitled to praise for their noble efforts to have it go right.

☞ Those people who were disappointed at the destruction of the reciprocity arrangements under the Wilson act will be gratified to know that the Dingley law is likely to operate in this line in a wider and more complete way than did the McKinley law, and reciprocity under the new tariff act will, it is said, be of even greater value and give greater satisfaction than was the case under the old law which was so popular.

THE TWO TICKETS.

We do not believe that any candid man who values his reputation for good sense and sound judgment will insist for one moment that the Democratic city ticket, as a whole, approaches, or begins to approach, the Nonpartisan ticket in point of ability and general fitness for the positions for which they have been nominated. Some of the more conscientious of the Democratic leaders lack the hardihood to make such a claim. They know perfectly well that the public would not believe them were they to put in such a plea.

Possibly there are voters who have not made a critical comparison of the two tickets therefore we pen this item with the hope that it may induce them to do so. All that the supporters of Nonpartisan movement ask is that the work of the Charter Committee shall be fairly and candidly considered; its merits dispassionately compared, from a business standpoint, with the other side; and that action at the polls shall be consistant with the conclusions reached by such comparison.

If the voters will familiarize themselves with the merits of the two tickets and act according to their best judgment it will hardly pay to count the Democratic vote.

CONGRESS.

The fifty-fifth Congress met at noon Monday, December 6. The Message of the President was received immediately after and read.

The chief points of the Message were: prompt solution of the currency question; endorses the annexation of Hawaii; endorses the work of the Bimetalic Commission; would restrict National Bank notes to the denomination of $10, and require them to be redeemed in gold; would not recognize the belligerency of Cuban insurgents as unwise at the present time; civil service endorsed, and to be made stronger; and several other things, the whole forming a very good State paper.

STOP IT.

In 1891 the rate of taxation in this city was $15.70 on $1000; this year, 1897, it is $18.97, or an increase of $3.27. Except in Mayor Thompson's administration the rate has steadily increased, until now it is higher than in a large majority of cities and towns in this vicinity.

Do the people realize what this large increase in our tax rate means? This year it is almost $20; where will this financial mismanagement land the city?

Vote the Nonpartisan ticket and STOP IT.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

Bear steadily in mind, Fellow Citizens, that the Nonpartisan organization in this city are working for the success of principles not men, only so far as the men who they have nominated represent those principles. For the men, as individuals, we care nothing, but the object sought is a better local government, and to obtain it all the best elements have joined hands and are earnestly at work.

They will succeed too.

VOTE FOR EIGHT ALDERMEN-AT-LARGE.

Everyone who wants his ballot to count for Aldermen-at-Large next Tuesday must look out to vote for eight candidates AND NO MORE. Be careful when you get to the polling booth; make eight crosses for Aldermen-at-Large against eight names, and let those names be the ones designated "Charter Committee, Nomination Paper."

CLOSE UP THE RANKS.

Election day is close at hand. The preliminaries are as good as settled. Everything is ready for the battle next Tuesday.

Now, friends of good government, close up the ranks, strike hard, vote early, and give the enemy "Hail Columbia."

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Following the name of each nominee of the Charter Committee as printed on the ballot, will be read "NOMINATION PAPERS, CHARTER COMMITTEE," and every voter who intends to cast his ballot for the Charter Committee ticket should be sure that those words follow each name that he marks.

ALL FOR BEAN.

All those good people who would be on the winning side should vote for Bean for Mayor. He is ever so much in the lead, and his election is conceded. It is also conceded on all hands that a better candidate for Mayor could not have been selected.

GEORGE F. BEAN.

This gentleman is to be the next Mayor of Woburn. He is worthy of it. Give him a majority that will be the death knell of the "Gang" and "Boodle" administrations in this city.

☞ No one in this campaign has a word to say against Mayor Feeney as a man or citizen. Nothing can be said against him without uttering a falsehood. He is an able young man; we have no smarter ones among us. He is upright, conscientious and circumspect in his daily life. Why do people oppose him then? Simply on the score of his surroundings, the obnoxious character of the men who are running his campaign, and the fear that these same men would shape his administration if elected. We need not point out who these people are; they are known in this community; their crooked ways are patent to everybody; and it is because these surround him and are near to him that he stands no show of an election.

☞ The reply of Assistant Secretary Day to the communications of the Spanish government, the subject of American filibusterers for Cuba, shows that eight vessels have been employed in this work, cruising over 75,000 miles in their police duties, capturing seven vessels engaged in that work, and breaking up a number of other expeditions which were intended to operate from our ports in violation of our neutrality laws.

For Sale or To Let.

House of 13 rooms and out-buildings and an acre of land, 138 Canal St. Two separate tenements, 6 and 10 dollars per month, or 15 dollars per month for whole place. No one but responsible persons need apply.

J. LEATHE,

425 Main St., Woburn

☞ No one responded to the call of President Reade for a meeting of the Board of Trade last Tuesday evening. The fact is, nobody takes any interest in it. It has been in a moribund condition for five years; it long since ceased to be of any practical advantage to the town; and it costs too much to be used for ornamental purposes. President Reade has done his best to breathe the breath of life into the Board and make it of advantage to the community but his efforts have been unsuccessful.

☞ Bear in mind that the real question to be settled at the ballotboxes in this city next Tuesday is not whether Feeney or Bean shall be Mayor next year, although that matter will be involved in the settlement, but whether the public business for the coming year shall be entrusted to incompetent and self-seeking Boards, or to Boards diametrically opposite in character. That is the question—not Bean or Feeney, but good or bad city government.

☞ President McKinley has occasion for gratification in the fact that the first year of his administration is signalized by the exportation to Europe of American tin-plate, whose manufacture in the United States was brought about by the high protection given to that industry by the law bearing his name and framed under his management.

☞ Those are interesting figures which come from the Kansas Board of Agriculture, which announces that the combined value of wheat, corn, and oats raised in that State this year is $66,768,788, an increase of 30 per cent. over that of last year. Curiously, Kansas gave a Republican majority in that same year, reversing its usual Democratic majority of late.

☞ The people of Kansas have evidently seen the fallacy of the political arguments upon which they have been fed during the past few years, and as a result have placed the State again in the Republican column, giving that party a majority this year of over 9,000 votes against a Democratic majority of 13,000 last year.

☞ The Democrats have had bad luck with their nominations. Three of the men they put up, Herbert D. Dow, John W. Johnson, and Percy Linscott, refused to run, and the gaps had to be filled with other names. They did not care to stand up to be knocked down, and are not to blame either.

☞ Mr. Levi Furbush filed his Mayoralty paper in due season, and proposes to make a vigorous run for the office. His ability to secure the required number of names was a surprise to some people.

☞ The City Treasurer is shouting himself black in the face for money to make up the deficiencies! How is that for an economical city government?

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Dr. Packer—Card.
C. W. Smith—Reader.
E. P. Marion—To Let.
City—Auditor's Notice.
J. M. Harlow—Citation.
Pettengill & Co.—Carter.
L. A. Grammer—Notice.
Dorman & Co.—Wanted.
City—List of Candidates.
A. F. Converse—Citation.
C. R. Smith—Dept. Store.
Miss Reeves—Dressmaking.
First National Bank—Annual Meeting.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— Mr. Charles E. Tripp is visiting in the "Sunny South."

— "Merry Christmas" comes two weeks from next Saturday.

— Mrs. Webster Woodman went to Monson yesterday for a visit.

— The A. O. H. Auxiliary held a meeting Wednesday evening.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— Read what W. H. Cummings has to say in his ad. in another column.

— Plumber Hooper and Printer Call talk of seeking new business quarters.

— There was quite a little snow storm last Tuesday, but no sleighing.

— The Woburn High School Seniors will give a dancing party on Dec. 29. It will be a good one.

— Last Tuesday Mr. A. P. Tabor went to Charlottetown, P. E. I., for a winter outing and visit.

— Supt. Ross, the builder, of Somerville, is erecting the passenger shed at the Railroad Station.

— City Engineer Hartshorne has furnished to the City Council plans for widening streets for the Lexington Street Railway.

— Remember the Y. P. S. C. E. entertainment will take place next Wednesday evening, Dec. 15. Furthermore, patronize it.

— Gage & Co. have a desirable stock of fabrics for winter overcoats, suits, etc. They guarantee straight goods and fair prices.

You don't know

where you got that cold. Do you know where you can get the cure for it? Every drug store keeps Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. *It cures coughs and colds.*

— Brooks, the druggist, is preparing, or is already prepared, for a rousing Christmas trade. He has a splendid stock of goods for presents.

— Republicans and Democrats alike are flocking into the Nonpartisan Bean fold in numbers that will make his election pretty near a walkover.

— The Towanda Bowling Team will play the Reading Team next Tuesday night. Editor Twombly, will be on hand, and don't you forget it.

— The case of William J. Meehan against the North Woburn Street Railroad was settled out of Court last week, the amount paid Meehan being $725.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— We have received a good letter from Mr. Levi Furbush on municipal affairs which, we regret to say, came to hand too late for publication this week.

— Ex-Mayor M. T. Allen returned to his home last Sunday afternoon by private conveyance. His health seemed to be about as it was when he left here a few weeks ago.

— City Clerk Finn furnished the Lexington Street Railway Co. with a copy of the conditions imposed by the Woburn City Council in building their road, last Monday.

— It is not at all likely that Mr. Gordon Parker will be outdone by any Woburn merchant in the way of Holiday Gift Goods. A fine exhibition will be seen at his store.

— John B. Hoag, Principal of the Cummings school, and Miss Lillie Leslie will be united in the holy bonds of wedlock some day during the "Merry Christmas" season.

— Just about 400 Democrats aren't saying much about the election but are "keeping up a devil of a thinking." Remove the wrapper and a Bean man will be found inside of everyone of them.

— Of course you are going to give him a present. Where will you buy it and what shall you get? Let Hammond & Son, leading clothiers, Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn, answer these questions.

— Dr. Packer has a professional card in this paper to which we call attention. He brings with him the best of credentials showing that he has been successful in practice, and is a reliable gentleman.

— The Ladies Benevolent Society of the North Congregational church will hold its regular meeting at the usual time and place, Thursday evening Dec. 16. For further particulars see item in North Woburn news.

— Capt. L. E. Hanson will take Co. G to Boston in January to join the other Companies of the 5th Regiment in receiving the State Tri-color, as leaders in marksmanship. He is Senior Captain of the Battalion.

— The ladies of this city and vicinity will do well to read the advertisement of Mrs. L. A. Grammer in this paper and note what she says about cutting and making skirts. She is a specialist at the business.

— On Dec. 14, 15, 16 the Ladies Aid Society of St. John's Baptist church will hold a Sale and Fair which should be well patronized. The church needs funds and will get them if the Fair is properly encouraged.

— Mr. Norton, who is to lecture before the Woman's Club on X Rays on Friday evening, Dec. 17, was selected last year to deliver the X-Rays lecture before the Society of Arts at the Institute of Technology.

— Copeland & Bowser advertise some of the main features of their stocks of holiday goods and invite a public inspection of them. This much can be said, the gift goods are right up to date and handsomer than ever.

— (Hon.) J. W. Dickinson, LL. D., Ex-Secretary Mass. Board of Education, Boston, says, Anna Delong Martin enjoys the reputation of being a distinguished reader, and of possessing rare ability. Woburn Star Course December 20.

— The Woburn Police Relief Association will give their first annual ball at Lyceum Hall on Dec. 31. Chief C. F. McDermott is President of the Association, and Edward T. O'Neil, Clarence H. Kean and Dennis C. Walsh on the Ball Committee.

— The new officers of Mt. Horeb Lodge of Free Masons are: Herbert B. Dow, W. M.; Frank P. Richardson, S. W.; F. H. Lewis, J. W.; William G. Graham, S. D.; Nathan W. Eaton, J. D.; Abijah Thompson, Treasurer; John Duncan, Jr., Secretary.

— Christmas comes in December this year. It does every year. Well, that's another story. This one is about this coming Christmas. The conclusion may be learned by reading Hammond & Son's card, Leading clothiers, Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn.

— Miss Mary Reeves returned from England about 5 weeks ago and has taken the rooms in Mechanics Building lately occupied by Dr. Allen, where she will continue the business of dressmaking and Ladies Tailoring. She has always had good success and been well patronized.

— Henry L. Southwick, teacher of Shakespeare, Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, says, Anna D. Martin is a reader of force and brilliancy. She has a fine artistic appreciation of her authors' meanings, and interprets them with rare skill and taste. She will please, interest, and instruct. Woburn Star Course, December 20.

— Mr. Cornelius J. Corcoran, who was struck and killed by the 5.40 p. m. train to Boston last Friday while walking on the track from his work at the Ramsdell leather factory, was a Veteran of the Civil War, and had been a resident of this city up to a few months ago when he moved to Stoneham, but retained his position here. He was a member of the Woburn City Council four years. The accident happened near the grainmill, and Mr. Corcoran died on his way to the Mass. Gen. Hospital, or immediately on reaching it. He was under 50 years old, and left a large family.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's Royalty Chop.

Choicest Blended Formosa Oolong Tea.

Packed in ½ and 1 lb. Fancy decorated Tin Cans.
The Best Package Tea in this City.
Prices: 30c. per half lb. 60c. per lb.

For Sale by FITZ & STANLEY.

Boston Branch Store.

— Postmaster Hagerty has put a very neat letter-box into the Public Library. All the boxes in the city are to be repainted in fine style.

— The following gentlemen constitute the Executive Committee of the Committee on the ball to be given by the Woburn Council, Knights of Columbus, on the evening of Jan. 14: E. F. Cassidy, J. F. McGrath, D. D. Begley, Edward Fitzgerald, Thomas Holland, Charles L. O'Neil, James B. Kelley. It is to be a very swell affair.

— The next entertainment in the Woburn Star Course will be on Dec. 20, and will be on Picture Drama by Anthony Hope, "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is arranged, illustrated and read by Anna Delong Martin. Miss Martin is a reader of force and brilliancy and will give we have no doubts an evening of pleasure and enjoyments to all who can attend.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert, one of Winchester's best citizens, gave the JOURNAL office a call last Friday afternoon, which was duly appreciated. His health, we were glad to learn, is improving, and he drives as fine a team as ever. We had just put the teakettle on for supper, but he couldn't wait for it, to our regret, but promised to come again when the prospect for a square meal might be more encouraging.

— The newly elected officers of Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., are: Commander, Bernard Fletcher; Senior Vice Commander, William H. Mathews; Junior Vice Commander, Rufus R Whitten; Surgeon, Joseph Johnson; Chaplain, Charles A. McDonald; Quartermaster, John F. Larkin; Officer of the Day, William C. C. Colegate; Officer of the Guard, William Arnold; Delegate, Albert P. Barrett; Alternate, William H. Mathews.

— The Alpine Quartet of this city are winning an enviable reputation. The members are George Parker, first tenor; George Stetson, second tenor; Bertram Strout, first bass; Waldo Cutler, second bass. The Club was organized three years ago by Miss Jameson, Instructor of Music in our schools, and from the start has proved a popular musical combination. On the 30th of Nov. they sang at a Rainbow Reception at Quincy and won fresh laurels. They appeared before a Quincy audience last year and were so well liked that their services were again in demand there last month, for which the boys received a handsome check.

They All

"There are fads in medicine as well as in other things," said a busy druggist, "but the most remarkable thing about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that customers who try other remedies all come back to Hood's, and this is why the enormous sales of this medicine keep up while others

Come

and in a short time go out of sight entirely, to be heard from no more."

"Why is it?" "O, simply because Hood's Sarsaparilla has more real curative merit than any medicine I ever sold."

This is of daily occurrence in almost every drug store. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard remedy which has cured more sickness, relieved more distress and made more happiness by bringing people

Back to

health than any other medicine. Its wonderful cures of the worst cases of scrofula, running sores, ulcers, salt rheum, etc.; of dyspepsia and other troubles where a first class tonic and aid to digestion was needed; of catarrh, rheumatism, malaria and other troubles arising from or promoted by impure blood, have made

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The standard—the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

— Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee should be used by children as it is rich in bone and muscle building elements. Try it.

— Mrs. W. W. Hill was the guest of Miss Marion Hosmer at the Press Club reception to F. Marion Crawford on Thursday last at the Parker House. Among the guests was Mrs. William Frederic Morse, formerly Mrs. Annie Reynolds of this city.

— Mr. Simon Blake of Wakefield, N. H., one of the "hardy yeomanry" of the old Granite State, came down last week to visit former neighbors and present friends and have a good time generally. In this respect his trip was a great success. He used to be a prominent leather manufacturer here, and about twice a year visits the old stamping ground to see if everything is running right in the business. He returned home last Friday or Saturday.

— Wednesday morning Gateman Waterman Brown slipped and fell at the switch just below his gatehouse and injured his shoulder badly. He was unable to rise from the ground but Engineer Charles Chase came along just in time to take him up and assist him to his house. The accident, which was very painful, was caused by snow on the switch rods. Dr. Kelleher found the left collarbone broken and set is so well that Mr. Brown is now comfortable.

— Hotel Sweetwater at Bedford Springs is being enlarged to more than double the former size and work is being rushed with a view to make it ready for business by the 19th of next April. Dr. Hayden, the proprietor, seems to be partial to Woburn mechanics. Martin Ellis & Co., J. M. Ellis & Son, and Edward E. Parker, are already at work there, and probably others from this city will have a hand in the matter before the building is finished.

— Mr. Dorr, head salesman at Copeland & Bowser's dry goods establishment, gives out the information that the house of Copeland & Bowser will have the largest and richest display of holiday goods this year that it has ever had in its history, and a much greater variety. He says the proprietors have laid themselves out for the biggest kind of a Christmas business and the signs indicate that they will have it. The JOURNAL thinks that the community ought to know these facts.

— Mr. Henry B. Wood of Allston, formerly of Woburn, Chief of the State Topographical Engineering Department, visited this city last Saturday and shook hands with several old friends. Last summer he was engaged in establishing the boundary line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and later, he did important work in the western part of the state. One of the functions of the Department is the reestablishment of town bounds and relocation of monuments and marks.

— The following programme will be rendered at the M. E. church at 7 o'clock next Sunday evening: Chorus, "Onward, Christian Soldier;" Quartet "Lend a Hand;" No license talk by Prominent Citizens; A Child's Plea; Male Quartet, "The Temperance Call;" "License Falicies" by Rev. I. H. Packard, with illustrations; Congregational Singing, with beautiful views; "Buy Your Own Cherries," illustrated; Quartet Singing, illustrated; Collection. A splendid Order of Exercises.

— C. Willard Smith is about changing his Dry Goods Store into a modern Department Store. Two new Departments will be added this week. Others will be announced later. One will be of interest to everyone within a radius of 5 miles around who has a sweet tooth, and who has not? It is up-to-date Candy Department which will be owned and run by the Consolidated Candy Co. of Boston. These people are large manufacturers and will run a Department which will be a credit to the town. The other will be the Hosiery and Underwear Department which will be owned and conducted by Mr. Chester R. Smith. He will add new and fresh goods daily to this Department and expects to make it the leading Department of its kind in this vicinity.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

— The Woman's Club calendar announces for Friday evening next, the 17th inst., a lecture on the "Rays of Roentgen" by Charles S. Norton, S. B., of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As the lecture comes in the evening many gentlemen will have the privilege of attending, and it may safely be said that all will find a most instructive, as well as interesting presentation of one of the wonders of the present day. The lecturer has followed this matter ever since it was first made known to the public, and with the extensive facilities offered by the well equipped laboratories of Technology, he is well prepared to tell the very latest news in regard to this phenomenen, and aided by the stereopticon illustrations will show how much further advanced we are in our knowledge of the X-rays than when we were enabled merely to see our bones or some foreign substance in the flesh. The lecture is to be given in Music Hall.

— Mr. Chester R. Smith has purchased of his brother, C. Willard Smith, his underwear, hosiery, gloves, etc., trade and tomorrow will open a Department in the store for the sale of these and kindred goods. For full particulars read over carefully his advertisement in this issue of the JOURNAL. This Department will be filled and kept up in real city style, and the ladies of Woburn and vicinity will be able to get everything they want in the lines of goods named. Chester is going to boom his Department for all it is worth.

— Mr. Josiah Leathe offers $10 reward for the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves who robbed his house, the Leathe homestead on Canal st., of nearly all the lead in it recently. They stole the lead water pipes, traps, two sinks, two doors, in both tenements, and even went to the roof and took the lead from around the chimney. They made a clean sweep, and a big haul. Other houses in the city have been served in the same way, and the Police are after the thieves.

— Our respected townsman, Mr. A. T. Young, has established a laundry on Gorham street, West Somerville, and invites the attention of Woburn people to the fact. Gage & Co. are Mr. Young's agents in this city. Success to him.

— The spacious and finely arranged store of Mr. Amos Cummings is showing admirable lines of Christmas goods, and we have no doubt but that it will attract many purchasers. His stocks are large and consist of a great variety of beautiful and elegant gift articles.

— The last of the series of Music Hall Whist Parties will be given at 2 45 tomorrow afternoon, Dec. 11. A general and cordial invitation is extended to the public.

— Mrs. Anna F. Bates will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Winchester, Friday afternoon, Dec. 17, at 2 30 o'clock. A table display of dainty desserts will be one of the attractions.

— The Baptist people feel that they are very much favored in securing the services of so strong a man as Dr. Crane as temporary supply until they shall call and settle a pastor.

— Miss Maud Littlefield, the accomplished violinist, played delightfully at the 7 o'clock meeting at the Orthodox church last Sunday evening.

— Benjamin Champney, the eminent landscape painter, held a successful sale of small pictures at his residence on Pleasant st. early this week.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS BANCROFT
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

COFFEE!

You can buy of us the genuine Mocha and Java Coffee ½ Mocha and ½ Java at

35c. per lb.

You cannot buy it for less money anywhere.

If people who think they are buying the best Mocha and Java Coffee at retail for less than it costs to import would try a pound of our

Boston Blend
At 25c. per lb.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

327 & 329 Main St.

FITZ & STANLEY.

— The ladies of the Baptist church gave a most successful supper and entertainment Thursday evening. About 115 set down to the daintily spread tables, and later the vestry was filled and the Floral Rainbow received well merited applause.

— The alarm from box 27 at 1.55 P. M. Thursday, was for a fire that destroyed the waterproof factory on Main street, North Woburn.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

A Grand Voters Mass Meeting

Will be held in Lyceum Hall, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The celebrated temperance orator, Mr. John P. Watson, Ex-President Essex County Catholic Total Abstinence Union, and Past High Chief Ranger Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, will speak on the License issue. For men only. Every voter in Woburn is invited.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

A Bit of Twine

Tied around the finger refreshes the memory. And that is the object of this card. Christmas, this year, will arrive as usual in the month of December, and upon the 25th day thereof. Christmas gifts will be due about the same time. We mention simply

NECKWEAR
HANDKERCHIEFS
GLOVES
HOSIERY
SUSPENDERS
UMBRELLAS

This is OUR Bit of Twine.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

Our Holiday Goods Are Now Ready

For inspection and sale. Our regular patrons need only be told the stock is up to preceeding years. To those not so well acquainted we would say that our lines of China and Glass ware, Artistic Pottery, Celluloid novelties, Christmas cards, booklets and Calendars, and our usual large stock of Dry and Fancy Goods, are worthy of attention.

COPELAND & BOWSER,

355 MAIN STREET.

The Way To Have a Merry Christmas

Is to make others happy. Make them happy with suitable gifts. But where to find the gifts? Our stock answers that question perfectly. Come and see. Something for every eye. Something for every taste. To look through our splendid assortment is a pastime. To show the goods is a pleasure.

Linwood E. Hanson,

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 4—3.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO OUR STOCK OF

Winter Overcoatings

And other seasonable goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO'S.

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

You Have No Idea How Cheap You Can Get CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Until you have examined the pretty things at

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Temperance Campaign.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL: In answer to your pertinent question, "What, if anything, are the temperance people doing towards carrying the city for prohibition at the next Municipal Election." I beg to say that each man who is really desirous of that end is doing what he can to arouse public sentiment in favor of no license. To that end I would offer a few suggestions:

There are some friends of no license who are outspoken and many more who believe in it, but the fear of losing trade or votes or for other reasons, dare not speak out and do not join in any organized opposition to the saloon. Therefore it is a question whether it is better to work quietly, or to organize a regular campaign. The latter is expensive and rarely adds much to the no license vote. This is the chief cause of the apparent apathy shown. We must work carefully to keep these people in line for even under the secret ballot they fear to let it be known how they vote. We look about for a young energetic man as leader, but perchance he has a "Bee in his Bonnet" and wants votes from the other side. The next one is hoping for an office under the city government and must placate the rum interest. Then there are the trades people who are believers in no license, but dare not show their hands for fear of loseing the sale of a few yards of print, a pound of meat or a pair of shoes. Only a few days since the writer heard a member of the present city government say he dare not do as he wished for this reason.

Then we come to perhaps the most important element of all, the press of the city, and what do we find? Each Editor declares (may I say it aloud?) that he always votes "No" and we see now and then something that gives promise of efficient aid from that source; but soon we see them hedging like the traders. A little advertising may be lost, or a hint has been dropped that the paper should keep quiet on that one subject, and thus it is the spirit of the rum business gives tone to the press, decides who shall be Mayor, and what course he shall pursue. If a man aspires to position under the city government he consults the rum power; should he wish an appointment on the police force he must gain the favor of the saloons; even for work on the highways he seeks the same aid. With all this as the actual condition here, is it any wonder opponents of the saloon are sometimes discouraged?

If the press wish to help the no vote let them come out squarely against the saloon, not for one week in the year but for fifty-two weeks every year and stick to it. No half-hearted work will ever convince the people; it will take long persistant effort to secure members sufficient to carry the no license cause to triumph year after year, which is the only way to give it a fair trial.

The press does not fail when it takes up a good cause in earnest. Please try it, Mr. Editor, and I have no doubt your competitor across the way will not lag behind.

When Woburn tradesmen are convinced that their interests are with the no license cause they will join in a campaign against the saloons. As things are now moving we shall not have to wait long. No one can fail to see that much of the best trade comes from out of town. How long can our business men hold that trade if ladies must drag over the filthy sidewalks as they now are. Boston is too near and the trade will surely go there unless our Police have other masters than the saloonkeepers whose customers keep the walks in such terrible condition. Our Police are as fine a lot of men as can be found, with quick eyes for anything that savors of wrongdoing in other directions, but stone blind to everything that interferes with the supposed interest of those who secure the places for them. We do not blame them; we do blame the apathy of those who, knowing these things, dare not raise their voice against. They condem the system in private, but speak very carefully where the saloonkeepers may hear it.

Now, Mr. Editor, give us a start. All are ready and anxious to do anything to rid our good city of this plague that keeps our streets poor, our taxes high, and bids fair to rid us of customers except of the kind that patronize their rum shops.

GRIFFIN PLACE.

Since writing the above I am glad to say the pastors of two of our leading churches have been doing valiant work for the good cause. If every voter will stop to consider what will add most to the welfare of our city, and which will mpke it the most desirable place of residence, License or No License, there can be no question as to how the vote will go. Even a man who sold liquor in Boston always voted No in Woburn; he knew what was best in the place where he must raise his family.—G. P.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case having resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 4. Dec. 3.

Brown,	192	156	139— 487
Parker,	144	159	129— 432
Smith,	139	161	137— 436
Murdock,	137	158	134— 429
Martyn,	137	116	117— 370
Team Totals,	749	749	656—2154

Team 7.

Richardson A. L.	121	108	117— 346
Trull,	141	112	143— 396
Sweetser,	158	129	137— 424
Taylor,	130	129	175— 434
Young,	150	160	179— 489
Team Totals,	700	638	751—2089

TEAM 6. Dec. 7.

Lord,	159	159	150— 468
Lowell,	116	142	156— 414
Stevenson,	141	121	150— 412
Hovey,	130	168	150— 448
Estabrook,	146	139	128— 413
Team Totals,	692	729	734—2155

TEAM 3.

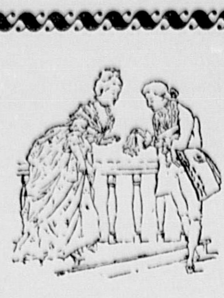
Richardson, J. F.	124	181	139— 444
Brigham,	141	145	163— 449
Nichols,	126	166	111— 403
Hanson,	160	148	133— 441
Willoughby,	167	111	132— 410
Team Totals,	718	751	678—2147

City Government.

ALDERMEN.

At the meeting held on Dec. 1, Charles T. Dearborn was drawn as juryman.—Thomas H. Dolan was confirmed as Constable and his bond accepted.—Com. on Finance requested to transfer $2,000 from Mis. to Highway Dept.—Five weeks pay to M. D. Quigley for lost time caused by lost time from injury received while working on the highway.—Voted to pay A. S. Lynde $10.90 for tax title to land wrongfully assessed.—Conditions and restrictions on building Lexington St. Ry. adopted as reported by the City Solicitor.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.



The Stately Minuette

Was danced 'mid a perfumed atmosphere sweeter than the spicefields of Arabia. Speaking of perfumes calls to mind the endless variety of bottled odors we are offering to our patrons. Our holiday line is far ahead of anything we have shown in previous years.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

A Great Treat for Woburnites.

Have you ever heard the great Scotch orator, John R. Anderson? If not, then you will want to attend the First Congregational Church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, for he has been engaged to speak there. Listen to Mr. Bailey of the Massachusetts Board of Education:

"John R. Anderson is a real live Ayrshire Scotchman, God bless him! Keen, witty, eloquent, intensely earnest, yet with the sunny heart of a child. Those who hear him have nothing but praise for him. He is a real man on the right side."

A dozen or more such ringing endorsements can be given from prominent people all over the eastern part of Massachusetts where he has spoken. The Alpine Quartet will sing and there will be good instrumental music. Come and crowd the house. Seats free.

Bay State Sanitarium Co.

Many are telling the wonderful story of their rescue by the SPRINGER METHOD from physical and mental ruin by the curse of the alcoholic habit.

You who read this may not be a slave to the habit, but you no doubt have some friend in whom you are deeply interested who can be saved from a life of misery to possibly crime or suicide through your influence and persuasion.

Now is it not your duty to advise this friend to take DR. SPRINGER'S CURE and be made a new man?

The Bay State Sanitarium has moved into its large and homelike new place 14 Walnut street near Main, Woburn. This institution controlled by the best and strongest business men in your community is the place for you to recommend him to take treatment. Don't delay or neglect your duty, but call or send to the Sanitarium for circulars and testimonials.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

The second edition of Gilmore & Leonard's "Hogan's Alley" by W. H. Macart, will be the attraction at the Columbia next week. No play has been so extensively advertised or met with such phenomenal success as the above has. This season it has been entirely rewritten in three very funny acts, with a considerable plot, intermingled with many new and novel specialties by reputable artists, well known to the farce comedy stage. The first act shows Hogan's Alley as it was in its famous history, with characters, etc.; the second act is the famous Riverside Drive, showing the tomb of General Grant, the Hogan's Alley Cycle Clubhouse, and the beautiful Hudson River; while the last act shows a roof garden in the Alley illuminated by moonlight. All the scenery is new and carried specially, and the reputation left by this company in a former engagement will be a criterion for a rousing reception.

THE TREMONT.

Mr. Willard will commence the last week of his five weeks' engagement at the Tremont Theatre on Monday next, when "The Rogues' Comedy" by Henry Arthur Jones his great success last season will be produced for one performance only, with Mr. Willard as Baily Prothero, a pretended clairvoyant. This character is one of Mr. Willard's most successful impersonations and the cast of the play employs the whole strength of Mr. Willard's excellent company. On Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee that splendid drama "The Middleman" will be played. Next attraction, beginning Monday, Dec. 20, Francis Wilson in "Half a King."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

ST. JOHN'S BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Walter Gay. Christian Endeavor at 6 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Friday evening, Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Progress of the Individual." Sunday School at 12 M. Services at the Home for Aged Women at 3 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7. Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting at 7.30 led by Dr. Crane.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday in Advent. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir. Friday at 7.45 P. M., Visitation of Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "That Neighbor." Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 6 P. M. At 7 P. M., No License Meeting. Addresses by Citizens. License fallacies exposed by the Pastor, also Solo, Quartette and Chorus Singing, and Illustrations by Stereopticon. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Grand Closing No License Rally. The Scotch Orator, John R. Anderson, speaker. The Alpine Quartet will sing. Instrumental music by Mr. D. N. Hood. Thursday, at 4 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 1, Patrick Connelly, aged 52 years.

In this city, Dec. 3, Megitia, wife of William Pierce, aged 21 years, 10 months.

In this city, Dec. 7, Charles Peterson, aged 25 years, 1 month, 4 days.

In this city, Dec. 7, Henry C. Mott, aged 56 years, 8 months, 5 days.

Price

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE.
Woburn, Mass., Dec. 8, 1897.

I certify that the following is a list of all the candidates duly nominated and to be voted for by the legal voters of Woburn, Middlesex County, Mass., on Dec. 14, 1897.

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

FOR MAYOR.
Vote for one.

George F. Bean, Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 130 Montvale Avenue.
John P. Feeney.......Democratic 53 Warren Street.
Levi Furbush, Nomination Paper, Citizens' Municipal Reform. East Nichols Street.

Aldermen-at-Large.
Vote for eight.

William R. Bartlett, ...Democratic 14 Green Street. Ward 2.
Timothy Calnan, Nomination Paper, Charter Committee, Democratic 77 Winn Street. Ward 3.
Edmund C. Cottle, Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 14 Highland Street. Ward 2.
William F. Davis..........Democratic 11 Canal Street. Ward 1.
Joseph F. DeLoriea, Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 56 Warren Street. Ward 1.
B. Frank Kimball, Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 16 Winter Street. Ward 6.
John F. Larkin,......Nomination Paper, Charter Committee, Democratic. 8 North Warren Street. Ward 3.
Augustus B. McCarthy......Democratic 32 Pine Street. Ward 5.
James F. McLaughlin,........Democratic 7 Spring Court. Ward 2.
Frank H. Naven,............Democratic 187 Winn Street. Ward 7.
George H. Newhall,.........Democratic Sedgwick Park. Ward 4.
Benjamin H. Nichols, Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 37 Warren Street. Ward 1.
George W. Norris,...Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 544 Main Street. Ward 3.
S. Franksford Trull, Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 629 Main Street. Ward 4.

Aldermen by Wards.

WARD 1.
For Alderman. Vote for one.
James H. Kelley...........Democratic 23 Stoddard Street.
Herbert E. Lord..........Republican 12 Court Street.

WARD 2.
For Alderman. Vote for one.
Edward E. Lynch..........Democratic 219 Main Street.
James P. Mooney...........Republican 76 Eastern Avenue.

WARD 3.
For Alderman. Vote for one.
Nathan W. Frye............Republican 14 Lowell Street.
Timothy E. Walsh..........Democratic 33 Chestnut Street.

WARD 4.
For Alderman. Vote for one.
Joseph H. Parker..........Democratic 13 Salem Street.
Arthur B. Wyman...........Republican 605 Main Street.

WARD 5.
For Alderman. Vote for one.
William H. Cadwell.........Republican 25 Orange Street.
Richard Garrity............Democratic 83 Central Street.

WARD 6.
For Alderman. Vote for one.
Edwin J. Marston...........Republican 14 Minot Street.

WARD 7.
For Alderman. Vote for one.
James T. Conole...........Democratic 15 Elijah street.
Patrick Daley.............Republican 47 Bedford Street.

Board of Public Works.
For one (1) year. Vote for one.
James Skinner.......Nomination Paper, Charter Committee, Democratic. 79 Montvale Avenue.

Board of Public Works.
For Two (2) years. Vote for one.
Elwyn G. Preston....Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 106 Pleasant Street.
Charles J. Quigley.........Democratic 18 Morse Street.

Board of Public Works.
For Three (3) years. Vote for one.
Albert F. Converse ...Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 181 Salem Street.
Thomas Moore..............Democratic 70 Montvale Avenue.

Board of Public Works.
For Four (4) years. Vote for one.
George E. Fowle.....Nomination Paper, Charter Committee. 67 Garfield Avenue.
John O'Donnell............Democratic 6 Summer Street.

School Committee.
For Three (3) years. Vote for three.
Jennie K. Adams....Nomination Paper, Charter Committee, Democratic. 915 Main Street.
Thomas J. Feeney....Nomination Paper, Charter Committee, Democratic. 53 Warren street.
Thomas D. Hevey....Nomination Paper, Charter Committee, Democratic. 6 Lawrence Street.

To vote on the following, mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of YES or NO.

Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors?	YES
	NO

North Woburn.

There was skating on Hawkins meadow Friday and Saturday.

This seems to be a prosperous place for the florists. Mr. Arthur Hecbert is the latest one in the floral business. He has some firstrate carnations for sale.

Harry Clark leaves for Maine woods Monday the 13th where he will spend a few weeks with Mr. Alden of the firm of Alden & Clark. Good luck, Harry, and look out for buck fever.

The Ladies Benevolent Society of the North Congregational church will hold its next regular meeting at the usual time and place, Thursday P. M., Dec. 16. There will be an entertainment in the evening to which all are urged to come. Aunt Jerusha Dow's photograph album, full of interesting pictures, from cover to cover, will be shown by Aunt Jerusha herself. Admission, 15 cents.

The Discovery of the Day.

Aug. J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cure my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Campbell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and today stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at Parker's Drugstore.

She Settled a Strike.

It is not generally known that a *New England* woman once settled a strike that theatened momentous results. There is such a heroine, however, and her story and her portrait are among the features of the *New England Home Magazine* which, with the Illustrated Weekly, goes free to every reader of the next *Boston Sunday Journal.* Other interesting features are the specimens of artistic photography, "Boston Cadets as Soubrettes," "Tales of Army Life on the Plains," by Capt. William Quinton, the recruiting officer in Boston, and photographs of the laying of the Congregational House corner stone, Attorney General McKenna, statue of Marcus Whitman, and Maud Gonne, the beautiful Irish patriot.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying "Electric Bitters," and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle at Parker's Drug Store.

WINCHESTER.

No site for the Unitarian church has yet been selected.

Congressman McCall and family went to Washington last week.

A policemen's guardhouse has been erected on the Parkway. Handy's a pocket in a shirt.

The first sleighride on the Parkway was taken by Mr. George H. Gilbert week before last.

James E. Newth of this place and Adah H. Irwin of Arlington are engaged to be married.

Abijah Thompson and lady have gone to their regular winter home, the Adams House, Boston.

We've got 'em! The Browntail Moth. Of course. The "Gypsy" had about run out, at least he had become a "Chestnut," and the Commission and their men must have something to do, so they have imported the Browntail. Both are as innocuous as butterflies.

Those Who Endure

The pains of rheumatism should be reminded that a cure for this disease may be found in Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of those who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for rheumatism, and have completely and permanently cured, prove the power of this medicine to rout and conquer this disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and it neutralizes the acid which causes the aches and pains of rheumatism. This is why it absolutely cures when liniments and other outward applications fail to give permanent relief. Be sure to get Hood's.

Montvale.

Henry A. Mott died suddenly at his home, 23 Nashua street Tuesday morning. He was in the act of leading his horse out of the stable, and when he was found it was supposed the horse had kicked him. Dr. Kelley, who was called, could find no evidence of injury, and decided that heart disease or apoplexy was the cause. Mott was a Messenger in the Custom House. During the war he served in the Navy. He left a wife and daughter.

There are no good coughs. Every cough is a bad cough. But some are worse than others. All the same they let up their hold on you under the influence of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the second account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Helen M. Ireson, the trustee for the benefit of Frances S. Ingalls, under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and second accounts of her trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Call and examine our line of Ranges, Parlor Stoves and Oil Heaters

C. M. STROUT
Old Postoffice Rooms
Dow's Block.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1898,** at 4.45 P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 10, 1897.

Tenement To Let.

A SINGLE TENEMENT To Let; in good condition; handy to the centre; fruit. Rent reasonable.

Apply to E. P. MARION,
47 Lowell St., Woburn.

What's In A Name?

If your name is Smith, it means that you are connected with the Dry goods business in Woburn in someway, and that is what I want to get at. This week I have bought out the Underwear, Hosiery, Glove, Corset and Cotton Underwear business of my brother, C. Willard Smith.

With a large new stock of

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
GLOVES
CORSETS
AND COTTON UNDERWEAR

Commencing Saturday, Dec. 11,

I shall conduct this business as a Department in my brother's present large store

399 & 401 Main Street,

WOBURN.

Special bargains for opening week.

Chester R. Smith,
UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT,
Smith's Dry Goods Store, Woburn

Costs You Nothing!!

That is, you will get the 48-page beautifully illustrated New England Home Magazine, with its pictures and stories, and the handsomely Illustrated Weekly, with its eight pages of photographs, free, absolutely free, if you live in Greater Boston, and will order for 5 cents only the

Boston Sunday Journal.

Woburn Star Course

1897 1898

Sixth Entertainment.

LYCEUM HALL

MONDAY Evening, Dec. 20, '97

PICTURE DRAMA.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

By Anthony Hope. Arranged, illustrated and read by

Anna DeLong Martin.

SURE TO PLEASE.

Season Tickets for balance of the Course 75 cents.

Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.

For sale at Brooks's Pharmacy.

Doors open at 7.30 Entertainment at 8.

MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits to J. F. W. Dorman Co., 121 E. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Catalogue free.

Returned for Business.

Miss M. REEVES

Has returned and taken the Rooms lately occupied by Dr. Allen in **Mechanics Building,** where she will carry on the business of

Dressmaking and Ladies' Tailoring

in all its branches as formerly. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

She respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

NOTICE!

Skirts Cut and Made

and worn ones renovated, sleeves remodeled. All kinds of sewing. Prices reasonable.

Also, Tenement To Let.

Mrs. L. A. GRAMMER,
148 Salem St.

Electric cars pass the door.

HENRY E. PACKER, M. D.,

Successor to N. A. Springer, M. D., and H. L. Shepherd, M. D., has located at

No. 11 Pleasant Street, Woburn,

And will be pleased to attend those who wish his services.

Telephone 56—2.

WANTED AGENTS to sell our Printing Presses, Vulcanizers, Baggage and Key Checks, Steel and Rubber Stamps, Seal Presses, Stencils, &c. J. F. W. DORMAN CO., 121 E. Fayette St., Balto., Md. Catalogue free.

For Sale Cheap.

House and land or House alone, 19 Beach street, 13 rooms, will be sold at a big bargain.

Houses To Let for $18, $7, and $8.

Half of a Store To Let.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 19, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1893, Chapter 172 of the Acts of 1897, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote, will be held on

Tuesday, the 14th day of December, A. D., 1897,

in the following places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main Street.
Ward Two,—Fifield Hall, Fowle Street.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main Street.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon,** and all such male citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also, for four members of the Board of Public Works, one for the term of one year; one for the term of two years; one for the term of three years; and one for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes or No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1898?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and Aldermen.

ATTEST:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Auditor's Department.

All persons or firms having BILLS AGAINST THE CITY OF WOBURN are requested to present the same on or before Friday, December 24.

As the various Committees on the approval of bills will meet Monday, December 27th NO BILLS received later than above date will be included in the December order on the City Treasurer.

CHARLIE A. JONES,
City Auditor.

WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE,

Likewise Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, and all kinds of staple Meats, Fish, and the Best Oysters in America, now ready for delivery at

C. C. STONE & Co's,
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass

Also, Vegetables, Fruits, and everything else nice for

THE HOLIDAYS.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!

Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

JAMES F. O'DONNELL,

Piano & Furniture Moving and Jobbing.

Orders promptly attended to.

Residence: WATER STREET

TO ALASKA.

$400.00 pays for ticket, passage, berth and meals to Dawson City. A year's entire outfit of tools, camping utensils, food, and freight on 1000 pounds. Apply early. J. F. HEALY, Manager, 396 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Horse For Sale.

Sound; No Outs; 7 years old; Good Roadster and Business; Every Way Right.

Call on JOHN CUMMINGS, 2d, 120 Bedford St., Woburn

Tenement To Let.

At Hammond Square. Eight rooms and bath. Piped for hot and cold water. Light, roomy basement with cemented floor and set tubs. Recently papered and painted.

Enquire of J. F. RAMSDELL, H. M. ALDRICH, or H. C. HALL.

WANTED!

HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.

Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.

Consignments Solicited.

Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.

Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.

Mail your orders and I will do the rest.

D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

ADDRESS FOR TERMS:

415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.

Yard, rear of 211 Main street.

TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,

Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.

Enquire on the premises.

A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,

One minute to Station. All modern improvements' $22.00 per month.

Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

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I wish to inform the ladies of Winchester and Woburn that I have good girls on hand—Swede, Danish, English, Irish—with good recommendations. With thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, I remain most respectfully, etc.

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WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecker St., New York.

It isn't much trouble for a really healthy man to be good humored. Jollity and exuberant health are a proverbial combination. The hearty man who is always laughing doesn't have any trouble with his digestion. It has been said that laughing makes people healthy. The truth is that health makes people laugh.

It is impossible to estimate the tremendous influence of health upon human character. A man with a headache will not be in a happy, contented frame of mind. A man who suffers from a weak stomach and an impaired digestion will sit and grumble through the best meal ever prepared. A bilious man who is not a bore, is deserving of a place in a museum. A nervous man who is not petulent and fault-finding is a curiosity. All these conditions lead to grave diseases, when the victim becomes not only disagreeable, but dependent as well. A wise wife will realize that while the old saying that a "man's heart is in his stomach," is not literally true, it is a fact that his stomach sweetens or sours his character according as it is healthy or unhealthy. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of medicines for the conditions described. It makes the weak stomach strong, the impaired digestion perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood and tones the nerves. It tears down half-dead, inert tissues and replaces them with the firm muscular tissues of health. It builds new and healthy nerve fibres and brain cells. It dissipates nervousness and melancholy and imparts mental elasticity and courage. It is the best of all known medicines for nervous disorders.

"Through your skillful treatment I am once more a well man," writes J. N. Arnold, Esq., of Gandy, Logan Co., Nebr. "I suffered for years and could not find relief until I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I suffered with constipation and torpidity of liver which resulted in irritation of the prostate and inflammation of the bladder. I had only taken one bottle when I found great relief. The medicine has effected a permanent cure."

MYSTERY OF SMELL.

PROBLEMS AWAITING THE ATTENTION OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

Some of the Remarkable Things Noticeable About Various Odors—Evidences of the Remarkable Development of the Sense of Smell.

One subject which in this scientific age has not been made the matter of thorough scientific investigation is the sense of smell. Our knowledge of the science of odors remains about where it was 50 years ago, although we have learned so much about light, heat and sound. The old imperfect classification of smells into "pungent, saline and saccharine" still remains. Indeed, about all that most of us know is that some smells are agreeable and some decidedly the reverse. There is no standard of smell, no unit odor established as a base of comparison. We do not know when one smell is twice as strong as another. As a famous chemist said, "Quantitative analysis has not yet been applied to the skunk."

A writer in The Independent does, indeed, say that on an examination of several thousand flowers he found that there was a connection between color and perfume. He finds that of white flowers 14 per cent gave out agreeable odors; of gray ones, 11 per cent; of red, a little over 8 per cent; of yellow, a little over 6 per cent; of blue, 4 per cent, and of green, only 2 per cent. But, further, yellow flowers contain the largest number with a disagreeable odor, and the white the next largest. But this analysis is vitiated by the fact that a perfume agreeable to one person may be sickening to another.

There is no æsthetic standard of smells, and there are but few which all declare to be delightful. An English manufacturer of perfume asserts that he is able to combine odors so as to produce a certain effect and talks of a perfume scale, but this seems rather commercial than scientific. If he could really produce an odor which everybody would recognize by the combination of different smell elements, the foundation of a science of smell would be laid.

One remarkable thing about odor is that the emission of it does not appreciably diminish the mass of the body from which it is given off. A grain of musk may fill a room with odor for years and weigh as much at the end of the time as it did at the beginning. Its weight must have been diminished, for it is impossible to believe that an effect on our organs of sense can be produced without an impact of material particles from a source of energy, but the amount of matter dissipated is infinitesimal in the case of an odorous body.

The sense of smell is apparently universal, but stronger in animals than in men. The lowest orders smell with their mouths, insects smell with their hairs, fishes smell in water, and the acuteness of the power of smell in dogs and in savages is well known. Humboldt says that Peruvian Indians could tell in the darkest night whether the person approaching was a European, a negro or an American Indian. In those deprived of the other senses the power of analyzing odors is sometimes abnormally developed.

The Scotch boy James Mitchell, a blind, deaf mute, could distinguish the individuals in a room into which he was led. John Mossman, a deaf mute at Parkersburg, W. Va., was able to locate oil wells with the certainty that a setter finds partridges. His nose brought him a fortune of $500,000 as fees for professional smelling. It is strange that no one has trained a dog to point petroleum. Possibly a dog might be taught to "stand" a nugget of gold in the frozen soil of Alaska, as pigs find truffles in Perigord, for metals have a characteristic smell. It is probable that everything gives off a characteristic effluvium, though our sense is not delicate enough to detect the subtler ones.

Some gases, like hydrogen, have no odor; others, like chlorine and the product of the Hartford Gas company, have a very perceptible one. There is a general idea that a body must possess a molecular weight 15 times as great as that of hydrogen before it can affect the olfactory nerves of human beings, but even that needs confirmation. We frequently confound taste and smell, and it is said that no one can distinguish an onion from an apple by taste alone.

Some odors cling to the surface of things, as the odor of game, which rarely rises much above the ground; others are rapidly diffused through the air. Why is this? No one knows. One of the most singular things about the sense of smell is that it is not subject to illusions. Sight may be deceived. One may imagine he sees things which are not before him; he may hear a roaring in his ears when there is no sound, but it is said that even the insane are not subject to olfactory delusions. There are no ghost smells. If this is true, what is the reason, what is the explanation, of the phenomenon? Again, why are the earth and fields so much more fragrant in the morning than at noon, when, on the other hand, the strength of most odors is increased by heat?

The scientific men ought at least to "make a bluff" at some of these problems. As it is, here is an original sense of power of perception of the utmost refinement, older, probably, than the sense of sight, a power for the exercise of which we use a complicated mechanical and nervous mechanism, the nature and modus operandi of which are as much a matter of conjecture as were those of the senses of sight and smell 1,000 years ago. Evidently science has not discovered everything yet.—Hartford Courant.

HIRED A DESPERADO.

Judge Alexander Thus Gained a Reputation as a Bad Man.

"Judge Alexander no sooner crosses the boundary line into the territory of Oklahoma than all the desperadoes in that section take to cover," said F. C. Sparks of Kansas City. "He has the reputation of being a dangerous man down in that country, and that means something in a place where every other man one meets is likely to have a record of a half dozen notches on his gun. One wouldn't take Alexander to be as bloodthirsty as an Apache to look at him, for he is a slim man, with sandy complexion, full red beard and mustache, dresses stylishly and always smiles like a man who had been married but 48 hours. He is of middle age and is as active as a panther. In Kansas City his reputation as a mild mannered gentleman is superb—it is only in Oklahoma that he is considered a 'bad man.' When Oklahoma was opened for settlement in 1888, Mr. Alexander was then, as now, in the lumber business. He was one of the first boomers to jump into the new land of promise and 'cop out' his due portion of the milk and honey by selling pine board at 313 per cent net profit. During those boom days of 'sooners' and speculators in Oklahoma whole towns of 5,000 people were laid out in a single day, and the pine board business was better than half the gold claims in the Klondike. Mr. Alexander had a lumber yard in every city and town in Oklahoma. He was, in fact, the lumber king of the new territory. He traded in town lots and even town sites on the side and mixed in politics too. For instance, he headed a procession of boomers that went into the Cherokee strip when that excitement was on, and in one night they laid off a town of white tents, covered wagons and staked lots.

"Before morning a mass meeting of 1,000 people in a circus tent elected Mr. Alexander mayor, and they christened the town 'Willow Springs.' The next morning the United States troops came along and notified the people that the president of the United States had not yet given the order for the settlement of the strip, and that they would have to skedaddle back into Kansas. So the first town of Willow Springs, with its 1,200 inhabitants, 1,300 dogs, Mayor Alexander and the entire city council, was wiped off the map in a jiffy.

"All this time Mr. Alexander was wearing high top boots, a sombrero, a brace of six shooters, heavy spurs, etc., and was riding a broncho. When he wanted to do so, he could look more dangerous than the villain in a Dutch drama. In those exciting times, Madam Rumor says, Mr. Alexander was compelled to 'take a shot' at two or three obstreperous men, but he admits himself that he never caused an increase in the population of a cemetery. So far as marksmanship goes, Mr. Alexander, I take it, is something on the order of Mark Twain's character in 'Roughing It' who shot at a target and killed a decrepit mule 30 yards to the right. But the people in Oklahoma didn't know this. They said, 'Why, this Kansas City feller'll shoot.' So they put Alexander down as a 'bad man.' He may have been running a bluff for aught I know.

"But Mr. Alexander did something that few people were aware of, and thereby he could afford to be brave. He employed a bodyguard in the person of a notorious desperado, who, armed to the teeth with six shooters, a winchester and a scalping knife, accompanied him wherever he went—just like the lamb did little Mary. This desperado had killed 17 men and had 'winged' 15 that he didn't want to kill. Mr. Alexander had a written contract to pay this desperado $75 a month to protect his life, and in the event the desperado was killed he was to receive Christian burial at the expense of Alexander. In Oklahoma in those days this sort of protection beat life insurance all hollow. The result was that Mr. Alexander, ex mayor of the 12-hour-old town of Willow Springs, made money in Oklahoma and lived to be a judge in a horse show in St. Louis nine years later."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What He Thought.

Recently two gentlemen, driving along in a wagonette, were smoking, when a spark falling from one of their cigars set fire to some straw at the bottom. The flames soon drove them from their seats, and while they were busy extinguishing the fire a countryman who had for some time been following them on horseback alighted to assist them.

"I have been watching the smoke for some time," said he.

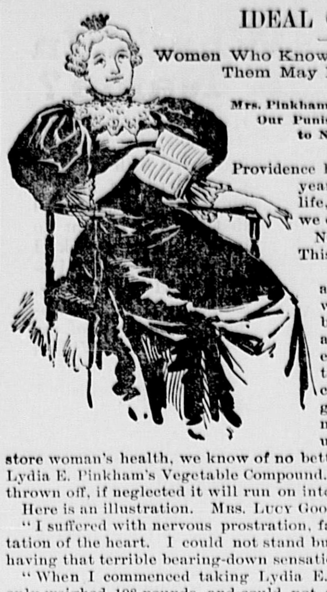
"Why, then, did you not give us notice?" asked the travelers.

"Well," responded the man, "there are so many new fangled notions nowadays, I thought you were going by steam."—Strand Magazine.

No Duplicate to This Wedding Gift.

Perhaps one of the most peculiar presents ever made by a bridegroom to his bride was that of Hon. Maurice Gifford to Miss Thorold on the occasion of their marriage. It was the bullet which was extracted from the wound in his shoulder which caused the loss of his arm. The gold in which the bullet was set was dug from a graveyard in Matabeleland and was fashioned in the shape of a double headed serpent, the heads supporting the missile, the whole making a very unique armlet.—London Sketch.

IDEAL GRANDMOTHERS.



Women Who Know the Laws of Nature and Obey Them May Live to Green Old Age.

Mrs. Pinkham Says When We Violate Nature's Laws Our Punishment Is Pain—If We Continue to Neglect the Warning We Die.

Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely.

Nervous exhaustion invites disease. This statement is the positive truth.

When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspirations easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provocation, and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in danger; your nerves have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and restore woman's health, we know of no better or more inspiring medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Your ailment taken in time can be thrown off, if neglected it will run on into great suffering and pain.

Here is an illustration. Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va., says:

"I suffered with nervous prostration, faintness, all-gone feeling and palpitation of the heart. I could not stand but a few moments at a time without having that terrible bearing-down sensation.

"When I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I only weighed 108 pounds, and could not sit up half a day; before, however, I had used a whole bottle, I was able to be about. I took in all about three bottles of the Compound, and am entirely cured; now I weigh 131 pounds and feel like a new woman, stronger and better than ever in my life."

So it transpires that because of the virtues of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound, even a very sick woman can be cured and live to a green old age.

SCIENCE OF CRAPS.

LIKEWISE THE LINGO OF THE POPULAR SOUTHERN GAME.

Now You Know "What's Going On" When You See a Lot of Fellows Grouped on the Sidewalk—The Darky's Favorite Method of Gambling.

"Come seven-eleven!"

"Fade you!"

"Cut his throat, seven!"

"Jimmy Hicks, take my gal to Memphis!"

"Big Dick is mine!"

"Come, Little Joe!"

These expressions are a part of the vocabulary which accompanies any well arranged sitting of the southern darky's great game of craps.

Throughout the entire south the game is now probably played, although it has been in existence only about 20 years. But just how the name originated is not known. It is used in only one part of the game, on the very first throw, when the thrower is said to "crap out."

The rules under which the remarkable game is played are interesting. From one of the king crap players of Atlanta I have been initiated into the mysteries of the game, and I have given all the rules here as faithfully as if I was transcribing the new rules in whist.

Any number of persons can shoot craps. I say shoot advisedly, for no crap player ever uses the word play. The game is played with two dice. The first player places them in the hollow of his right hand (unless he is left handed), and, shaking them about a bit, throws them upon the floor or the ground, generally the ground. Before he throws he states how much he is throwing for, usually a nickel. Some one among the other players cries out:

"I fade you!"

That means the thrower's money is covered. There then can be as many side bets as the other players wish to make. If on the first throw the player makes 7 or 11, he wins. If he throws 2, 3 or 12 on the first throw, he loses, or craps out. If he throws 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10, that is called his point, and he throws again until he either makes his point once more or makes 7. If he makes his point before he makes 7, he wins, but if 7 comes first he loses. The thrower can hold the dice as long as he continues to win, but when he loses he surrenders them to the next player.

Any person in the game has the right to pick up the dice quickly when a player makes the first throw. He does this to see that no loaded dice have been smuggled into the game. The usual way of doing this is for a player to reach out as the dice fall and say:

"My dice."

He examines them, blows on them and, tossing them back to the thrower, says:

"Your dice; shoot."

If this is attempted at any other stage of the game except on the first throw, a legitimate show down of white handled razors is in order. The person who offers to cover the thrower's money is called the "fader." Most of the betting in the game is done by those who are standing around.

Nearly all the points on the dice are named. Four is called "little Joe," 5 is called "Phœbe" or "fever," 6 is known as "Jimmy Hicks," 9 is "Liz" and 10 is "big Dick," sometimes also called "big Tom."

When a game has been arranged, those who have the cash sit or stand around, and the first thrower tosses up his coin and gets ready to shoot. He blows upon the dice, makes an exclamation that sounds like a deep, aspirated "h!" throws the dice upon the ground and as they fall snaps his fingers sharply. This may seem like some special trimmings, but the maneuvers are as much a part of the game as putting up the money. When he has been faded, the outside betting begins, the thrower acting slowly to give time for all the gamblers to get their money up. The man who bets with the thrower is said to "like him."

As the game progresses you can hear the thrower as he first tosses the dice exclaim, "Come seven-eleven!"

If he fails either to win or crap out, he will then cry as he tries to make his point:

"Come to see me, Little Joe," or Big Dick or Liz, or whatever his point is.

The man who has faded him or who is betting against him on the outside will say:

"Cut him off, seven!" "Cut his throat, seven!" "Come under him, seven!"

When Liz—that is nine—is first thrown, the player always exclaims, "Liz is the gal for me."

The words which accompany Jimmy Hicks, a throw of six, are, "Big Six, take my gal to Memphis."

A smooth place on the ground is always preferable to the floor of a room. A table is entirely out of the question. Many times a gang of negro gamblers will play on the sidewalk under the glare of an electric light, and boys are stationed in the middle of each block to keep a watch for the approach of a policeman and to give a signal if one is seen coming.

The game is played by the old and the young, in the country and in the cities, by railroad hands and deckhands on the river steamboats. Negroes in the large cities know scarcely any other sort of gambling. The steamboat hands play night and day, and they have been known to return after a long trip with every cent of their earnings gone into the pockets of the lucky players.

Here in Atlanta there are all sorts of crap shooters, including the big gamblers and the small boys, who will shoot for anything of value, often the clothes on their backs. Hardly a week passes without some place, usually an alley, being raided and a lot of the "crap shooters" arrested. But the gambling cannot be broken up.—Atlanta Constitution.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

Some of Those That Have Not Yet Been Torn Up by the Roots.

It is remarkable how many popular elusions still linger in spite of the spread of enlightenment. I am not referring now to historical and literary fictions, such as the common "Up guards and at 'em," popularly ascribed to Wellington at Waterloo, to the "England expects every man to do his duty," mistakenly ascribed to Nelson, nor to the utterly untrue story about "Jessie" announcing the advance of the highlanders to the relief of Lucknow on hearing bagpipes which (as a matter of fact) were not played. Neither am I referring to those popular superstitions which the Thirteen club is endeavoring to kill by ridicule, though there are "lucky" as well as unlucky superstitions, which the Thirteen club does not reck. The belief in the luck bringing power of the horseshoe, for example, which led Lord Nelson to nail one to the mast of the Victory, still survives, and gamblers throughout the world—even the most astute and worldly minded—have a traditional reverence for humpbacked persons.

Perhaps I had better exemplify what I mean. Well I remember once, while in a midland town, hearing somebody say that the carrying of a raw potato in the trousers pocket was an unfailing preventive of rheumatism. To my amazement several individuals—all of them men of intelligence and local standing—produced the desiccated mummies of potatoes, from which the moisture had evaporated and which in size, hardness and appearance were exactly like rough pebbles. These men were firmly convinced of the virtues of the potato as a specific against rheumatism, and they declined to be laughed out of their belief, maintaining that they had practical proof of the raw potato's efficacy if simply carried in the pocket. I find on inquiry that many people are as firmly convinced of the efficacy of wearing a zinc ring. You may tell an individual of this sort that it is arrant nonsense to think that the wearing of such a ring can ward off rheumatism, but he will assure you that he knows better, for, whereas he used to be a martyr to that affliction, he has not felt a twinge since he wore his ring.

There is a popular belief that if a glass globe be filled to the brim you can drop in several live goldfish without causing the water to overflow. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that this belief used to be universal, just because it did not occur to anybody to try so simple an experiment. It is a matter easy of demonstration. Try it. Not only among servant girls, but among women of high intelligence, there is a popular delusion that if pokers or tongs be placed in front of the grate, resting on the bars, the fire will "draw" better. Why should it? Ask any one who puts this delusion in practice, and you will either get a fantastic explanation or none at all. A popular delusion still survives in some parts of the country that the place where the body of a drowned person has finally sunk may be ascertained by floating a loaf containing quicksilver, the supposition being that the loaf will stop immediately over the place where the body lies. When Norwegians are in quest of a drowned body, they row to and fro with a rooster in the boat, fully expecting that the bird will crow when the boat reaches the spot where the corpse lies. There is a popular delusion in England that it is illegal to cut down a body found hanging before a policeman arrives. Lives might have been saved but for this vulgar error.—Rocket.

A Lunatic on Lunacy.

A curious occurrence took place recently in Professor Krafft-Ebing's clinic, where a patient, at his own request, was allowed by the professor to deliver a lecture in his place in order to demonstrate the peculiarity of his mental state. The patient is a highly educated man, of exceptional intellectual endowments, but for many years he has been the subject of so called "circular" insanity. The recurrence of the disease prevents his pursuing for any length of time any occupation in which his natural abilities and acquired accomplishments would in happier circumstances have enabled him to gain distinction. In the maniacal phase of his illness he shows an astonishing wealth of ideas, and with his manifold knowledge and his readiness of expression (he has lately been a writer) becomes witty and even brilliant in his language. Thus in the lecture he delivered on the mental condition of the maniac in periodical attacks of madness he puzzled his audience by the brilliant and exact form of his speech, and on a lay person or a junior student might even have made the impression that his statements were correct and his conclusions logically drawn, though, in fact, they were all nonsense. He spoke for nearly an hour, holding the attention of his audience the whole time. His look and bearing, which are those of a scholar, helped to keep up the illusion.—British Medical Journal.

A MYSTIFIED WOMAN.

THE WHEELS WOULDN'T GO ROUND.

Mothers and Daughters May Profit by Her Experience. Something Wrong.

Everyone in the street stopped. Even a child could see there was something wrong. Every time the horse started the sparks flew from where the tire touched the stone. That is why the lady got out. A crowd gathered and gazed curiously while she examined the horse, the harness, the vehicle and the wheel that wouldn't go round. A policeman came forward and suggested that the horse was balky. A gentleman who belonged to the Society with the long name said the beast was overworked, and should be unharnessed and rubbed down. Another man advised her to back a bit and take a fresh start. A fourth suggested that if she would drive right on, sparks or no sparks, the difficulty would remedy itself; while still another insisted that unless a new tire be put on the wheel, the whole outfit would collapse. These conflicting counsels increased the confusion of the distressed lady, but they did not make the wheel go round.

Just then a carriage drove up, a gentleman got out and asked what was the matter. One of the bystanders said it was a break down, while each of eleven others gave a different explanation as to why the wheel wouldn't go round. The stranger examined the turnout, led the pony forward a step, and, as the sparks began flying, remarked: "Madam, your horse, harness, cart and wheel are all right. The sparks that the tire draws from the curbstones are merely outward symptoms of the inward ailment. The real difficulty is not with the tire of the wheel, but with its axle or its 'box.'" Just what the man did next it is not necessary to state, but in less than ten minutes the entire trouble was ended. He'had removed the *cause* instead of temporizing with the effect. As the lady drove on rejoicing someone remarked: "How few people in the world reason down to the root of things, and at the same time carry in their heads the 'know how' that make the wheels go round."

It is just this lack of reasoning *down to the root of things* that is to-day causing intense suffering to thousands of women; and for this suffering to a great extent man is to blame.

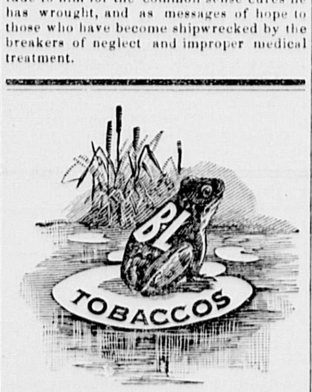
Refined, intelligent, educated men, who have spent eight or ten of the best years of their lives in colleges, medical schools and hospitals, cling to the false, child-like theory of doctoring the tire, as it were, instead of curing the axle, or its "not-box." They direct their attention to where they see the sparks flying, instead of working upon the *hidden* spot where the *real* trouble lies. The consequence is, they never acquire the "know how" which enables them to regulate the wheels of life.

When the sparks of pain fairly fly from a woman's head, her back, her limbs, or the most important and sensitive organs of her body, it is as senseless to resort to "local applications," pain cures, or stimulants, as it is to grease the tire, whip the horse, or drive on regardless of consequences. These people try to cure *symptoms* instead of reasoning to the root of things and removing the *cause* of the disorder. The result is physical patchwork and failure instead of success.

A most conspicuous exception to this rule is the man who, nearly thirty years ago, proclaimed that he would not make such mistakes, but would devote himself to reasoning to the *root* of disease and to the discovery of a new principle for its treatment. Many thousand letters of gratitude from former patients in all parts of America, have told this physician that he has been successful beyond even his own expectations. This man is Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has for more than a quarter of a century been the head of the most complete and successful Health Institute in America—the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and whose "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets," have converted thousands of women, in every State of the Union and in many foreign lands, from absolute misery to physical vigor and happiness, and whose People's Common Sense Medical Adviser has had the greatest sale of any medical work ever published—amounting to over 1,200,000 copies.

In his research and practice Dr. Pierce proceeded on the common sense principle that the blood could carry life or destruction to every part of the body. That the liver was the "housekeeper" of the human system. That when the liver becomes disordered the blood is charged with poison which is carried through the body and produces such ailments as consumption, heart disease, scrofulous and bronchial disorders, as well as dropsy, rheumatism and "Female complaints." His "Golden Medical Discovery" acts especially upon the liver and other excretory organs. It cleanses, repairs and gives new life to the whole system. The action of this "Discovery" is aided in stubborn cases of costiveness by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which also embody an entirely new principle. While there are not five cases in a hundred which Dr. Pierce's remedies will not relieve or cure, it happens sometimes that chronic and seriously complicated and long neglected disorders require additional home-treatment. In all such rare and exceptional cases Dr. Pierce will, upon receiving particulars in writing, send free of charge, such plain, straightforward, confidential advice as will enable the sufferer to find relief and cure if the case is curable. All correspondence is treated in strict confidence.

The people of Buffalo and leading scientific and medical societies have repeatedly testified to the integrity, ability and skill of Dr. Pierce, by electing him to the highest offices within their gift—first to the State Senate and then to Congress. Many thousand black on white testimonials have been sent him from former patients scattered throughout the Union, as tokens of gratitude to him for the common sense cures he has wrought, and as messages of hope to those who have become shipwrecked by the breakers of neglect and improper medical treatment.



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B-L is popular because it is better than any other make and suits the taste of most men. To chew or smoke there's nothing equals

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 12.

Text of the Lesson, II Tim. iv, 1-8, 16-18. Memory Verses, 6-8 — Golden Text, II Tim. iv, 7—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "I charge thee therefore God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead, and by His appearing and His kingdom." These are some of the last words of Paul by the Spirit to Timothy, his dearly beloved son in the faith (chapter i, 2), of whom he said that he had no man so dear unto him (Phil. ii, 20, margin). He had been urging him to be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus; to endure hardness as a good soldier and please Him who had chosen him; to study to show himself approved unto God.

2. "Preach the word. Be instant in season, out of season. Reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine." In chapter iii, 16, 17, he had said that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works, and now he exhorts him to use that word faithfully, the word which he had known from childhood (iii, 15). Paul teaches to hold fast the faithful word (Titus i, 9); to hold forth the word of life (Phil. ii, 16), and to rightly divide the word of truth (II Tim. ii, 15).

3. "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears." How long we have already been in those times I cannot say, but that we are in them no one can question. Lovers of self, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof (chapter iii, 1-4), are things too plainly seen. Some men who have the rule in church affairs do not hesitate to ask for pastors who will give them the thought of the age rather than the word of God, and there are pastors who are more ready to please the people than to preach the preaching which God bids them. False prophets as in the olden time.

4. "And they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned unto fables." Then because they receive not the love of the truth that they might be saved, God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie that they all might be judged who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness (II Thess. ii, 10-12). It is surely a woeful sight to see large congregations gather to listen to those who discard portions of the word of God and call other portions myths.

5. "But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." There is no pattern for a minister or evangelist but the Lord Jesus Himself. He was filled with the Spirit, led by the Spirit, spoke the words which the Father told Him and did always those things which pleased the Father (John xii, 49; viii, 29). When He suffered, He said, "Even so, Father," and He finished the work which the Father gave Him to do (Math. xi, 26; John xvii, 4).

6. "For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand." Long before this he had said, "I am ready —not to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts xxi, 13). It was his constant desire that Christ should be magnified in his body whether by life or death (Phil. i, 20). He knew that to die would be gain and to be with Christ would be very far better (Phil i, 21, 23). But now he seemed sure that he was soon going home. He speaks of it as his departure. The body would die, the tabernacle be taken down, but he, Paul, the person in the body, would depart to be with Christ, and would be absent from the body and present with the Lord.

7. "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." It is the fight of faith, and the life of faith, and the walk of faith (I Tim. vi, 12; Gal. ii, 20; Col. ii, 6). It is believing God all the way through and all that He has said. As Paul put it elsewhere, "Believing all things that are written in the law and in the prophets" (Acts xxiv, 14). It is not a faith that can ever be made to suit the times. As Dr. Weston says, "If Christ taught as many teach today, He would never have been crucified for it." We must earnestly contend for the faith that was once for all delivered to the saints, and remember that Paul said, "If any one, even an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel, let him be accursed" (Jude iii; Gal. i, 8, 9).

8. "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Crowns, as I understand it, are rewards for service to be given to those who earn them, that they may have somewhat to cast at His feet in that day (Rev. iv, 10). They are not given to us when we die, but only at the appearing of our Lord at the resurrection of the just (Luke xiv, 14; I Pet. v, 4; Rev. xxii, 12). I have often referred to the other four to be given to the faithful for four distinct kinds of service, but this one is for those who in all their service carry with them a certain attitude of soul—viz, loving His appearing. When He comes to the air for His people, I firmly believe that every saint will meet Him, but many may be ashamed and many receive no crowns (I John ii, 28; I Cor. iii, 14, 15).

16. "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me." To stand alone for the right is intimate fellowship with our Lord, who said to the eleven, "Ye shall be scattered and shall leave me alone, and yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me" (John xvi, 32). David was awfully alone when his faithful 600 turned against him and talked of stoning him, he being at the time in like painful circumstances with themselves, but it is written that David encouraged himself in the Lord his God (I Sam. xxx, 6).

17. "Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me, that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the gentiles might hear, and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." He hath said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, so that we may boldly say the Lord is my helper (Heb. xiii, 5, 6). Happy are those who can say from the heart, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song" (Isa. xii, 2).

18. "And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Yet in the face of this and Phil. i, 6, and II Tim. i, 12, and similar strong assurances, there are those who insist that Paul feared lest after all he might be lost. Perish the thought that any true child of God can ever perish!

He Got the Autograph.

Ludwig Karpath contributes to a German periodical a gossipy article on the musical composer Brahms' last visit to Carlsbad. He rented private apartments and on moving into them remarked to the hostess, "I hope you have no objections to harboring a good for nothing musician in your house." When his plain leather trunk arrived, he whispered into her ear, "Take good care of that; it contains all my possessions." One day he complained to her about the changeable weather, exclaiming, "This weather is like women." "Have you perhaps had much experience in that line?" the hostess queried. "None at all!" retorted Brahms, beating a hasty retreat. His physician, Dr. Grunberger, once asked him for his autograph for a young lady admirer, but Brahms scolded him for making a nuisance of himself and refused to give it. Some weeks later, at his departure from Carlsbad, Brahms handed to the doctor an envelope inscribed, "With the cordial thanks of Johannes Brahms." Noticing a broad grin on the doctor's face, he asked: "What makes you look so cheerful? You don't know yet what the envelope contains." "Nor do I care," retorted the doctor. "The envelope is the main thing. Much obliged for the autograph!"

A Hermit In a Big City.

Various indeed are the ways in which eccentric people indulge their little peculiarities, but a decidedly original manner has been adopted by an old lady living here. On one of the grand boulevards stands a house with closed shutters and fastened door. Scarcely a sign of life is there about the place, and the house has remained in a similar state over a quarter of a century. The owner is an old lady who on Sept. 4, 1870, the day on which the republic was proclaimed, resolutely determined that no one affected by republican ideas should ever cross the threshold of her dwelling. To avoid any such dreadful contingency she simply declined to allow any one inside and has refused all offers to hire either apartments or the shop below.

The only time she breaks through her hard and fast rule is when workmen are permitted to enter in order to carry on repairs. Painters, carpenters, locksmiths and masons once a year in turn invade her privacy and make good any damage. To relatives whose political tendencies are the same as her own she is particularly gracious, but at the death of each one an apartment in the building is sealed up, and now all are closed barring the very small one at the back of the house which this antirepublican hermit reserves for her own use and that of her three servants. This strange behavior on the part of the old lady has repeatedly excited comment and numerous have been the attempts of people to gain an entrance by some ruse or other. All their efforts are foiled by an aged servant, who guards the front door with dragonlike vigilance, and the would be intruder soon finds the portal slammed in his face and himself none the wiser for his curiosity.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

The Bear and the Wheelman.

Right in the middle of the track was a black bear about 4 feet high and 6 feet long. We had never seen bruin before outside the zoo or in the cage of a perambulating menagerie. So we were interested, and the interest took the shape of a tightness across the chest and a quickness of breathing such as you feel when easy and happy go lucky in your mind. The bear was interested in us and evidently glad to see us. He gave a grunt, slowly wagged his head and began to advance. At first we thought of amusing him by reminiscences of stale buns given to his species when we were younger and less callous of heart. Yet we cocked our revolvers in case there should be any disputing the fact, though we knew a bullet from a six shooter would have as much effect upon the hide of a bear as a pea shooter would have in wounding an elephant.

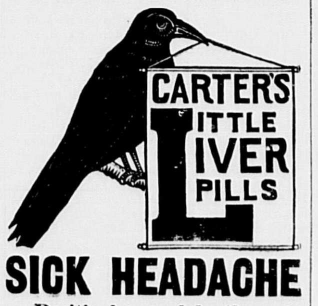
"Now, don't fire until he's within arm's reach. Then drive into his eyes or open mouth." That was the arrangement.

We halted ready for action. So did our friend the enemy, and we saw he was scanning us with scornful eyes. He moved to get a side view. "He's funking it; he's frightened," we said, with lowered voice. By way of answer the bear came on four strides at a trot, and up went the revolvers.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot, till he's nearer."

Bruin hesitated. He was considering. He was something of a philosoper and evidently thought: "They are only a couple of lanky, fleshless cyclists. What would be the good of killing them?"

On which sage reflection he turned about and sauntered up the mountain side.—Travel.



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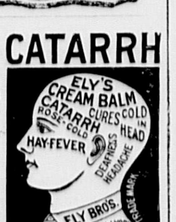

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Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

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Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

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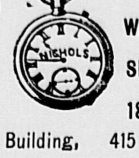

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34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
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58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

FOREST HOOPER,
PLUMBER,
Walnut St., Woburn.
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
**Patronage respectfully solicited.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

UPHOLSTERING!
C. L. SMITH,
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.
(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

INVESTMENT.
Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE,
415 Main Street

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

Woburn Real Estate Exchange.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C. E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into the ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day,
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow.
Pale are the lips of delicate mold.
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread.
Cross his hands as a sign of grace.
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake.
Murmur a prayer, soft and low.
One bright curl from the cluster take.
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there.
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love.
Somebody's heart enshrined him near.
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand.
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay.
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart.
There he lies with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike, lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear.
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here."
—New York Ledger.

RUNAWAYS.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

You may think it queer that I cannot give you the real names of the principal actors in the drama I am about to relate, but such is the fact. Things were managed so nicely that no public scandal resulted, and as for names we were only sailor men and had no business to inquire or to know them. What I heard and saw and passed through, however, I can tell you all about and with the hope to interest you.

The Count D'Charny, as I will call him, was an old man with a young wife. That his honor was safe in her hands he never for an instant doubted, and she came and went as she pleased. Aside from his 60 years of life he was gouty and dyspeptic, and, though he had millions of money and a title, the last was not an offset for the first. Three or four years after her marriage the countess met an English gentleman whose name I must give as Kane. He was as fine looking a man as I ever saw, aged about 35, and every word and action showed the gentleman. It was said that he had a mint of money and from the expenses he met I am inclined to believe the statement.

For a year he lived in Paris in the most expensive manner and danced attendance on the countess. Then they agreed to elope together, and their plans were carried out in the coolest and most businesslike manner. The countess went at it to sell all the property in her own right and to get as much cash out of the count as she could, and at the end of three months she was ready for flight and had something like $1,000,000 in money and jewelry to take with her.

Meanwhile Kane had gone to England and purchased a large and handsome schooner yacht and given out that he was going on a long pleasure cruise to the Indian ocean. He took a crew aboard and brought up in the port of Cherbourg, and there the schooner was provisioned and some alterations made to her cabins. She was called the handsomest craft in the harbor, and it needed only a glance at her finely molded lines to tell that she could sail like a witch.

One afternoon in June the master of the Sylph, as the schooner was called, came aboard with his wife, and a great lot of baggage followed. I do not think any man on the schooner knew whether the owner was married or single, nor did any one question that the lady he brought aboard was his wife.

Two hours after their arrival the vessel sailed, and she had been gone three days when the Count D'Charny turned up at Cherbourg with three or four friends and began an investigation. Mr. Kane and the countess had eloped together and had a good start. Most husbands, and especially old and decrepit husbands, would have given way to indignation for awhile and then made up their minds to let the woman go, but not so with the old count.

If she had run away with a Frenchman, it might have been different, but she had gone with an Englishman, and he hated the English with all his heart. He didn't blame the countess, as she was young and giddy, but as for Kane he must be overtaken and shot down or run through to satisfy a husband's vengeance. The only way to overhaul the schooner was to charter another vessel, and this was done as speedily as men could move.

Lying in the same harbor, with her cargo just discharged, was the American bark Meteor, of which I was second mate. The Meteor was one of the fastest craft afloat at the time, and the count's friends came aboard and told the story of the elopement and offered Captain Black his own price if he would charter.

The idea was to go in pursuit of the Sylph, taking the count and his friends along, and to cruise until we found her. We might be gone a month or a year. I don't know the price paid, but it was a steep one, and as soon as the terms were settled we set about making ready. Our complement of men was 14 all told. By the count's orders we shipped a crew of 22.

While we were getting water and provisions aboard carpenters were at work in the cabin, a gun was being mounted on deck, and cutlasses and muskets were brought aboard to arm the crew. In three days we were out to sea and in the wake of the Sylph. The captain of the schooner was the only man aboard of her except the owner who knew that she was bound to the Indian ocean, and meeting with an old friend in port and taking a glass too much he had let out the secret. That was the way we came to know the destination.

It was a foolish idea in the count to chase his wife under any circumstances, but here he was, an old man, lame, ill and had never even crossed the channel. We were a small craft with a big crew, and all hands were crowded, but the old fellow was willing to suffer any inconvenience and run any risks for the sake of overhauling the elopers.

He had two friends and a doctor with him, and it was his lavish use of money which prepared us for sea so quickly. The elopers had a fast craft, plenty of money and would not be overhauled if they could help it. The count had plenty of money, a craft equally as fast and had vowed to hunt them down if it took five years. That was the way things stood as we sailed out of the harbor.

"Bound for the Indian ocean" meant a great deal, and yet it meant nothing. It meant a run of thousands of miles down the coast, around the cape of Good Hope, Australia, India or a dozen other places. As the schooner had six days the start of us and the winds had been fair she was at least 800 miles ahead. Our only hope of getting on her track before reaching the Cape was in speaking vessels coming up from the south.

As soon as we were clear of the land all sail was piled on to the bark, with orders to furl nothing except to save her sticks. For 36 hours we ran to the south in a gale of wind which kept her lee rail under the foam, and the run we made has never yet been beaten by a steamer. Then we spoke our first ship, but no schooner had been seen. We got down to the Madeiras without getting word of her, and after a race to the Canaries were again disappointed. It was two days after leaving the latter group, and while holding for Cape Verde, that we got our first news. It came from an English man-of-war which had come upon the schooner to the south of the cape while she was repairing damages received aloft during a squall. She did not need assistance, and her captain received the offer in a very churlish manner. She was not boarded, but her name was recorded in the logbook, and that was the way we got track of her.

She was still four days ahead of us. But for this information we should have touched at the islands to make inquiries and thus lost another day. As it was we gave the bark all the sail she could stagger under and twice refused to answer the signals of ships wishing to speak us. Kane would not even suspect that the count was after him, and having his ladylove aboard and seeing no cause for haste he would take his time. So we reasoned, but there was not much consolation in it.

We might run a parallel course with him for a week and neither craft sight the other. We might pass him by in the night, or we might shorten sail while he cracked on. Luck was with us, however. One morning when well down the African coast we spoke an English brig which had passed the schooner the day before and so closely as to catch her name. She reported Kane driving along at an easy pace, and then we felt that we must overhaul him within a couple of days.

Just before sundown next day we caught sight of a sail ahead of us which we believed to be the schooner, and that night none of our passengers slept. You know how excitable the French are. The count and his friends spent the night drinking and jabbering and walking about, and before midnight it was known throughout the bark that they meant to sink the schooner rather than let her get away from us.

We meant to gain on her that night, but not too much, as it was dark and rainy and we feared to overrun her. Men were on watch alow and aloft all night, and when morning came the Sylph was dead ahead and only two miles away. It had been planned that we would speak her and give out that our chronometer was out of order. If she lay to the captain would board her with three or four men and seek to detain her until the count could follow. We signaled the schooner as soon as we could make her out, but she gave us no attention. As we approached her she took the alarm and made more sail, and then began the real adventure.

With a man like the count to back him our captain did not hesitate to open fire on the other craft, and she was struck twice before she got out of range. The count was on deck and fair to be seen and on our side we plainly saw Kane and the countess aboard of the schooner. If the latter had been armed, there would have been a pretty fight, but she did not even have muskets for the men. Her game was flight instead of fight, and by and by she gained a position about two miles ahead of us and kept it. No two craft could be more evenly matched. Both were racers and both carried about the same amount of sail.

From 7 o'clock in the morning until night closed down each craft held its own, neither losing nor gaining by a hundred feet. We knew that she would seek to escape us during the night, and but few men slept. Three different times the schooner altered her course, but we detected the game each time and hung to her trail. When morning came, we had gained half a mile, but before 7 o'clock she had picked up her lost distance and run up the English flag in defiance.

That was the beginning of a race which had its end weeks later at a point thousands of miles away. When sailing close hauled, the schooner had the heels of us, but we could beat her on any other wind. While we never came within gunshot of her again until the last day we followed her around the cape, up the Mozambique channel, and finally found her waiting for us off one of the Comoro islands. We had gales and high winds; we had beautiful moonlight nights and beastly dark ones. But for Kane's defiance of the count we could not have kept the trail as we did.

In those long weeks he could have evaded us a dozen times over, but he had nailed his flag to the mast, as it were. He gave orders to set the schooner's course and keep it and to pay no attention to us, and if we lost him in squall or fog or the darkness of night we knew where to find him again. We passed the cape only ten miles behind him; we sailed up the Madagascar coast in his wake. We knew when night closed in that we should find him on the morrow. The Count D'Charny got sick and got well again. He had furious moods and weeping moods.

One day he would forgive his wife and the next he would be impatient to take her life. He never faltered in his intention to kill the Englishman, however. That was what he lived for and what held him up. One morning we found the schooner lying to, as I have said, and on nearing her her captain boarded us in a boat and sought out the count and said:

"The countess is aboard of the schooner. You have followed us for weeks. If you wish for satisfaction, you have only to row ashore and Mr. Kane will give it to you."

The count and his friends jumped at the chance, taking both pistols and swords. I was ordered to take charge of the boat which set them ashore. The count was at first inclined to rush upon the Englishman and kill him out of hand, but he was restrained, and pretty soon a duel with pistols was arranged.

As Kane had no second one of the Frenchmen gallantly offered to act as such. The ground was paced off in full view of the people on both craft, and one couldn't help admiring Kane for his coolness and gentlemanly bearing. He had no taunts, no hard words. A good natured smile rested on his face, and he was as calm as if getting ready for a game of billiards. The countess was the only one on shipboard who didn't watch matters.

By and by the two men took their places, the word was given and they fired together. The count was unhurt, but his bullet penetrated Kane's heart, and the Englishman was dead before he reached the ground. We buried him on the island that afternoon and did it decently, and at sundown the count went aboard the Sylph, and both craft laid a course for home.

It was said that the erring wife was forgiven and that she expressed all proper humility and returned to Paris to live with her husband, but I cannot vouch for this. I only remember that there was no public scandal and that every sailor was paid for keeping quiet and had nothing to say. Kane's body was afterward taken to England by his relatives, and they at least must have been among the outsiders who knew more or less of the affair.

AYER'S
HYGIENIC CEREAL COFFEE.

A Health Drink, Nerve and Brain Food.
REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.
A cereal and vegetable compound made from whole grains containing all the elements required by the human system. Not to be confounded with the numerous Chicory — Molasses — Bran concoctions now on the market.
Prepared by **M. S. AYER** of Boston.
A Vegetarian for many years.
Price, 20 Cents per Pound.
For sale by principal wholesale and retail grocers. Send 2c. stamp for book on "Diet Reform."
M. S. AYER, 209 & 211 STATE ST., BOSTON.
Sold by Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch.

Conversion by Marriage.

A correspondent sends a story about a conversion by marriage. A colored woman came to his office to solicit 5 and 10 cent subscriptions for a new carpet and organ for her church. A young lady in the office gave the woman 10 cents, whereupon the correspondent suggested that "both she and the colored lady were probably good Baptists."

"Oh," said the colored woman, "I used to be a Baptis', but I married a Mefodis' minister, and then of course I was a Mefodis'." This is not the first case on record of conversion by marriage. One case is known in which both parties were converted.

A certain governor of Rhode Island who lived in Newport and was a member of the Congregational church married a woman who was a Baptist without any understanding as to the arrangement of religious matters. The first Sunday morning after the marriage the pair started out at church time together. They walked side by side as far as the corner of Church and Spring streets, where their accustomed ways to church diverged, and there they stopped. He stood with a little dogged leaning toward his church, she with the same leaning toward hers. "Well, wife," said the governor, "which way shall we go?" She made no answer, nor did she make any sign of going his way. The governor looked up at the beautiful spire and cheery door of Trinity church, under the shadow of which they stood. "Ha," said the governor, "let's throw up both our churches and go in here." And into Trinity they went and were devoted Episcopalians ever after.—Boston Transcript.

The Same... Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer ***50 years ago.*** In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—***50 years of cures.*** Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the ***same old plant*** that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. ***It*** has not been bettered. And since ***we*** make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the ***same old sarsaparilla*** because it works the ***same old cures.*** It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—***it's Ayers.***

A Famous Bandmaster.

There is in the German army a negro bandmaster named Sabac el Cher. Notwithstanding his name he is a native German, but his father came from lower Egypt and spent his boyhood at the court of the viceroy in Cairo, where he was educated. There he made the acquaintance of Prince Albrecht of Prussia, a brother of the old Emperor William, who took him to Berlin, where he married a Berlin woman and entered the service of the prince. His wife presented him a son in 1867. He was Sabac el Cher, a musical lad, who began to study the violin when he was 8 years old. Later he went to a conservatory, and in 1885 he entered the military service as oboe and trombone player in the Thirty-fifth regiment of royal Prussian fusileers, Prince Henry of Prussia's. Having served there several years, he went to the Royal High School For Music in Berlin for further study, where he was under the most noted teachers. He passed his examinations in 1895, and in that year was appointed bandmaster of the First grenadier regiment at Konigsberg. He still retains this post, and his band has won much applause for its public performances. It appeared with success at the International Art exposition at Dresden.

Seaweed and Amber.

The main source of the amber supply is the seacoast of the Baltic ocean. It is fossil gum, originally the exudation of a species of conifer now extinct. This grew in luxuriant profusion hundreds of thousands of years ago on the marshy coasts of northern Europe, when the climate was much warmer than it is today. The natural history of amber is thus explained. The immense forests of amber pine underwent their natural downfall and decay. The resin of the wood accumulated in large quantities in bogs and ponds and in the soil of the forest. Where the coast was slowly sinking, the sea by and by covered the land, and the amber, which had been gradually hardening, was at last deposited at the ocean bottom. But in higher regions the pine continued to flourish, and so amber would still continue to be washed down to the shore and deposited in the later formed green sand, and the still later formed stratum of lignite or brown coal.

The gum became fossilized by its long burial underground. More than 200 specimens of extinct life, animal and vegetable, have been found imbedded in amber specimens, including insects, reptiles, plants, leaves, shells, fruit, etc., which had been caught in the liquid gum and entombed there for all time. Some of these specimens are so curiously beautiful as to be almost priceless, and one English collector has a cabinet of them which is valued at £100,000. One piece embalms a lizard about eight inches long, a jeweled monster perfect in its form and coloring, which has no like in anything existing now. Indeed, in many instances science is able solely through this medium to study details of animal life which perished from the earth many hundred thousands of years ago. There are flies preserved with wings poised as if for flight, where the prismatic sheen glowing through the yellow sepulcher is as brilliant as if they were floating alive in the sunshine. —Harper's Round Table.

A New Glimpse of Charles Lamb.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke, the Shakespearean scholar, in her sunny reminiscences of her long life, devotes two or three of her pleasantest pages to Charles and Mary Lamb. She was, in her childhood, for some time the pupil of the latter, who was called by her much loved brother—so he humorously informed Mrs. Clarke—"Marie when we are alone together, Mary when we are with friends, and Moll before the servants." In later life Mrs. Clarke and her husband visited for a week in the home of the famous brother and sister, a week of delightful society and quiet country pleasures.

"Charles Lamb," she writes, "was as fond of long walks as we were and had an admiration for Enfield and its environs equal to ours. He showed us one day the very spot where a dog that had been pertinacious in following him, and which he sought to get rid of by tiring him out, had at last given up the contest of perseverance and had dropped down under a hedge, dead beat."

A man who could tire out a lively dog must assuredly have been a good walker, but Mrs. Clarke does not state whether or no Lamb stammered in relating the anecdote. It is, perhaps, doubtful if he did, for he once confided to her that notwithstanding his usual hesitancy of speech he never stammered when he was telling a yarn. The final glimpse which she gives of the charming essayist is just such as his admirers will enjoy.

"His hospitality was characteristically manifested one day in his own peculiarly whimsical way by his starting up from dinner, hastening to the front garden gate and opening it for a donkey that he saw standing there and looking, so Lamb said, as if it wanted to come in and munch some of the grass growing so plentifully behind the railing."

Who but the gentle and genial Charles Lamb would have thought to be hospitable to a donkey?

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Quaker Charm.

The Quaker rule has been called inhuman because it proscribed innocent amusements and repressed the desire of the young for healthy expansion. All I know is that as I saw and felt the influence of this rule it affected the childish imagination with an infinite awe, an infinite respect, a perfect human calm. The hushed decorum of the household, the elders, grave, silent, but just and kind, with an unassuming but unbroken kindness, the absence of anger, ill temper, jealousy, mockery, resentment—and yet I have seen such bursts of feeling, too, quivering with, oh, such sorrow and pain—the spotless dress, the formal speech, the very neatness of the house furniture, preserved, quaint, spotless, unharmed for generations—all these things separated the childish mind from the world that is fabled to call so strongly to the caged bird; separated it, satisfied it, filled it with an awestruck insuperable love of home. The world might stir at times an obscure thrill of curiosity, of envy, or of longing, but that the temptation could endure long if it called the adolescent away from such a home was well nigh impossible.

And not yet have I named the strongest influence that kept him there—his Quaker mother's eyes. Whatever else the claim of the Quakeress to beauty, and often she has no more than a healthy color and a homely pleasantness of feature, one loveliness she rarely lacks—a broad, peaceful brow, and eyes of a still serenity that has no name. And to her child she does not speak reproof, warning, sympathy and love, but looks them with these eyes, which speak the sorrow, the patience and the peace of heaven itself. To offend against them is impossible.—Thomas Wharton in Lippincott's.

Rayleigh's Way to Strengthen Negatives.

Lord Rayleigh has published a novel and ingenious way of intensifying weak photographic picures, not by chemical but by physical means. It is well known that a weak positive transparency shows much greater contrasts of light and shade when held in front of a white sheet of paper than when held up to the light. This is due to the fact that through the transparent parts the white paper is seen with little loss of brilliancy, while the more opaque parts act, as it were, twice over, once when the light passes through to the paper and once when it is reflected back to the eye. Lord Rayleigh's method, based on this fact, is to back a weak negative with a flat polished reflector and to copy it in the camera by means of the usual condensing lens, with the light placed as much in a line with the copying lens as possible. The positive thus obtained can be used to make a still further intensified negative in the same manner. To get rid of the effect of false light reflected by the optical surfaces it is necessary either to give a slight slope to the condensing lens, or, if this is not used, to attach a prism of glass to the face of the negative to be copied.—Pall Mall Gazette.

More Like the Foot.

Canvasser—You are the head of the house, I presume?

Dixmyth—Your presumption is quite natural, but you've got another guess coming.

Canvasser—Beg pardon, but I don't quite catch your drift?

Dixmyth—Well, I have to foot the bills, and as my wife says I'm always kicking you can draw your own conclusions.—Chicago News.

This Tells Where Health May Be Found,

And that is more important than making money. If your blood is impure, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh and all other diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood and low state of the system.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache.

Sharks.

Sharks furnish a number of valuable products. The liver of the shark contains an oil that possesses medicinal qualities equal to those of cod liver oil. The skin after being dried takes the polish and hardness of mother of pearl. The fins are always highly prized by the Chinese, who pickle them and serve them at dinner as a most delicate dish. The Europeans, who do not appreciate the fins as a food, convert them into a fish glue. As for the flesh of the shark, that, despite its oily taste, is eaten in certain countries. The Icelanders, who do a large business in sharks' oil, send out annually a fleet of 100 vessels for the capture of the great fish.—Exchange.

When you are suffering from Catarrh or Cold in the head you want relief right away. Only 10 cents is required to test it. Ask your druggist for the trial size of Ely's Cream Balm, or buy the 50c. size. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither taste nor smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shautz, Rahway, N. J.

The Hittites were first mentioned about 900 B. C. as a commercial and military nation to the north of Palestine.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 17, 1897.

THE ELECTION.

After a careful study of last Tuesday's successful ticket we fail to find much to be downhearted over. To be sure we lost the Mayor and few other favorite candidates, but in most instances tolerably good men were elected to take their places, and we feel to rejoice that the Lord gave us "half a loaf" rather than to cut us off with a few crumbs or nothing. Probably Mr. Bean and the others will live through it, and we are morally certain of being able to survive the shock to our nervous system.

The most important part of the election went our way. We mean of course the Board of Public Works. Three of the four successful candidates were nominated by the Charter Committee, Mr. Skinner was adopted by the Democrats, and Mr. Moore, the successful Democratic candidate, is a good business man, and as honest as the days are long. This means a clean, able and satisfactory administration, and that is all the JOURNAL asks for.

The Aldermen at Large also suit the JOURNAL. Six of the eight elected were Charter Committee nominees, and are as capable men as can be found in the city. The Ward Aldermen too are far above the average in intelligence and integrity.

The whole ticket is a vast improvement on what the city has heretofore had, and their election was a strong endorsement of the Nonpartisan plan for better local government. It fully justified the movement.

The success of the Charter Committees ticket (except the head) means radical changes in the Departments at City Hall, some of which are as corrupt as Tammany itself. Thank the Lord and the good sense of the people, Boodlers in the government must go.

WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

Encouragement and consolation are to be found in contemplating the vote last Tuesday on the temperance question. It was a harbinger of victory and better things in the future. It showed what good people can accomplish in a righteous cause when they earnestly set about it. The JOURNAL has said more than once, more than a score of times, that the churches could redeem Woburn from the rule of Rum if they would unite, put their shoulders to the wheel, and all lift together. What did they do last Tuesday?

In 1896 the majority for license was was 637; in 1897 it is only 176, a gain for "No License" in one year of **461!** Glory enough for one day!

We opine that the good pastors Packard and Scudder, and the men and women who stood by and worked with them, and in a particular manner, Rev. Dr. March, did not shed many tears when they read the returns; on the contrary, it is our opinion that they felt jubilant. They saw the fruits of their honest, earnest, manly and courageous work.

One more pull like that of Tuesday and Woburn will join the "No License" ranks—and stay there.

A FEATHER IN BEAN'S CAP.

The Bean and "No" vote went along pretty nearly hand in hand in every Ward last Tuesday. In the totals Feeney's plurality was 174; "Yes" carried the day by 176. Bean's vote was 1242; and the anti-license vote 1193; showing that the entire "No" strength and 49 others voted for him.

In his post-election chimney corner meditations these facts ought to afford Mr. Bean considerable comfort.

☞ The Republicans of Ward 1 did splendidly on election day. It is the banner Ward for voting.

☞ The lame, the halt, and the blind were brought to the polls, also the sound and well ones.

☞ It is highly probable that Alderman-elect W. F. Davis will be chosen President of the Board on Jan. 1, 1898.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Linnell—Xmas.
Hammond—Readers.
C. R. Smith—Gloves.
O. Gillette—Readers.
F. A. Locke—Reader.
E. Prior—Holiday Goods.
O. Gillette—Fine Jewelry.
Richardson & Bros.—Xmas.
Copeland & Bowser—Xmas.
W. H. A. W.—Pound Party.

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— "Christmas comes but once a year."

— Initial Handkerchiefs for gifts at Hammond's.

— Relief Corps 84 gave a charming whist party last Tuesday evening.

— Osborn Gillette, everybody's jeweler, 379 Main street.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— Prior is back at his old stand with a full line of holiday goods.

— There was quite a powerful rain last Sunday, but in the evening it was fine.

— Read the card of Parker, the Druggist, on the first page in this paper.

— 50c. Neckties, that look to be worth a dollar, at Hammond's. A nice gift.

— Everybody should hear the X-Ray lecture at Music Hall this evening.

— No School Tuesday afternoon. A northeast rain storm was what's the matter.

— Buy your sleds, rocking-horses, dolls and Christmas toys at Prior's and save money.

— The St. John's Baptist Fair is a great success, both artistically and financially.

— Our Boston business men voted early, as suggested by the JOURNAL. And the most of them voted right.

— A grand assortment of Christmas toys at Prior's. Everything to please the children.

— Dr. Springer is out of town a good part of the time attending to his other sanitariums.

— Large stock, fine goods, low price. Osborn Gillette, everybody's jeweler, 379 Main street.

— Mr. Holdridge has arranged a Christmas show window that attracts a good deal of attention.

— The French Canadian Club will give their annual ball at Lyceum Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 21.

— Clocks of every description, but the price is below everyone else. Everybody's jeweler, 379 Main street.

— Next Wednesday is "Forefather's Day." Best to celebrate it? Just as the people say, not that we care.

— The days will reach their shortest next Sunday, 9 hours and 4 minutes. On the 24th they will begin to lengthen.

— Miss Marguerite B. Dorr, sister of Mr. Leon Dorr, will pass the holidays here. She recently returned from Florida.

— Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, preached at the Home for Aged Women last Sunday afternoon.

— One of the best 25 cent gifts that can be made to a man or boy is a necktie. Hammond & Son, show a big assortment just from New York.

— A large stock of umbrellas same as all high price jewelers carry except in price. Everybody's jeweler, 379 Main street.

— Capt. Hanson's holiday trade has been excellent up to date, and why shouldn't it be? He has a splendid holiday stock.

— Our price is below every other jeweler in Woburn and always will be. Osborn Gillette, everybody's jeweler, 379 Main street.

— We call especial attention to the advertisement of A. L. Richardson & Brother in this paper. It tells an interesting story.

— What sense is there in voting against a candidate because some man, not liked, votes for him? Not much principle about that.

— Mr. C. M. Strout has as lively appearing a store in there is in town. He also has a good stock of everything in the store and tinware line.

— Your boy needs a new Reefer for cold weather. Why not surprise him Christmas morning with one. Hammond & Son have a fine assortment.

— Pause, Gentle Reader, a moment in front of Hartwell's fine market and cast your visual organs over the inviting display of Christmas eating there.

— Mrs. Jennings has a storeful of handsome Christmas goods. Santa Claus, we have learned, makes his headquarters at her store this season.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— A large stock of musical instruments, violins, accordeons, harps, mandolins, harmonicas, strings, bridges, keys, picks. Everybody's jeweler, 379 Main street.

— Bishop Lawrence will visit Trinity Episcopal church officially this evening. The Wardens, Deacons and Ladies are making Trinity prosperous these days.

— At their meeting last week the Woburn Co-operative Bank sold $5700 at 5 cents premium. We should think the sale a good one, considering the season of the year.

— Miss Belle Menard has received a call to supervise music in New York City at a salary of $1200 a year. Her position will be that of Assistant to Mr. Walter Damrosch.

— The Salvation Army will have charge of the Y. M. C. A. at the 4 o'clock meeting next Sunday, and will carry it on as one of their own meetings. Let everybody attend.

— The First Congregational church proposes to celebrate Forefathers Day in grand style Sunday evening next at 7 P. M. There will be a special season of rejoicing over the No License gain.

— The bargains in underwear and hosiery offered by Chester R. Smith were just as they were represented. The new underwear department at Smith's Dry Goods Store is the place to trade.

— Sterling silver goods is cheaper than last Christmas because silver is cheaper, and Osborn Gillette, everybody's Jeweler, is selling sterling silver goods by weight so you will get what you pay for.

— We have bought all our Holiday goods this year direct from the factories and save one profit. Inquire the price of our goods and see what you save by it. Osborn Gillette, everybody's jeweler, 379 Main street.

— "Pound Party Week" in aid of the Woburn Home for Aged Women opens on the first of January and continues through the week. The friends of the institution are asked to be generous in their donations.

— Mr. Fred Gowan, the Magnetic Physician, has a large practice in this and neighboring communities. He is very successful in treating diseases, especially nervous troubles, and his business is increasing right along.

— Fine Pottery of great attractiveness is what Copeland & Bowser have offered their customers this year in the Turada Ware, the artistic merit of which is bound to challenge and hold the attention of those who look at it.

— Last Monday evening Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., elected the following set of officers: Commander, Fort Staples; Senior Vice, Emmund C. Poland; Junior Vice, Henry C. Hall; Surgeon, George H. Ayer; Chaplain, E. W. Junkins; Quartermaster, Stephen F. Hathaway; Officer of Day, Alonzo L. Richardson; Outside Guard, Edward Hoskins; Delegates, George E. Fowle, James R. Wood; Alternates, J. Fred Leslie, Henry C. Hall.

For Sale or To Let.

House of 13 rooms and out-buildings and an acre of land, 138 Canal St. Two separate tenements, 6 and 10 dollars per month, or 15 dollars per month for whole place. No one but responsible persons need apply.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., Woburn

— Silk Embroidered Suspenders for gifts at Hammond's.

— The most powerful rain of the season took place between 11 a. m. Tuesday and 1 p. m. Wednesday.

— The fine assortment of doylies and table pieces done in Mexican work is worth looking at when you are inspecting the goods of Copeland & Bowser. We wonder how it is possible to offer such fine things for so little money.

— We would respectfully enquire what the Water Board propose to do with the enormous amount of pipe recently bought by them. It is unfit for use, anyway, and will never be put down; why was it bought? That's an easy question.

— Miss Beatrice A. Grant, daughter of Mr. Alexander Grant, of the Senior Class at Tufts College, College of Letters, has been assigned Commencement parts for this year. We have been told that she is a remarkable bright young lady.

— There was a large dancing party at Slater's Studio, Wyman Green, last Wednesday evening. Old-fashioned Contra Dances were enjoyed by those present. Dates are out for a special series through the winter. Stevens's orchestra furnish the music.

— Maud Littlefield has changed her violin instructor and is now studying with a gentleman who stands on the very topmost rung of the ladder. She goes to Boston once a week for her lesson, and her teacher says she will graduate a firstclass artist.

— Have you guessed on the weight of the turkey in the show window of Hammond & Son? There are several hundred estimates already registered and some one is sure to have a Christmas turkey dinner for nothing. Perhaps it will be you! Costs nothing to guess.

— According to the *Shoe & Leather Review* Frank P. Ham, representative of the Russel Counter Company of this city, the largest establishment of the kind in America, is the most popular salesman in the trade. He is also popular as a member of the Lynn city government.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell of the Cash Market has laid himself out big to supply this community with Christmas geese, turkeys, chickens, and other choice material for the Christmas dinner, and he affirms that his prices are away down to bedrock, and below. Try him on.

— No gift is more acceptable than an umbrella. This year's styles for ladies' use are shown in fancy porcelain and silver trimmed handles. In men's umbrellas, natural wood handles, with solid silver trimmings, are the proper thing. Hammond & Son show a good assortment.

— The light fingers of the Indian maidens have fashioned many fine articles of basket work and as we look over the stock on the counters of Copeland & Bowser we imagine that their customers will appreciate the judgment of the firm in offering these goods for inspection and sale.

— Last Monday Mr. Wallace S. Williams, a bright and reliable young man who has been in business training under Deacon Alvah Buckman for some time, went to the house of J. H. Daniels, Oliver street, Boston, to learn the art of lithograph and plate printing. His many friends here wish him abundant success.

— Ionic Lodge K. of P., has elected the following officers: C. C., W. F. Cummings; V. C., George Bland; N. W., J. E. Osborn; P., Daniel Williamson; K. R. and S., B. F. Waldron; M. E., H. B. Richardson; M. F., C. F. Spear; M. A., C. B. Sherburne; I. G., J. E. Furlong; O. G., F. S. Bassett.

— Books have been offered at very low prices at many times before this but never before have we seen a Bible like the one shown on the book counter at Copeland & Bowser's. A Concordance, latest maps, teachers helps, aids for Bible study, pronouncing dictionary of names, etc., are all included in this marvelous book for $1.25.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor of Pleasant st. is manufacturing some of the finest 1898 calendars we have seen. Among them are "The Old Belfry" at Lexington; Paul "Revere's House" at the North End; "The Adam's and Hancock Room" in the Sewall house, and a variety of others equally valuable as pictures and historic souvenirs.

— People are pointing a finger at the supposed incendiary who set fire to the Hart barn and destroyed so much of Curtis's property. They are pointing in the wrong direction. Not only that, but care should be used in discussing such things. If they but knew it serious injustice is being done by those who are pointing the finger of suspicion.

— The lowest prices in America for good Umbrellas, at Hammond & Sons.

The Perfect Pill

Perfect in preparation.
Perfect in operation.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Perfect post-prandial pill.
Perfect for all purposes.

THE PILL THAT WILL

— Umbrellas with sterling silver trimmings at Hammond's.

— Coffee unduly stimulates the nervous system. "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee" invigorates. Give it a trial.

— We were grieved to see so many men under the influence of intoxicating drinks on election day. It did not speak well for our city.

— Wouldn't it be a good plan for our ministers to sandwich in a few good lively temperance meetings among their regular services during the winter?

— Last Monday the neighbors were congratulating Mr. and Mrs. William E. Blodgett of Court End on the addition of a bouncing boy to their family.

— Mr. George C. Conn and family left here last Wednesday morning for Minneapolis, Minn., where they will hereafter reside. We wish them much joy in their new departure.

— Mr. Gordon Parker, the druggist, is making a handsome holiday exhibit at his neat and attractive store. He has excellent taste in selecting goods for Christmas presents.

— This community deeply sympathize with Rev. Doremas Scudder, pastor of the First Congregational church in this city, and Mrs. Scudder, in the loss by death of their infant son.

— Mr. Waterman Brown was defeated at the polls last Tuesday for member of the School Board. He received one vote. This however will not deter him from making a run for it again next year.

— Mr. James M. Kimball, Gypsy Moth Inspector, and an all round competent and honest young man, has lately been putting in some work at the headquarters of the Gypsy Moth Commission at Malden.

— The next man on the docket with Calendars was Mr. B. T. H. Porter, the Insurance Agent, whose companies are the best there are. His offering was the Cambridge Mutual, with pictures; and the Royal of Liverpool, England. He missed beating Hammond by just 60 minutes.

— Our good Methodist brethren had a great temperance meeting last Sunday evening. The house was crowded and the enthusiasm ran away up into the 90s. Rev. Mr. Packard has the art of attracting great audiences and also of keeping them. The meeting was a wonderful success from every point of view.

— The temperance meeting at the First church last Sunday evening was a rouser. Mr. John R. Anderson is "a whole team and a horse to let" on the No License platform, and he laid down the law and the gospel in great shape. Such a speech and meeting ought to have made at least 100 "no" votes on Tuesday.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce has sued the city in the sum of $2,000 for injuries to his wife occasioned by falling on a defective sidewalk on Bow street 7 weeks ago last Monday evening. He had repeatedly called the attention of the highway authorities to the unsafe condition of the sidewalk but they paid no attention to his warnings. Mrs. Pierce was permanently injured in the foot and ankle.

— The new officers of Relief Corps, 161, are: President, Mrs. Hattie Patten; Senior Vice, Mrs. Susan Crowell; Junior Vice, Mrs. Sarah Bancroft; Conductor, Mrs. Julia Britton; Guard, Mrs. Clara Poland; Chaplain, Mrs. M. B. Cutler; Delegates, Mrs. Rebecca Ayer, Mrs. Nellie Richardson; Alternates, Mrs. Eva P. Nichols, Mrs. Abbie French.

— Not many of us are artists, yet we can all appreciate fine work and anything that pleases the eyes helps us. Then calendar we consult every day should be a thing of beauty, and we know our readers will find many such in the remarkably fine stock at Copeland & Bowser's. Raphael Tuck & Sons and Prang have sent their best to enrich the counters of this firm.

— Metropolitan market, James Dorward, Jr., Proprietor, is always abreast of the times, and a little ahead, but at Chrismastide it shines. It can sell, put up and deliver from 10 cents to ten dollar dinners while you wait, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Just look at his geese, turkeys and chickens.

— The following are the new officers of Charles Bowers Winn Camp of Sons of Veterans: Captain, Roderick J Foss; 1st Lieutenant, William F. Cummings; 2d Lieutenant, Frank E. Cotton; Camp Council, N. W. Eaton, Lewis W. Patten, Edwin K. Porter; Delegates, Edwin K. Porter, Edward E. Foss, J. E. Cutler, James O. Pasho.

— The following persons participated in the smoke talk and banquet of Mishawum Lodge, A. O. U. W., last week: P. M., Fred W. McAllister was toastmaster, and the speakers included P. G. M. W., John C. Bickford, Manchester, N. H.; M. W., Morrison, R. Wolcott, Somerville; D. G. M. W., Lund and M. W., Wellington, Medford. Harmonica solos were rendered by A. E. Woodland.

— Hammond & Son, Principal clothiers, lead the procession on getting out and delivering 1898 calendars. Last Tuesday morning they sent us a nice one, hand made and specially prepared. The illustration is a fine photographic picture of the Count Rumford House which is accompanied by letterpress telling who and what the Count was. This adds to the value of the Calendar. Thanks, Winthrop.

— Last Monday morning Mr. Clarence Littlefield, Superintendant of the Barker Lumber Company of which Mr. E. G. Barker is President and General Manager, informed a JOURNAL man who was circulating around in pursuit of business items, that the Company sold more lumber last month than during any previous November in its history, and that there has been no falling off since December came in.

— At their annual meeting last week Woburn Council of Knights of Columbus elected the following officers: Timothy Calnan, GK; Edward F. Cassidy, DGK; John Lynch, FS; John McNally, RS; Thomas J. Holland, Treas; Maurice E. Fitzgerald, C; Chas. L. O'Neil, W; John P. Feeney, A; Dr. P. A. Caulfield, L; Rev. J. J. Gilday, Chap; John P. Dowling, IG; W. H. J. Fitzgerald, OG; Michael Hickey, Charles L. O'Neil, James McDonald, Trustees.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

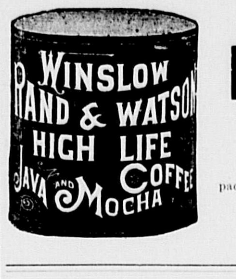
to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.



Winslow, Rand & Watson
High Life Coffee
This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS; and
NECTAR JAVA COFFEE
packed in 3-lb. Square Tins, are the finest Coffee on the market.
For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

— Pay particular attention, please, to Mrs. Recording Clerk Richardson's report of the Woman's Club meeting, and be especially mindful of what she says about the lecture this evening at 8 o'clock. All the particulars are given by her.

— By invitation of the Liverpool, England, Manager, Mr. Thomas Salmon and Mr. Elisha F. Hayward were guests at a grand banquet given by him on board of the Steamship Canada of the Dominion Line, anchored in Boston Harbor, one evening last week, and had a glorious time. About 150 gentlemen were partakers of the bountiful and sumptuous banquet, and other hospitalities of the English Manager. It was a very hightoned affair.

— In order that the customers of Copeland & Bowser may have the best the market affords, the firm have purchased supplies from many markets and succeeded in gathering together a remarkably fine stock of seasonable goods. No need to enumerate their different departments, it will be better for our readers to see for themselves. Only we would say that they have outdone all past efforts and show this season goods suitable for the needs of all, and at prices within the reach of all.

— Mr. F. P. Brooks's display of holiday goods is up to date in every particular. His store has in the past been popular for its beautiful gift wares; they have always been of the best kind—handsome and useful; but he has broken his own record this year. His windows, showcases, counters and shelves are loaded down with elegant boudoir goods, vases, celluloid creations, and many other desirable things for Christmas and New Years. Mr. Brooks is already having a fine trade in these elegant goods.

— The Local Charitable Association will open headquarters for the receipt and distribution of food, clothing, coal, etc., to the poor next Monday in the rooms in Lyceum Hall building recently occupied by Mrs. Howe, the chiropodist. Mr. John Lynch and others will be present during the week to look after the donations, which all hope will be generous, for the needy ones in the city are numerous, and many of them are in dire straits for food, clothing and fuel. The Association did oceans of good last winter, and it is hoped their work will be still more gratifying this season.

Sleep

Induced by the use of coca, opiate or narcotic compounds is bad, decidedly bad. It undermines the health and shatters the constitution and the patient is steadily growing into a worse condition—often resulting in the terrible slavery and misery of the cocaine and opium habit. Sleep induced by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla may not come as quickly, but it comes more surely, permanently and is

Sweet

And refreshing because it is realized through nature's great restoring and rejuvenating channel—purified, vitalized and enriched blood. This feeds the nerves with life-giving energy and builds up the system and constitution from the very foundation of all health and life—the blood—pure, rich, red blood.

Refreshing

"I was generally run down last spring, appetite was poor and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me right up, gave good appetite and I was soon able to get a good night's rest." G. F. WHITNEY, Merchant, Yeomans St., Ionia, Michigan.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

— Pinehurst, North Carolina, a model New England village, although only two years old, is fast becoming a famous winter resort. Houses completely furnished can be rented at very moderate prices. Situated in the "long leaf" pine district, consumption is an unknown disease among the natives, and it is an ideal place for a rest. The entire village is owned by Mr. J. W. Tufts, President of the American Soda Fountain Company who is known to many Woburn people. If you are planning a trip South this Winter by applying at the store of Hammond & Son a descriptive circular regarding Pinehurst can be obtained.

— Mr. George T. Connor's Christmas windows and counters are loaded down with choice, beautiful and useful holiday goods. There isn't a prettier display in the city, and we are told that the women and young people are buying more freely than ever. Mr. Connor's trade has increased very materially since moving into the new store, No. 335 Main street, opposite of Dow's block, and he is more than satisfied with the change. His old customers followed him to the new place, others have been added, and he has no complaint to make on the score of transient custom. We advise our readers to call and see his holiday wares.

— The next meeting of the Men's League will be held at 7.30 o'clock, Wednesday evening, Dec. 22, at the Congregational church. Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., will favor the Club with "Personal Recollections of John Brown." Mr. Sanborn was one of the most earnest and fearless advocates of the movement for the abolition of slavery. He was associated with the prominent Massachusetts leaders and became intimately acquainted with John Brown. He was one of the members of the Concord School of Philosophy with Emerson, Alcott and the rest; is at the head of the American Social Science Association and as a forceful writer has few superiors. The public are invited to hear him.

— Lyceum Hall was well filled last Sunday afternoon with good temperance people who went to listen to arguments in favor of No License by Mr. John P. Watson, Ex-President of the Essex County Catholic Total Abstinence Union, one of the most eloquent advocates that the reform has in the State. The meeting which was held under the auspices of the St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society, or at least by their procurement, was opened by Mr. James McGovern, a stalwart friend and worker for temperance, in as neat a speech as was ever heard in Lyceum Hall on the subject. Although brief Mr. McGowan said many excellent things and in a way, both in manner and words, that must have made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers. He ought to do more public talking for the good cause. Mr. Watson dealt in facts and arguments that were convincing, and our belief is, the meeting was productive of great good. We want to see the St Charles boys cut loose from their fetters and strike out boldly and actively for temperance on their own hook.

— Reindeer Gloves lined with silk. An acceptable gift, Hammond & Son.

A Magazine Free.

To say that great and constantly increasing popularity is meeting the New England Home Magazine, which the Boston *Sunday Journal* gives absolutely free to its readers, is stating the matter mildly. It is announced that next Sunday's number will be an especially attractive one. Among other things it will have the beginning of a series of articles telling of heroic deeds of Boston policemen, deeds in which they have risked their lives to save others; the real names of favorite actresses who are commonly known by theatre names; a striking story by E. C. Clarke, combining humor and pathos in a delightful way; a graphic report of the situation of the gold-seekers at Skaguay, held back from their goal by passes made impracticable by snow, written by a Boston man now in Skaguay; an article telling of the Women Clerks' Benefit Association of Boston, its officers, and what it is doing. Fine artistic and profuse illustrations will be a feature of this number, as of all. It should be especially noted that readers of the *Boston Sunday Journal* receives this magazine absolutely free.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

Fires.

At 4.30 Monday afternoon by quick and determined work Mr. A. L. Holdridge prevented a big fire in his store in Mechanics Block. In arranging a show window for the holidays a spark fell among the cotton with which it was lined and as quick as powder the whole was in a raging plaze. Mr. Holdridge, who was standing in the window at the time, went at it vigorously and in a few minutes the fire was out. There was no damage to speak of.

An alarm at 9 o'clock Monday evening from box 21 summoned the firemen to a fire on the Hart estate, Central Square. Mr. George G. Hart saw it and gave the alarm. The firemen found the large barn belonging to Mrs. Hart and occupied by William H. Curtis wrapped in flames and worked hard but unsuccessfully to save it. It and the contents were totally destroyed. The barn was filled with hay, wagons, harnesses and animals. Of the 14 cows 13 were burned to death, 4 horses and 100 fowls were also lost, and a large amount of property consumed. Mrs. Hart had an insurance of $300 on the building, and Mr. Curtis's loss was partially or wholly covered by insurance. The total loss was about $4000. The origin of the fire has not been ascertained, but was thought to have been accidental.

At 9 o'clock Tuesday morning an alarm was rung in from box 62 for a fire at 11 Bennett st., the home of Martin Walsh. It was caused by some burning paper in the kitchen and amounted to nothing.

Palmer—Nichols.

At 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, December 14, 1897, at the residence of the bride's mother, No. 15 Nichols street in North Woburn, Rev. George H. Tilton, pastor of the North Congregational church, united in marriage Mr. FRANK W. PALMER of Lawrence, Mass., and Miss ALICE E. NICHOLS of Woburn, daughter of Mrs. Abbie L. Nichols, and granddaughter of the late Stephen Nichols. Only relatives of the bride and groom witnessed the interesting ceremonies. They were attended by Master Stephen Walter Nichols and Miss Bertha Marion Nichols of Atlantic, cousins of the bride, who was elegantly attired in a traveling dress and carried wedding flowers.

The presents were beautiful, useful and too numerous to be even catalogued here.

When Mr. and Mrs. Palmer return from their honeymoon tour through Maine they will settle and reside at Lawrence. Their journey to Boston was enlivened by the music of Martin's Wedding March played on a conchshell all the way down.

The JOURNAL offers congratulations.

Free of Charge to Sufferers.

Cut this out and take it to your druggist and get a sample bottle free of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. They do not ask you to buy before trying. This will show you the great merits of this truly wonderful remedy, and show you what can be accomplished by the regular size bottle. This is no experiment, and would be disastrous to the proprietors, did they not know it would invariably cure. Many of the best physicians are now using it in their practice with great results, and are relying on it in most severe cases. It is guaranteed. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drugstore. Regular size 50 ents and $1.00

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS BANCROFT
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS A. JOSEPHINE LANG,
ACCOMPANIST
And Teacher of the Piano-forte
Will receive pupils, September 18, 1897
413 Main St., Woburn.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

We have a full assortment of Raisins, Citron, Spices, Currants, Seasonings, Nuts and Confectionery for the Christmas trade.

	Per lb.
Best California Raisins	12c
3 Crown California Raisins	8c
2 Crown California Raisins	5c
Best Seeded Raisins, 1 lb. package	12c
English Currants	8c
Best Washed Currants, 1 lb. package	12c
Leghorn Citron	13c
American Citron	15c
Lemon Peel	15c
Orange Peel	15c
Mixed Nuts	13c
2 lbs. for 25 cents.	
Best Broken Candy	13c
2 lbs. for 25 cents.	
Best Peanut Taffy	13c
2 lbs. for 25 cents.	
Mixed Chocolates, fine goods	25c

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Thirty-Second Regiment.

The annual dinner of the 32d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers was held on Monday last at the United States Hotel, Boston, the guest of the occasion being Miss Marian T. Hosmer of North Woburn, daughter of Alvan Hosmer of Company F.

Comrade Hosmer was sunstruck on the march down the Peninsular and a detachment left to guard him returned with the word that he was dead. From this his former companions little thought that he had lived all these years, ill, until January 1895.

Those present at the dinner were: Col. I. F. Kingsbury of West Newton, Co. F, with Miss Hosmer; I. F. Hoyt, Co. I; N. L. Savery, F; Capt. Wm. E. Rust, H; D. M. Place, C; George Tanner, C; Wm. Grover, A; James McCarty, A; A. K. Ripley, F; William Foreman, H; A. A. Coburn, H; John N. Breed, John R. Davis, F; Gustavus C. Green, F; L. E. Ricker, F; Wm. H. Hersey, F; Franklin S. Wilson, Waldo Flint, B; Wm. H. Thomas, A; Amos B. Holden, Hosea Hyde, Samuel Rust, Stephen Rich, Henry Taylor, Joseph E. Cousins, K; Fred Hutchings, William H. Norris, Chas. H. Ramsdell, C; Albert Andrews, H; Wm. F. Shaw, A; Cyrus P. Watson, Otis H. Barnes, B; E. A. Stone, B; and William Grover, Jr.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

A Bit of Twine

Tied around the finger refreshes the memory. And that is the object of this card. Christmas, this year, will arrive as usual in the month of December, and upon the 25th day thereof. Christmas gifts will be due about the same time. We mention simply

NECKWEAR
HANDKERCHIEFS
GLOVES
HOSIERY
SUSPENDERS
UMBRELLAS

This is OUR Bit of Twine.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

Our Holiday Goods Are Now Ready

For inspection and sale. Our regular patrons need only be told the stock is up to preceeding years. To those not so well acquainted we would say that our lines of China and Glass ware, Artistic Pottery, Celluloid novelties, Christmas cards, booklets and Calendars, and our usual large stock of Dry and Fancy Goods, are worthy of attention.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

The Way To Have a Merry Christmas

Is to make others happy. Make them happy with suitable gifts. But where to find the gifts? Our stock answers that question perfectly. Come and see. Something for every eye. Something for every taste. To look through our splendid assortment is a pastime. To show the goods is a pleasure.

Linwood E. Hanson,

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 4—3.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Than any other place in Woburn, of useful as well as appropriate articles

Useful Christmas Presents.

Most people like short stories. We will let the goods and prices speak for themselves.

Read this column and see what you can get for 25c.

1 pair Cuffs
2 Collars
1 Band Bow
1 Shield Bow
3 White Lawn Bows
1 Club Tie
1 4-in-Hand Tie
1 Teck Tie
1 Windsor Tie
1 pair Arm Bands
1 initial Linen Handkerchief
1 Fancy Border Linen Handkerchief
3 Hemstitched White Handkerchiefs
1 pair Cuff Buttons
1 pair Link Cuff Buttons.
1 Shirt Stud
1 pair Men's Silk Garters
1 pair Suspenders
1 pair Leather Gloves or Mitts
1 pair Woolen Gloves or Mitts
1 pair Wristers
1 pair Hose
2 pair Hose
3 pair Hose
8 pair Hose
1 Boy's Cap
1 pair Boy's Pants
1 Men's Working Shirt
1 Whip
1 Boy's or Men's Undershirt, or Drawers.

Read this column and see what you can get for 50c.

2 pair Cuffs
3 Collars
1 Teck Tie
1 Imperial Tie
1 Knot Scarf
1 4-in-Hand Tie
1 Band Bow
2 Band Bows
2 Shield Bows
2 Windsor Ties
1 pair Arm Bands
2 initial Handkerchiefs
1 Silk Handkerchiefs
1 Fancy Border Handkerchief
6 Hemstitched Handkerchiefs
1 pair Cuff Buttons
3 Shirt Studs
1 pair Suspenders
1 pair Leather Gloves or Mitts
1 pair Woolen Gloves or Mitts
1 pair Hose
2 pair Hose
4 pair Hose
6 pair Hose
15 pair Hose
1 Men's Cap
1 Muffler
1 White Shirt, lanundered or unlaundered
1 Suit Boy's Underwear
1 Undershirt for Men
1 pair Drawers for Men
1 Tam O'Shanta Hat

A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main St.

1847 Roger Bros. Knives $2.50 per dozen.
1847 Roger Bros. Forks $2.50 per dozen.
Roger's Tea Spoons 75c. per Set.
Roger's Table Spoons $1.50 per Set.
Child's Cup, full size, gold lined, quad. plate, 75c.
Ointment Jars with Sterling Silver Tops 17c.

Our prices always were below every other Jeweler and always will be. Get others prices then come to me and I will sell you far less.

OSBORN GILLETTE, Manufacturing Jeweler,
379 Main St., Woburn.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO OUR STOCK OF

Winter Overcoatings

And other seasonable goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

You Have No Idea How Cheap You Can Get CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Until you have examined the pretty things at

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Picture Drama.

Fifteen characters were impersonated by one woman, Anna Delony Martin, in a picture drama entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda," last evening, in the People's Temple. The entertainment was unique, being a representation, by means of impersonation and a large number of pictures taken from life, of Anthony Hope's romantic novel. The illustrating equipment, together with Miss Martin's natural ability as a reader, brought to the eye and ear of the audience a full realization of the drama, even though presented in so novel a form. Miss Martin, it is understood, has arranged the entire composition herself; the role of characters includes Black Michael and Gertrude, and they have the flavor of Anthony Hope's men and women.—*Boston Herald*, Dec. 7. At Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Dec. 20.

The Coming Woman

Who goes to the club while her husband tends the baby, as well as the good old-fashioned woman who looks after her home, will both at times get run down in health. They will be troubled with loss of appetite, headaches, sleeplessness, fainting or dizzy spells. The most wonderful remedy for these women is Electric Bitters. Thousands of sufferers from Lame Back and Weak Kidneys rise up and call it blessed. It is the medicine for women. Female complaints and Nervous troubles of all kinds are soon relieved by the use of Electric Bitters. Delicate women should keep this remedy on hand to build up the system. Only 50c. per bottle. For sale by Parker, the Druggist.

FOR THE

Holidays

Choice Perfumes
Celluloid Novelties
Xmas Cards
Calendars

The largest line we have ever shown.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

ODE TO THE SUN.

BY DEAN DUDLEY.

Thou glorious orb of heavenly birth,
Father of all the solar train,
Best, brightest, eldest friend of Earth,
Whose power and breath all life sustain!

Whence came thy splendors, sovereign star?
From nebulous clouds wert thou unrolled?
From seas of fire, that gleamed afar
And cast thee forth like glittering gold?

And all thy radiant daughters too,
That march across the wondrous skies
When night reveals the spangled blue
To crown the world and bless all eyes?

With heart of flame and flashing glance
Thou drawest thy brood of globes along
While trailing comets round thee dance
Beneath the constellation throng.

Transcendant monarch of the year,
Within thy bosom boil and glow
All minerals and gems that here
In earthly forms we see or know.

Eternal art thou world of light?
Electric wonder greatest, first;
Or shalt thou sink in endless night,
And all thy glories be reversed?

A sun, lost from the host of heaven,
Would not be stranger than one born.
Was not a pleiad lost from seven?
Stars come and go, like night and morn.

And I must go and leave thee, friend,
I, that so love thy sweet embrace,
I, that would bless thee to the end,
Must bid adieu to thy dear face.

O Sun, shine on my humble grave!
Let thy X-Rays relume my bones!
And, while the wild winds round me rave,
I will not heed their dismal moans.

Woman's Club.

On Friday afternoon, Dec. 3, the Woburn Woman's Club met in Music Hall to listen to Miss Mabel G. Foster, who gave "Glimpses of Boston Studios." It was Miss Foster's purpose to take her audience for an imaginary trip among a few of the studios of famous artists.

"In 1725," she remarked, "there was no one in Boston who could make a satisfactory likeness, but upon the importation of a Vandyck portrait, the genius of Copley and others was stirred, which was the beginning of artistic efforts among others, until today we may find two hundred or more studios in Boston. As we pass from one to another we must not detract from the pleasure in store, by too harsh criticism, and that which is passed should be constructive rather than destructive, giving encouragement whenever deserved. As we pass judgment we should know what the artist purposed to portray in these dreams upon canvas, else we may find ourselves wholly out of sympathy with his subject, as few paint for fun, but work out bits of the heart."

Among the studios mentioned was that of Abbott Graves, famous as a painter of flowers, also Charles Copeland, who has done so much for the *Youth's Companion*. At the rooms of Charles S. Pierce are seen paintings of cattle, which Mr. Pierce studies at his farm in Peterboro, N. H. One of Miss Foster's most interesting sketches was of Charles H. Reed, a trumpeter in the Civil War, who, became such an excellent trumpeter, was not allowed to expose himself in the thickest of the battle. While obeying orders to keep behind trees, out of harm's way Mr. Reed fell into the habit of making hurried sketches of army life, which are now very valuable as illustrative of the Civil War.

Mr. John Enneking at 174 Tremont street has much to interest us, as one picture after another is slipped into a frame, thus enabling each to be studied without distraction. One secret of his success lies in careful study of tone qualities, as he wanders out at twilight to make a hasty sketch of his subject, watching the effect of the changing colors of sunset.

The favorite model of Joseph Hattfield was his own little daughter Doris, who has helped him in many ways in his portrayal of child life, which has made him a favorite with many. Boston may justly be proud of representation by one of her artists at the Congressional Library in Washington, since a work by Frank Benson is among its art treasures.

Jacob Wagner, in a patriotic mood, wonders why Americans go to Paris, when so much of the beautiful is in our own country. The time proved all too short so that many studios of interest had to remain unvisited, but the lecturer, by her enthusiasm, aroused her audience to a keen appreciation of the subject. It ought not to be said that, "Boston people are credited with being cold toward their art colony, which does so much to elevate the standard of their city."

The next meeting of the Club will be an evening with "The Rays of Roentgen," illustrated with stereopticon. Charles S. Norton, S. B. is well qualified to interest his audience and affords a rare opportunity to become familiar with this subject. Date, Friday evening, Dec. 17, at 8 o'clock, in Music Hall. This lecture is open to the public. Admission 25 cents. Club members admitted by membership tickets.

C. G. R., Rec. Clerk.

Red nose, weeping eyes and a bad cough. The worst of the combination is the cough. Cure that with Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. A few day's will do it. Better not wait. A cough grows.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Wresting Truth to our Destruction." Sunday School at 12 M.

ST. JOHN'S BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Walter Gay. Christian Endeavor at 6 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Friday evening, Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Service at 7. Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting at 7.30 led by Dr. Crane.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday in Advent.
Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. E. Spaulding. Subject: "The Heavenly Father." Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 6 P. M. At 7 P. M., Public Service. Subject: "The Lessons of Defeat drawn from the License Victory." Tuesday, Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Forefathers Day Celebration. Special Music and The Congregationalist Service. Dr. March speaker. Thursday, at 4 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 9, by Rev. I. H. Packard, John T. Hooper and Lizzie Barrett, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 14, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Frank W. Palmer and Alice E. Nichols, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Monday, Dec. 13, Stephen, infant son of Doremus and Ruth Scudder, shortly after birth.

CITY ELECTION.

A lively interest was manifested in the city election last Tuesday, the storm centre being the Mayoralty contest. The vote was fairly large, as was to be expected where the leaders were so active and determined. From the middle of the forenoon until night the weather was nasty, which played into the hands of the owners of teams. Many carriages were in evidence all day. It was a peaceable election. There were no fights or quarrels. The result is given below:

MAYOR.	
George F. Bean,	1242
*John P. Feeney,	1416
Levi Furbush,	47
ALDERMEN-AT-LARGE.	
*Wm. R. Bartlett	1509
*Timothy Calnan	1814
*Edmund C. Cottle	1502
*William F. Davis	1329
Joseph F. DeLoriea	1263
*B. Frank Kimball	1294
*John F. Larkin	1328
Augustus B. McCarthy	1066
James F. McLaughlin	994
Frank H. Naven	963
George H. Newhall	1027
*Benjamin H. Nichols	1278
George W. Norris	1054
*S. Franksford Trull	1270
BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.	
ONE YEAR.	
*James Skinner	1749
TWO YEARS.	
*Elwyn G. Preston	1311
Charles J. Quigley	1162
THREE YEARS.	
Albert F. Converse	1122
*Thomas Moore	1401
FOUR YEARS.	
*George E. Fowle	1343
John O'Donnell	1161
WARD ALDERMEN.	
Ward 1.	
*James H. Kelley	269
Herbert E. Lord	203
Ward 2.	
*Edward E. Lynch	317
James P. Mooney	232
Ward 3.	
Nathan W. Frye	246
*Timothy E. Walsh	257
Ward 4.	
*Joseph H. Parker	221
Arthur B. Wyman	215
Ward 5.	
William H. Cadwell	69
*Richard Garrity	128
Ward 6.	
*Edwin J. Marston	223
Ward 7.	
James T. Conole	89
*Patrick Daley	95
SCHOOL COMMITTEE.	
Jennie K. Adams.	2275
Thomas J. Feeney	2163
Thomas D. Hevey	2121
LICENSE.	
Yes, 1369.	No, 1193.

*Elected.

The Explanation.

In explanation of the defeat of Alderman Dana J. Flanders for Mayor, stress is laid upon his connection with the Boston & Maine railroad. While doubtless handicapped somewhat by the position he holds, we do not believe that fully accounts for his rejection. Mayor Farnham is serving his first year. He was entitled to a second term, and the people decided that he should have it. Alderman Flanders is serving his first term, and is an honest, fearless and valuable member of the Board. If he had consented to have been a candidate for re-election to the Board of Aldermen, he would certainly have been returned—in fact, it is doubtful if he would have had an opponent. Next fall he could have been a candidate for Mayor and have been elected. Then this talk of his connection with the Boston & Maine railroad would not have been used against him, for those who know Mr. Flanders, a man of the highest honor, know that he never would allow his position in any corporation to interfere with his duty to the city.—*Malden Mirror.*

There is no doubt but what the feeling that an officer who has done fairly well the first year is entitled to a second term was what elected Mayor Farnham and defeated Mr. Flanders. It is a sort of unwritten law and hard to fight against. But the Malden people say Mr. Flanders would have made an ideal Chief Executive of their city.

North Woburn.

Mr. Homer Danforth is employed by the Whitall Carpet Company of Worcester as designer. We wish Homer great success.

Mr. Charles Dearborn had the middle finger of the left hand severely crushed by a timber last Friday. A portion of it had to be amputated. Mr. Dearborn will have a chance to recuperate on the jury.

Ward six shows by its election returns that it can still lay claim to being the cleanest Ward in the city. This is especially strengthened when we consider the large number of votes cast for the candidate for "Municipal Reform."

The Cantata given by the Choral Society Thursday evening, the 9th, was a success in every way. The solos by Miss Bass of Boston and the selections by the orchestra of Melrose were especial features. Between forty and fifty dollars were cleared.

The waterproofing factory was burned to the ground last Thursday. This is the second time it has been burned. The first time was in 1895 when it had been running twenty years. The factory is owned by N. Boynton of Boston, dealer in cotton ducks, and is operated by Mr. Carlton Warren.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Billousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

"The Heart of Chicago" which comes to the Columbia next week, is the newest melodrama to make a bid for popular favor. It offers enough scenic inducement to make it worth while seeing. The plot itself is said to be of more than ordinary merit. Of course, it appeals to those who dote on sensationalism, but it is said in its favor that its sensational incidents, while exciting in the extreme, are perfectly logical, and follow as a natural sequence to the portions of the story already revealed.

THE TREMONT.

Francis Wilson commences a two weeks engagement at the Tremont Theatre, Monday, Dec. 20. The regular orchestra will be augmented to twenty pieces for Mr. Wilson's special benefit. In "Half a King" Mr. Wilson has found as comfortable a vehicle as "The Merry Monarch," which it resembles in style but not at all in substance. It is just the sort of piece, more extravaganza than comic opera, in which Mr. Wilson revels and in which the public like him best. He plays a harmless vagabond very like the disreputable character in "Erminie" which Mr. Wilson used to interpret with such success. The mountebank, Tireschappe, in "Half a King" succeeds in passing himself off as a duke, and his pretty adopted daughter, who is really an aristocrat, thereby becomes engaged to a young sprig of the nobility, whose heart she had won previously in her humble capacity. The adventures of the mountebank in aristocratic circles are immensely amusing, and an effective climax is provided in the second act by his adopted daughter's resolve to terminate the imposture. She wins her lover, nevertheless, her noble birth is established, and, of course, all ends merrily with wedding bells. A very dainty and engaging heroine, in short, is Miss Glaser. A gala matinee will be given on Saturday, Christmas day. Seats now on sale.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case having resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

They'll Get You on a String.

To the Editor of the People's Column—I would like to warn your readers against the fake piano tuners who have been out my way; one to solicit work and the other to tune. I have been sadly victimized myself, and make it public, in order to save others from a similar fate.

In my case, when the tuning was half done, a string was broken, and the one who did the talking, he did it well, said that there must be eight more new strings put in, beside repairing the broken one. Also, as they wished to leave the piano in fine order, for their own credit, that it must be voiced. I paid them all they asked for the extra work, but after they were gone I had some misgivings, and on examining the piano found that I had paid for eight strings which had not been put in, and that the condition of the piano was far worse than it had ever been before.

Such frauds ought to be exposed, and no doubt there are other victims who will be glad to add their testimony to mine. Dorchester.

These men must be doing a profitable business, they bait their line with a low price, but haul them in with the unseen hook of extra work.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

No License Meeting.

Although the evening was stormy, the lecture at the Methodist church last Sunday evening was largely attended. It was at first thought best not to open the gallery, but the crowd was so great that there was not room below, and the gallery was opened. When the hour of 7.45 arrived there was not an available seat in the entire house.

After interesting talks by two prominent citizens. Miss Jessie Rollins sang very sweetly a solo entitled, "Papa, Vote for Me." Miss Blanche Gray read a selection, "Buy your own Cherries," which was beautifully illustrated, and made a deep impression on the vast audience. The pastor, Rev. I. H. Packard, spoke with telling effect on the "Fallacies of No License arguments," with striking illustrations on the canvas. A quartet sang "Lend-a-Hand."

This meeting was the crowning one of the three which have been held in this church, and have had a wonderful influence on the entire community.—C.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 4. Dec. 10.				
Brown,	161	165	139	465
Parker,	131	163	148	442
Smith,	122	205	29	456
Murdock,	156	150	150	456
Martyn,	144	105	145	394
Team Totals,	714	788	711	2213
TEAM 1.				
Atwood,	93	118	130	341
Knowlton,	160	118	171	449
Linnell,	152	170	134	456
Cramphorn,	153	143	111	407
Fowle,	162	133	104	399
Team Totals,	720	682	650	2052
TEAM 2. Dec. 15.				
Buxton,	136	147	153	436
Curtis,	151	136	117	404
Bartlett,	108	134	145	387
Marion,	172	141	149	462
Caulfield,	165	182	161	508
Team Totals,	732	740	725	2197
TEAM 6.				
Lord,	175	123	128	426
Lowell,	135	153	130	418
Stevenson,	169	142	132	443
Hovey,	143	159	129	431
Estabrook,	120	147	165	432
Team Totals,	742	724	685	2150

Y. P. S. C. E. Entertainment.

This Society gave a remarkably fine entertainment in the vestry of the Congregational church on Wednesday evening. It was an artistical and financial success. The prefatory remarks by Mr. Fred J. Brown, in the absence of President Charles Hill were excellent. The reading and declamation by Master Murdock and Miss Rollins showed fine ability in the elocutionary art. Miss Cook's recitation was highly creditable to her and her instructors. The Fan Drill was splendidly performed, and was recalled. The following was the

PROGRAMME.

Words of Preface,	Mr. F. J. Brown
Cornet Duet,	Messrs. Crosby and Dow
Recitation,	Miss Helen B. Cook
Young Ladies' Fan Drill.	
Declamation,	Master Guy E. Marion
Banjo and Guitar Duet,	Misses Cora M. and Sadie Buxton.
Declamation,	Master J. Max Murdock
Cornet Duet,	Messrs. Crosby and Dow
Reading,	Miss Lottie M. Rollins
Tenor Solo,	Mr. George N. Parker
Flute Solo,	Mr. Waldo P. Cutler

WANTED AGENTS to sell our Printing Presses, Vulcanizers, Baggage and Key Checks, Steel and Rubber Stamps, Seal Presses, Stencils, &c. J. F. W. DORMAN CO., 121 E. Fayette St., Balto., Md. Catalogue free.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their Banking Rooms on Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1898, at 4.45 P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 10, 1897.

GLOVES
—FOR THE—
HOLIDAYS!

A Good Present.
Handsome Present.
A Useful Present.

A pair of our $1.00 Ladies' Kid Gloves will make a very acceptable gift. Also, remember you can buy

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY

for every member of the family, in our new Underwear Department.

Chester R. Smith,
UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT,
399 & 401 Main Street,
Smith's Dry Goods Store, Woburn

—A—
Bargain
THE
New England Home Magazine
GIVEN FREE EVERY WEEK
To every buyer of the
BOSTON SUNDAY JOURNAL

Order the Journal of your newsdealer for next Sunday.

MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits to J. F. W. Dorman Co., 121 E Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Catalogue free.

Woburn Star Course
1897
1898

Sixth Entertainment.
LYCEUM HALL
MONDAY Evening, Dec. 20, '97
PICTURE DRAMA.
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

By Anthony Hope. Arranged, illustrated and read by

Anna DeLony Martin.

SURE TO PLEASE.

Season Tickets for balance of the Course 75 cents.
Single Tickets, 25 & 35c.
For sale at Brooks's Pharmacy.
Doors open at 7.30 Entertainment at 8.

Returned for Business.

Miss M. REEVES

Has returned and taken the Rooms lately occupied by Dr. Allen in **Mechanics Building**, where she will carry on the business of

Dressmaking and Ladies' Tailoring

in all its branches as formerly. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. She respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

NOTICE!
Skirts Cut and Made

and worn ones renovated, sleeves remodeled. All kinds of sewing. Prices reasonable.
Also, Tenement To Let.

Mrs. L. A. GRAMMER.
148 Salem St.

Electric cars pass the door.

For Sale Cheap.

Owing to a change in business I shall offer property on Cleveland ave. and Beach st. For Sale. A portion of this property will be sold for less than one half of city valuation.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

NOTICE.

The friends of the **Woburn Home for Aged Women** will please remember the Pound Party that is held for its benefit the **first week in January of each year.** From the beginning to the end of the week donations will be thankfully received at the Home.

ROSANNA B. TIDD,
Secretary.

HENRY E. PACKER, M. D.,

Successor to N. A. Springer, M. D., and H. L. Shepherd, M. D., has located at

No. 11 Pleasant Street, Woburn,

And will be pleased to attend those who wish his services.

Telephone 56—2.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Auditor's Department.

All persons or firms having BILLS AGAINST THE CITY OF WOBURN are requested to present the same on or before Friday, December 24.

As the various Committees on the approval of bills will meet Monday, December 27th NO BILLS received later than above date will be included in the December order on the City Treasurer.

CHARLIE A. JONES,
City Auditor.

WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the second account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Helen M. Lesson, the trustee for the benefit of Frances S. Ingalls, under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and second accounts of her trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

Likewise Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, and all kinds of Staple Meats, Fish, and the Best Oysters in America, now ready for delivery at

C. C. STONE & Co's,
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass

Also, Vegetables, Fruits, and everything else needed for

THE HOLIDAYS.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on **HOLBRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN** of Woburn, who will show the model and explain it to you. Also, the **Ball-bearing Draw Slide**, saves strength and gives comfort by making those heavy draws run smoothly as though on wheels. Kimball Industrial Manufac'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

Call and examine our line of Ranges, Parlor Stoves and Oil Heaters

C. M. STROUT
Old Postoffice Rooms
Dow's Block.

Tenement To Let.

At Hammond Square. Eight rooms and bath. Piped for hot and cold water. Cellar with cement floor and set tubs. Recently papered and painted.

Enquire of J. F. RAMSDELL, H. M. ALDRICH, or J. F. KIMBALL.

Tenement To Let.

A SINGLE TENEMENT To Let; in good condition; handy to the centre; rent reasonable.

Apply to E. P. MARION,
47 Lowell St., Woburn.

WANTED:
HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, and a shelter to escape the flies, no finer place in the State.

Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.

Consignments Solicited.

Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.

Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.

Mail your orders and I will do the rest.

D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division, College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8, Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Street.

Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 15,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.

Enquire on the premises.

A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,

One minute to Station. All modern improvements' $22.00 per month.

Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England, 369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

First 3 Days.

Mrs. S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,
No. 413 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
(Formerly Dr. Lang's Office.)

Gives public notice that she will be at her office as above during the

First 3 Days of the First 3 Weeks

of each month.

Public Patronage respectfully solicited.

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.

Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers, Dinner Parties.

Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters. Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.

325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Tremont House
WINCHESTER.

I wish to inform the ladies of Winchester and Woburn that I have good girls on hand—Swede, Danish, English, Irish—with good references.

With thanks for past favors I solicit a continuance of the same, I remain most respectfully, etc.

MRS. J. A. MCMURRAY,
formerly Mrs. M. H. Norton of Woburn

To Let.

Recently built HOUSE of 8 Rooms and Modern Improvements, near corner of Charles and Main streets. Rent moderate.

House is supplied with....

Apply to JOHN W. SHAW,
30 Pleasant St., Woburn.

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to

CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount St., Woburn.

To Let.

A Fine Residence; all Modern Improvements Central and Stable; all very desirable. Rent REASONABLE.

Apply to F. G. HANSON,
154 Cambridge St., Woburn.

FOR SALE
TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.

RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.

Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

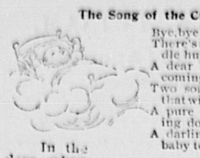
HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from $40 to $100 monthly clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to increase your present income from $200 to $500 yearly, without interfering with your regular business, write for particulars to the GLOBE CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, whether married or single, also your occupation. You can make money easier and faster than you ever did before in your life.

Are You The Man?

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailor, in this and adjoining towns. Salary or commission; advance every week. Liberal allowance to a carnest and capable man. Address S. J., 111-113 Bleecker St., New York.

The Song of the Cradle.



Bye, bye! Hope rises high:
There's a sweet little cradle hung up in the sky;
A dear little life that is coming to bless;
Two soft chubby hands that will pat and caress;
A pure little soul winging down from above;
A darling to care for, a baby to love.

In the days when Eve sinned it was written that motherhood should hereafter be accompanied with pain and sorrow; but this curse upon our foreparents has been lightened more and more as mankind have learned to rise superior to many of their sins and mistakes.

One of the grandest agencies which enlightened Science has discovered to relieve motherhood from excessive suffering is the "Favorite Prescription" devised by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. This wonderful "Prescription" imbues the entire nervous system with natural, healthy vitality; gives elastic vigor to the delicate organism specially concerned in motherhood; renders the prospective mother strong and cheerful and makes the coming of baby entirely free from danger and almost free from pain. The delighted gratitude of Mrs. Pearl Walton, of Alvo, Cass Co., Neb., will find an echo in the heart of every expectant mother:

"Previous to the birth of my child," writes Mrs. Walton, "I had no appetite, was sick at my stomach, had headache, could not rest at night, was completely worn out in every way. I commenced to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and began to improve right away. I used two bottles of this great medicine and felt like a new person. At the time of confinement I was in labor but a little while and I owe it all to that great remedy—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

TRANSFIGURATION.

They were but mortals, common clay,
Until one strange, sweet, solemn day—
Expound the mystery who can—
A swift thrill through their pulses ran,
A look like lightning in its play
Flamed in their souls with fervid ray,
And God descended in their way,
When she a woman, he a man,
Awoke to love.
And all the world, erewhile so gray,
In rainbow splendors round them lay.
For them the universal plan
Held Eden in its magic span,
And heaven came down to earth when they
Awoke to love.
—Anne L. Muzzey in New York Sun.

HARTWOOD'S GAME.

Lord Hartwood prided himself upon his strength of character. His daughters said that he was as obstinate as a mule. His neighbors privately opined that a more pigheaded elderly gentleman had not been seen on earth in recent times. These were all different ways of saying the same thing—that when the noble earl had once made up his mind to a certain course he was more difficult to turn than a rusty windlass.

Of this trait no one should have been better aware than his eldest son, Lord Fawnton, who had had excellent opportunities of studying the parental character for a quarter of a century or so. Not the least curious part of the whole story, however, was that it all came as a surprise to him. When he first slipped off the narrow line of conduct which his father had marked out for him, by implication if not by actual precept, it had never occurred to him that this derailment would be more than a temporary episode. It would be easy enough, he thought, to return at any time to the iron route of filial obedience and to condone the omissions of the past by lavish conformance in the future. A balance would thereby be struck and the life journey continue without prejudice, as the lawyers say, on each side.

In which conclusion he forgot two important factors—first, that it is one thing to return from a husk gathering excursion alone, but quite another to propose to bring with you a fellow passenger, and, secondly, his father's most salient characteristic.

Now, Lord Fawnton's proposal to marry Mrs. Sainton interfered disastrously with his parent's pet plan. This was to unite the lands of Crock Castle to those of Hartwood, with which they "marched" for miles, by the marriage of his heir to the only child and heiress of old George Jargontoste, who had made a fabulous fortune out of patent floor cloth and had sunk a portion of it in the purchase of Crock from the Hernbys, who had owned it for centuries.

When, therefore, Lord Fawnton, after sowing a fair crop of wild oats, announced his intention of marrying a Mrs. Sainton, the widow of an Indian officer, who was a few years older than himself and possessed a small pension which would die with her, Lord Hartwood, ex-diplomatist though he was, flew into a violent rage.

"Understand this!" he shouted, almost foaming at the mouth. "I will not hear it. I will be no party to it in any way. If you marry this woman, not one of the family shall be present at the wedding. I will never receive her. You shall not have one penny while I live, and, though I can't interfere with the entail—worse luck!—I will leave every other penny that I possess to the girls. Now you know, and you had better let her know, too, and see if she will take you on these terms."

Mrs. Sainton was the typical femme a trente ans. She knew life and was a past mistress in the art of managing men. India is an excellent school in which to pursue these studies, and when one is badly "left" proficiency in them comes in useful. She was undoubtedly handsome.

When Fawnton explained to her, using a certain discretion in style, the scene which had taken place between his father and himself, she saw at once that the position was extremely serious. It demanded the exercise of far more tact and a greater command of strategy than Fawnton was capable of. It was part of her creed that she could get round any man if she could only get at him. Therefore she was bent on winning Lord Hartwood over. Of course if this programme absolutely failed there would be nothing for it but to marry in defiance of him, and if the horrid old man persisted in his threat of cutting off supplies—well, Fawnton could easily raise money on his prospects. This would be horribly expensive, especially if the father lived long, and it was not by any means the plan she would have preferred, but it was not likely that she was going to give up such a chance simply to please a bad tempered elderly gentleman, or that, once married, she would be content to remain in poverty when she ought to be living in affluence.

She did not speak so plainly to Fawnton. She affected to be quite overcome by his news and bemoaned the unhappy fate which made her a cause of strife between father and son.

"It does not make a bit of difference to me," protested Fawnton stoutly. "You are the one woman in the world to me, and 20 fathers wouldn't make any difference!"

"Dearest boy," she said tenderly, "but I must think it over. After all, fathers have been harsh before now and have come round in the long run. Let me see if I cannot think of some plan."

"What a head you have!" said Fawnton in admiration. "Why, I believe that if the governor could come across you incog., as it were, without knowing who you were, he would be so fascinated that he would withdraw all his opposition at once."

It was with an affectionate smile that Mrs. Sainton received the caress of her youthful lover, but at that moment she was a prey to the disquieting thought that all her valued cleverness and experience had not enabled her to hit off so promising a scheme as this which her "far from clever" swain had flashed out without a moment's thought and but little appreciation.

"I dare say I shall think of something, dear," she observed sweetly, for it would not do to let him think her brain was not equal to any emergency. She believed that she held him half at least by his belief in her superior cleverness.

How it exactly happened will never be known, for Mrs. Sainton was essentially an opportunist, not prone to reveal her plans and ready to grasp all that was in her favor as the direct result of her own farsighted methods. One thing is quite certain—that Mr. Combermere was an old friend and admirer of hers, one who was far too clever to allow her to marry him for his money, and yet had a confused kind of sympathy and pity for her which made him ready to do her a good turn when she appealed to him; also that Mrs. Sainton had no scruples about asking for a favor if she thought that that was the surest way to obtain it.

Moreover, Mr. Combermere was quite above any dog in the mangerish form of petty jealousy and certainly did not grudge Lord Fawnton the prize which he had purposely abstained from himself. Therefore when he invited the lady to the luncheon party which he gave in the city on Lord Mayor's day to see the procession and did not request the further pleasure of the company of her fiance it may be assumed that he was acting strictly in accordance with Mrs. Sainton's wishes.

What actually happened was this: Lord Hartwood, who had known Mr. Combermere for years and was a regular guest at this entertainment, found himself planted between two ladies, one of whom was a typical stout dowager, while the other was a good looking, youngish woman of decidedly smart and attractive appearance. Lord Hartwood had been a gay dog in his youth, and he retained a good deal of the Lothario in his widowerhood. Perhaps that was why he did not marry again. He "went for" the younger lady.

He found out that his anticipations were not balked. The stranger was lively, animated and disposed to be both entertained and entertaining. Whereupon the old gentleman bristled up all his feathers, thought himself quite young again and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Of course, however, the inevitable self introduction followed.

"Oh, dear," cried the lady, with a clever little moue of pretended dismay, "to think that you should be Lord Hartwood! Why, I am Mrs. Sainton."

Lord Hartwood in turn was evidently startled.

"The lady whom my young cub"—

"Yes—whom you"—

There was a moment's silence.

"How unlucky!" murmured Mrs. Sainton quite pathetically. "And I was just going to ask you to call."

"Confound the young cub!" said the father testily. "I was just about to ask your permission."

There was another brief silence.

"Must it be war to the knife?" inquired Mrs. Sainton in her softest and most appealing tones, with that upward glance through her eyelashes which she regarded as her most effective weapon. "Can't you come and see me as a friend? I couldn't marry your son without your consent—now—and you might find me different from what you expected."

"I find you charming as a friend," said Lord Hartwood slowly and deliberately. "As a friend I could not wish to find you different in any way. I can quite understand my son's infatuation. What I cannot understand is—pardon me—how you can throw yourself away on a cub like that."

"You mustn't say that," replied the lady, with reproving eyes. Then she turned these orbs to the ground and, with a little sigh, continued, "And so I suppose we can't be friends."

Unlike Mrs. Dombey, Lord Hartwood could make an effort.

"Let us swear a truce for six months," he said. "I will suspend my decision. You will delay your marriage. Meanwhile we will be friends, and who knows— Only when I come to see you my cub—I mean Fawnton—must not be there."

"Agreed," replied Mrs. Sainton, with her most fascinating smile. "And you can come and see me on my at home day, Sunday, or, if you like, I could be at home tomorrow, say about 6, and we could talk privately then."

MEN CALL WOMAN A MYSTERY.

So She is to Them—Not so to a Woman.

A Woman's Knowledge Saves Mrs. Ebbert From an Operation.

A woman understands women as a man never can hope to. For this reason Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., now known all over the English-speaking world, set to work to help her sex.

After long and patient investigation, Mrs. Pinkham confirmed her own conclusions, namely: that seven-eighths of the sufferings of women are due to disorders of the uterine system. Reasoning on this line, she saw that the only preventive of early breaking down, was a specific medicine which would act alone on the female organism.

This was why she prepared her excellent Vegetable Compound, which has been such a boon to thousands and thousands of women. If you have headaches chiefly at the top of the head, and are troubled by painful menstruation, dizziness, sleeplessness, backache, and that bearing-down feeling, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will tone up your whole system. Mrs. Chas. D. Ebbert, 330 Wood St., Reading, Pa., testifies to the great power of the Compound.

"Mrs. Pinkham—I can say that your medicine has cured me of the pains and troubles which I had. My case was a very bad one, and puzzled the doctor. My womb had fallen and I had terrible pains in my back and hips. I could hardly walk. My husband went to our family doctor, and he prescribed medicine for me, but I found no relief, and grew worse instead of better. The doctor examined me and wanted to perform an operation, but my husband would not consent. Seeing the advertisement in the paper, I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken half of the second bottle, I felt like a new woman. In all I have taken four bottles of your medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured. I hope that every woman suffering as I did, will follow my advice and take your medicine at once."

Lord Hartwood duly called at Mrs. Sainton's tiny flat and was received as a highly valued friend. This, however, was her manner to all men and did not necessarily mean very much. On the other hand, no one would have imagined that the other party to the tete-a-tete was the individual who had so positively and insultingly declined to be the lady's father-in-law.

As time rolled on Lord Hartwood became a very constant visitor at the flat. He usually brought flowers or sweets, but never jewelry, which Mrs. Sainton would have preferred. In time he began to tell her all his movements, or, perhaps, as much as he thought fit, just as if she were his natural confidant. She learned in this way that he drove a coach, which was tantalizing, for he did not invite her, and she knew why.

He gave her to understand that he had absolute control of the greater part of the property and that as the old entail had expired the existing entail only covered the dower house and Fawnton, excluding Hartwood Castle. She very soon perceived, moreover, that he was master of his own family, that the girls were mere ciphers and that Lord Fawnton's wishes and opinions were of no account whatever if they ran counter to those of his father.

Mrs. Sainton meditated deeply over this extraordinary friendship. There was not the smallest sign that Lord Hartwood was disposed to relent. She caught him up once and inquired:

"But why could not I go as your friend also?"

He shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman.

"Because, fair lady, no one would believe it. They would say that it was a formal recognition of—you understand."

She understood only too well.

"Then you are still determined?" she said sullenly.

"More determined than ever. Then it was because I did not consider the match suitable to him; now it is because I don't think it suitable for you. You might do much better. You might marry a man of more suitable age, who is not dependent on any one, who worships the ground you tread on and would treat every wish of yours as a command from the throne."

It was impossible to misunderstand his meaning. Mrs. Sainton's usually cool head began to grow hot and her brain dizzy. The prospect on the one side was so brilliant that it darkened the other.

"Then why doesn't he ask me?" she murmured, and the palpitation of her breast showed the depth of her emotion.

"Because that engagement stands between. If that were once at an end"—

"I will break it off!" she cried abruptly. "I was a fool! I did not know my own mind, and I did not know you then. You have made me see things so differently. Of course he is a mere boy compared to me."

That very day Mrs. Sainton sat down and wrote to Lord Fawnton how it had been borne in unto her that she had no right to cause strife between father and son, and her conscience would not allow her to do so any longer. She therefore had decided to release him from his engagement, and, while she would ever be his friend and wish him well, she thought it better that they should not meet for some time.

Lord Fawnton was in despair at her letter. He wrote in the most impassioned strain begging her to recall her words and see him once more to plead his cause. She replied briefly, asking him not to write to her again.

Then he informed his father that all was over and that he proposed to travel for awhile. To which Lord Hartwood replied:

"Certainly. Draw on me for what you want and let me know about any introductions."

Mrs. Sainton had expected Lord Hartwood to fly to her side immediately. Several days passed, and he did not appear. She wrote to him chiding him gently. In reply she received the following note:

"The Earl of Hartwood presents his compliments to Mrs. Sainton and, understanding from his son that she has broken off her engagement, is quite at a loss to see any reason for an interview."

Then it was that Mrs. Sainton remembered that Lord Hartwood had been a diplomatist.

But when Lord Fawnton, in obedience to his father's prompting, proposed to Miss Jargontoste she refused him, telling him plainly that she did not intend to be merely a buttress to a great house.

Further, it appeared later that old George had been unwise enough to indulge in a good looking secretary. But that is another story.—London World.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Very Lively Experience Following a Visit to a Farmhouse.

"As a general thing," said the retired burglar, "I stuck close to my legitimate line of work and never took anything but what I could carry off myself and dispose of easily, but occasionally when I was hard pressed I would take bulky things and do the best I could with them. But it never paid, and something happened once that made me give up that sort of thing for good.

"A farmhouse that I was looking over one night had nobody in it, not a soul. They hadn't gone for long; that was plain enough. Everything was left just as it was. They'd just gone off for the night somewhere, maybe to a party or something of that sort, but they was just as far away now as they'd been in China, and I might have carried the house off and they not know it, and that's what I did pretty near.

"There was scarcely any small stuff worth carrying off, and after I'd looked around a little I thought I might as well take a load. I could dispose of it for something. I got together in the hall a wagon load of stuff, trunks and one thing and another, all ready to load. I had been around to the barn previously to see if there was a horse left, because I didn't know but what they might have taken the only one, but there was a horse there. He was a big, solid looking horse, nothing particular about him one way or the other, except he looked like a strong horse that could pull almost anything. I got the harness on him and hooked him into a farm wagon and got him around to the side of the house. I suppose I might just as well have taken him to the front, but there was no use of being reckless about it.

"Well, I loaded the wagon with the trunks and things till I'd got a pretty fair load, about all I thought I could carry and make time with, and then I started, and we jogged along the road comfortable as could be for a quarter of a mile or so, when there was a squirrel or a chipmunk or something run across the road, and I'm blessed if it didn't scare the old horse, and in about a second and a quarter he was running away. And I sat there, hanging on to the reins and yanking and sawing and trying to hold him up and having just about as much effect on him as though I'd been a baby.

"About a quarter of a mile farther on—I knew it because I had come that way—there was a bridge over a brook that ran across the road, just a common little bridge with barked poles on each side for a railing. There was a road on one side of the bridge, too, through the water. There was a house just the other side of this brook, and I was afraid if the old horse went across the bridge hammering in that still night he'd wake up the folks and rouse the neighborhood maybe, so I tried to steer him off through the brook. I thought he'd make less noise going through the water, and I thought maybe the cold water would sober him, too, and make him stop, and I got a twist on the reins and a brace on the dashboard and pulled, and I did get him turned off a little at the fork toward the brook, and I thought I had got him started for it all right, but he sheered again for the bridge, and I couldn't begin to stop him.

"The bridge railings were supported in crotched sticks, and from these railings there were poles along the little approach on each side of the bridge, the ends of these poles being in lower crotched sticks. When the old horse sheered back from the ford road to the bridge road, he got the approach to the bridge all right himself, but he swung the wagon just enough to throw the hind axle over the end of the pole protecting the approach, and it jammed in some way between the pole and the crotched stick supporting it and busted the reach of the wagon and tore off the hind axle and wheels before you could think, and the old horse went pounding across the bridge and half a mile farther yet with the tail end of the wagon trailing on the ground and scattering trunks and comfortables and I don't know what not all along the road. When I finally got him held up, I was sitting in an empty wagon with the dashboard up in the air and the floor sloping down to the ground.

"I might have got another wagon and gone back and gathered up the goods, but there was too much risk in that. Maybe I could have taken the horse along and got something for him, but I might have been taken up for horse stealing, and I didn't fancy that, so I just turned the old horse round and started him for home and then I started myself, and that's the last try I made on bulk goods."—New York Sun.

He Was Not Fined.

According to the rules laid down by the Philadelphia department of public safety, any officer making a mistake and calling a patrol wagon without cause is subject to a fine of two days' pay. Quite recently one of the best and most efficient officers of the Thirteenth district went to call up the station house and inadvertently called the patrol. He was in an awful stew for a moment, but while swearing at himself for his carelessness he espied a well known local character approaching with a peculiarly unsteady gait. "Stop!" said the bluecoat, whose brain had suddenly absorbed a bright idea. "You've been drinking, and you will just help me out of a difficulty." "What have I done?" asked the man. "Oh, nothing, only I have made a mistake," replied the patrolmen, "and if the patrol comes you go to the station, and if it don't you can go along about your business. I've let you off many a time. Now you can help me." The patrol arrived, the victim was hustled into the wagon and taken to the station and locked up for the night. Of course he was discharged in the morning none the worse for his slumber on the hard bench. The officer to square himself handed over 50 cents to the man and chuckled to himself at the thought of how he had saved $5 by his ingenuity.—Philadelphia Record.

Southey and Longfellow.

Southey was doubtless Longfellow's peer in versemaking skill, says J. S. Tunison in The Atlantic, and we have the expert testimony of Mr. E. B. Tylor that Southey knew a great deal about savages. "Madoc" itself attests his learning. But well as that poem is constructed it has no aboriginal character. Its savages are devoid of racial character. They might as well be called ancient Gauls or Britons save for some external features of rites and customs. What was impossible for Southey once on a time is now impossible for everybody. In spite of daily additions to the knowledge of Indian lore, the Indian of the forest as he was has forever escaped from his conquerors. Nevertheless the world will always turn back to the figure of the North American wild man with curiosity. It will dwell on the pathos of the Indian's defeat in the struggle for existence and muse with melancholy interest on what he might have become. This is the opportunity of Hiawatha. It happened to Longfellow to depict the Indian at a time when it was still possible to know him as he had been at his best, to realize that he was capable of fine ideals and that these were not wholly impracticable. Thus he has done what can never be done by anybody else.

Her Ruse.

"Well," said Miss Twitters, "I think I am safe now."

"Safe from what?" asked Miss Kittish.

"Burglars."

"Were you in danger from burglars?"

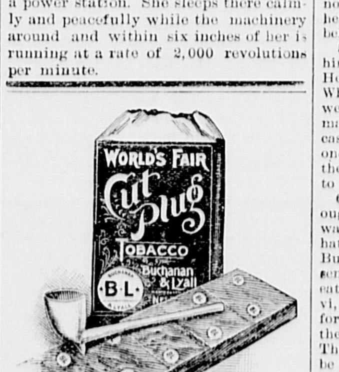
"I think I was. Everybody is, more or less, but more especially an unprotected lady in a big house. I've been afraid of burglars ever since John and his wife went west and left me by myself."

"What have you done to insure safety?"

'I have bought four men's hats, of different styles and sizes, and I have hung them on the hatrack in the hall. When Mr. Burglar surveys the array, he will decide that there are too many men in that house to make his exploit as safe as he might wish, and he will go on to some other house. I rather flatter myself that this is a pretty good plan. Don't you think so?"—Harper's Bazar.

A Reckless Cat.

London has a cat whose partiality for a nap in a warm spot is so marked that she has selected the top of a dynamo in a power station. She sleeps there calmly and peacefully while the machinery around and within six inches of her is running at a rate of 2,000 revolutions per minute.



A Pile of Comfort

to a man who chews or smokes—it pleases the taste and satisfies—there's only one kind that's popular everywhere, that's

B-L

TOBACCOS

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 19.

Text of the Lesson, I John i, 5, to ii, 6. Memory Verses, 8-10 — Golden Text, I John i, 9 — Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

5. "This then is the message which we have heard of Him and declare unto you, that God is light and in Him is no darkness at all." John wrote his gospel that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and believing have life in Him (John xx, 31). He wrote this epistle that we who believe might know that we have eternal life, be full of joy and not sin (chapters v, 13; i, 4; ii, 1). Knowing Jesus personally, having heard and seen and looked upon and handled Him, he declares Him as the Word of Life, that we, too, may have fellowship with him, and with the Father, and with Jesus Christ.

6. "If we say that we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie and do not the truth." From the beginning of the Bible story light is suggestive of God and darkness of sin and satan. The waste and void and dark condition of things in Gen. i, 2, seems to have been the result of a judgment which must have come upon the earth, for, according to Isa. xlv, 18, R. V., compared with Gen. i, 2, God did not create the earth waste and void. Isa. xxxiv, 11, and Jer. iv, 23, are the only other two places where we have the same combination of Hebrew words as in Gen. i, 2, and in each case a judgment is manifest.

7. "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Light shines, discovers, beautifies, purifies, for light is of God. Not only did Jesus Christ say, "I am the light of the world," but He also said to His own, "Ye are the light of the world; let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Math. v, 14, 16). If we walk with God, we cannot but walk in the light, but walking with God implies at least two things—viz, humility, such as is not natural to us, and perfect agreement with God about everything (Mic. vi, 8, margin; Amos iii, 3).

8. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." There are those who conclude from the previous verse that all sin, root and branch, is removed from their being, but such a thought is contrary to the teaching of Scripture, and surely the Holy Spirit in placing the statement of this verse just where He has sought to correct any such false teaching. While we are in these mortal bodies the flesh or old nature remains in us and lusteth against the Spirit, but the Spirit is also in us as children of God by faith in Christ Jesus and keeps us from the things which otherwise we might do (Gal. v, 17, R. V.).

9. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." While in the mortal body alway delivered to death for Jesus' sake—i. e., the death of self or the flesh or sinful nature (II Cor. iv, 11), if we sin against God, as all are liable to do, here is our comfort, that instant confession of sin brings instant forgiveness through the blood of Christ, and then we must go on more watchfully and prayerfully.

10. "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us." John is writing to those who are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, for only such as have received Christ are children of God (John i, 12). Others are children of the devil even though they may be very religious, according to our Lord in John viii, 44.

2-1. "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not, and if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Our marching orders day by day are to sin not. We have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit (Rom. viii, 4). Surely God has made full provision for us to live this life which He would have us live to His glory by our advocate or paraclete with Him, Jesus Christ the righteous, and by our paraclete in us, the Holy Spirit; yet so weak are we and often so unwatchful that notwithstanding the abundant provision we grieve both Father, Son and Spirit.

2. "And He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." Propitiation here signifies atonement, reconciliation, sacrifice, and that provided by God through Christ is sufficient for all the world. There is no forgiveness of sins apart from Him and His great work, but in and through Him there is sufficient for all who will accept Him, even for every soul on earth if they will come. How shall they come if they do not hear?

3. "And hereby we do know that we know Him if we keep His commandments." Not faultless conformity, for there is none such on earth, nor ever was, except in Christ, but a hearty acceptance of and willing subjection to His whole revealed will. He Himself said, "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me."

4. "He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." So skillful is satan in perverting the truth and in blinding people that he leads some to say, "Oh, it does not matter very much how I live, I believe in Jesus Christ, and therefore I am saved. If my life is not quite correct, I will only lose my works." Now such are evidently deceiving themselves, and are liars. Believing about Jesus Christ saves no one. He must be received into the heart, and that is the Scriptural sense of believing (John i, 12).

5. "But whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected. Hereby know we that we are in Him." When we receive letters from those whom we love, we treasure them and read them many times, and live on them. A mere casual reading of a letter, and that but once, would not indicate much love for the writer. How, then, can those be said to love God who care not for His word?

6. "He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked." He could say, "The Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father." But He also said, "As the Father hath sent Me, so send I you," and "He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me" (John vi, 57; xx, 21). Now He was here wholly for God, speaking the words of God, doing the will of God, always pleasing God. There is no other way for us, and we must be willing to renounce self, deny self, die daily unto self that His life may be manifest in us, or else prove ourselves unworthy of His name.

Samory's Censorship of News.

Samory's son Karamoko was sent to Paris some years ago and brought back graphic accounts of the wealth and power of France. Samory listened to his story and remarked: "You are my very dear son. I counsel you to forget all you have told me and to let no one learn you found the French so strong." Karamoko, however, spoke out again on seeing his father preparing for another raid, so the latter had him immured in an earthen hut, where he was left to die, with a pitcher of water to prolong his agony. Five days later Samory opened the living grave and as the youth still breathed strangled him with his own hands. "So may all perish," he cried, "who think of making peace with the French invader."—London Chronicle.

One Kind of Klondike.

Jack—That Miss Beverly, to whom I bowed just now, is a regular Klondike.

Tom—That so? Rich?

Jack—Yes. Also cold and distant.—Chicago News.

Stamp Collecting.

The collecting of postage stamps and the preservation of the same as curiosities began immediately after the issue of the Mulready envelopes and the 1840 penny black and twopence blue adhesives. The first published notice of such collecting is said to have appeared in Punch in 1841.

The first government to follow the example of Great Britain was that of Brazil, which issued the large figure stamps in 1843. Other countries slowly followed, until the growth of commerce, made possible by railroads and ocean steamers, and the consequent increased domestic and foreign correspondence, caused most of the other governments to introduce the same system of prepayment by stamps early in the fifties. As the number of different stamps increased more and more persons became interested in obtaining copies of the different varieties, but probably the most efficient agent in stimulating curiosity and eventually collecting was the appearance of the triangular Cape of Good Hope stamps in 1853. The shape was so odd and the design so beautiful that, judging by present prices, it would seem as if almost every copy used was saved. No one who collected stamps as curiosities was satisfied until he had one or more of these handsome postal labels.

As time went on boys and girls became interested in stamps, and a rivalry began as to who could make up a collection of the greatest number of varieties. Many of the boys could get a large number of the stamps of one or more foreign countries, and by trading these with one another could increase their collections materially. The usual basis for such trading was stamp for stamp, and thus many rare stamps went into the hands of children who had no idea as to their future value. Unfortunately in those early days of philately the custom was to paste down the stamp on pages of old blankbooks, and very few stamps remained whole after one or two removals.—Harper's Round Table.

Oliver Cromwell's Court.

The protector's wife's order of eating and mealtimes were thus regulated: First of all at the ringing of a bell dined the halberdiers, or men of the guard, with the inferior officers. Then the same bell rang again and the steward's table was set for the better sort of those that waited on their highnesses—ten of whom were apportioned to a table or mess, one of which was chosen by themselves every week for steward, and he gave the clerk of the kitchen the bill of fare, as was agreed upon generally every morning. To these ten men and what friends should casually come to visit them the value of 10 shillings, in what flesh or fish soever they would have, with a bottle of sack and two of claret, was appointed. Suppers they had none, eggs or some slaps (?) contenting Cromwell and her ladyship, and to his exemplar all was conformed. In lieu thereof for the family there was constantly boiled eight stone of beef early in the morning, to keep her retainers in heart and in earnest of a dinner, the broth whereof and all the scraps and reliques of dinner were alternately given to the poor of St. Margaret's, Westminster and St. Martin's in the Fields.

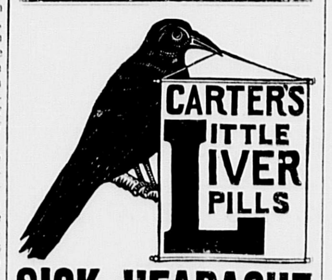
One of the earliest lives of the protector, "The Perfect Politician," states that he gave a public dinner "every Monday in the week to all the officers of the army not below a captain, where he used to dine with him. A table was likewise spread every day of the week for such officers as should casually come to the court." Occasionally there were solemn entertainments to a foreign embassador or some public body.—Cornhill Magazine.

Too Great a Risk.

"I wouldn't wear my hair down over my ears for anything."

"Don't you admire the fashion?"

"Yes, but suppose some man should propose and I didn't hear him?"—Chicago Record.



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VOL. XLVIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1897. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 3.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A.M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.38, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent

W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 6.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10 40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

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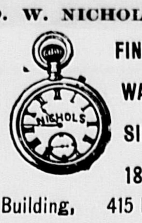

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BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
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SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2 45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

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House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p. m.

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The Woburn Journal

SHE.

In my study I was sitting,
Just because,
Thinking something most befitting—
Yes, I was—
When my doorbell gave a jingle,
Gave a lingle, tingle, lingle,
Then a jingle, jingle, jingle!
Was it mad
Or only glad?

Next I heard a silken rustle
In the ha..,
Heard a hustle and a bustle,
Then a call.
Soon most sweetly she came blushing
Where I stood in waiting, flushing.
Down she sat, in style quite crushing,
On my hat;
Crushed it flat.

Swift she talked in tones ecstatic,
High, then low;
Waved her hands in ways emphatic
To and fro;
Talked of father, sister, mother,
Cousin, nephew, uncle, brother,
Then of this one, then the other,
While she sat
On my hat;

Told in accents soft and broken
As could be
Of her home in quaint Hoboken,
Near the sea;
Said "some time she hoped to go
To the archipelago"—
What I wished just then, you know,
While she sat
On my hat.

Did she notice my emotion?
Not a bit!
Or toward moving take a notion?
Truly nit!
Straight one mortal hour she talked on.
Not a word did she get balked on
While the carpet I just walked on,
And she sat
On my hat.

Then a package from its wrapping
She brought out;
Knew full well she'd caught me napping,
I've no doubt;
Said this book was just the one book
All my weary heart to unhook.
Would I kindly take just one look?
There she sat
On my hat.

To myself her list I drew it
Like a flash;
Signed my name most boldly to it
With a dash.
Then uprose this lovely being,
Through that hall went just a-fleeing,
But one thing was worth the seeing—
'Twas that hat
Where she sat!

—H. S. Barnes in New York Sun.

A MEXICAN CAPTURE.

Colonel Erastus Smith straightened up in his saddle and, lifting his eyes from the slip of paper he had been scanning, critically scrutinized the young fellow before him. The young man in question was tall and slender, but looked wiry enough, and his face below the part shaded by the wide brim of his hat had begun to take on a Texas tan. Smith chuckled and mumbled something to himself. The young fellow fingered the handle of his bowie knife nervously under the big, rough looking fellow's gaze and unconsciously dug his spurred heels into the ribs of his sleepy pony. The pony put back his ears wickedly and fidgeted about.

"Better be keerful," suggested the other. "That brute'll dump ye," and Smith folded the paper, stuffed it into a pocket of his buckskin jacket, shifted his quid and shouted to three slouchy looking fellows who stood under a tree 30 yards away holding three ponies.

"Here you, Hawkins," he said, and a bronzed, broad shouldered man sauntered up. "This young feller's name's Lane. General Douglass sent him down from Nacogdoches. Wants to jine Deef Smith's scouts."

"Likely lookin youngster," observed Hawkins aside, removing a corncob pipe from his mouth and sizing Lane up. "Guess he'll do after he gets outen them store clo'es an gits rigged out in buckskin."

Hawkins grappled Lane's outstretched hand with a hard grip and continued, "Ef ye come down hyar fer 'musement, ye'll git it, shore!"

Night was coming on rapidly, and the gloom was deepening under the dripping magnolias and live oaks. It had been raining steadily all day, and Lane's clothes were spattered with the red clay of the trail he had followed from Liberty to San Jacinto creek. He was a good horseman, but was unused to the rough Texas trail and the irregular gait of the sturdy Texas pony General Douglass had given him at Nacogdoches, and every muscle in his body ached. The rough welcome Deaf Smith gave him cheered him up, and a nip from Hawkins' capacious flask completed the work.

"That's something like it, Mr. Hawkins," he said, smacking his lips and returning the flask. "I've needed that for hours."

"Yes, that's fust rate stuff," assented Hawkins. "One o' the boys got onter a Greaser outfit a couple o' days back an got a dozen flasks. They say it come from the private supply of old Santa Anna hisself; but, see here, young feller, you're more'n welcome to the lush, but recollect that I'm plain Hawkins. We don't come the mister game in Texas jist now. We ain't got the time."

Lane followed the big fellow silently to the magnolia which sheltered the other two Texans and was briefly presented to Ned Hall and Greaser Ear Hatton of Colonel Erastus Smith's scouts.

Greaser Ear Hatton, Lane afterward learned, came by his name honestly. He had sliced off one of the ears of a Mexican colonel of cavalry in an affair at Liberty Creek a few weeks before, recovered the trophy, smoked it as he used to smoke pork back in the Georgia piny woods before he came to Texas and wore it sewed to his shirt as a memento of his skill with the bowie.

"There's a matter o' some half a dozen more," Hawkins explained, noting a surprised look on Lane's face which he rightly conjectured was caused by the smallness of the band whose fame already reached back to the States.

"Them six is out lookin after a batch o' Greaser cevalry what crossed the creek 'bout two mile up to git a line on General Houston's position. My, but won't they git fooled, though!" and Hawkins slapped his thigh and chuckled gleefully. "The old man ain't in ten mile o' this spot."

In a few minutes a fire had been made and the five men were eating a dinner of broiled bacon and baked sweet potatoes. Their frugal meal disposed of, Hawkins and his two companions pillowed their heads on their saddles and were soon asleep, leaving Smith and Lane seated before the fire. For an hour and a half the old campaigner and the tenderfoot sat without speaking, each busy with his own thoughts. The stillness of the night was only disturbed by the steady dripping of the water from the magnolias and live oaks, the crackling of the fire and the noise the ponies made as they munched their fodder.

Lane was thinking what a strange man this famous Deaf Smith was. He was not the dashing figure Lane had pictured him to be. He looked rough and unkempt with his shaggy reddish brown beard and greasy buckskins, but he had kindly eyes and a marvelously square jaw. Lane took all this in in occasional glances across the fire. The fire burned lower and lower until at last nothing remained of it but a bed of glowing coals. Lane rose to put some more wood on the fire, but Smith deterred him.

"Never mind that. I've got a scheme," he said. Lane stopped to hear what it was. "The Greasers," Smith continued, "are 'bout ten mile from here, up the creek. Santa Anna an his whole outfit is there. The ole man wants to know how many o' the varmints there is. Let's go and see."

Lane thought that it was pretty dark to be prowling about in the woods, and he was almost ready to fall asleep where he stood, but he was too discreet to say so.

At Smith's suggestion they left their rifles behind and left camp armed with their bowie knives only. The Texan walked rapidly and carelessly through the dripping underbrush, which drenched Lane's dried out clothing and wet him to the skin. They stumbled over fallen logs, ran into gullies, stepped into pools of water and got tangled up in brier patches for half an hour before Smith stopped suddenly and said in an undertone:

"We'd better be more carefullike. We're liable to run acrost some o' their redskin scouts at any minute now."

Lane was too weary to make reply, so he mechanically slackened his pace and imitated the Texan's stealthy movements. He only half succeeded, he thought. The Texan's warning had quickened his senses, but his tired limbs seemed to have got beyond control, and he floundered badly. They had gone on in this way for another quarter of an hour perhaps when the Texan suddenly stopped and raised a warning finger.

"Sh'h!" he whispered. "Lie down, quick!" Lane dropped, and just as he did so he heard the sharp report of a rifle and simultaneously the uncomfortable music of a bullet as it cut through the bushes overhead. There were more reports at irregular intervals, and, peering through the dripping bushes, he could see the flashes of the rifles 50 yards away.

"We run into a nest of 'em, sure," murmured Smith, "an damme ef I don't b'lieve they're shootin at us!" Lane thought they were and became more and more uncomfortable as the rifle cracks continued and the bullets seemed to be cutting through the bushes closer and closer to them. He ducked instinctively every time he heard a bullet sing until he developed a crick in the neck. Nor was Smith's observation that neither Greaser nor Mexican could shoot straight in the least reassuring.

"Let 'em waste their amm'nition," muttered Smith. "They can't hit us, an they're too lazy to come out an see what they're shootin at."

But Colonel Erastus Smith presumed on the national Greaser characteristics too far, or rather he did not calculate on the presence in the Mexican camp of a band of Kiowa braves, newly come from the Pecos country, who had not become affected with the Greaser's aversion to investigation, for when, half an hour after the firing had ceased, he raised himself stealthily on his elbows to take a look around a dark body sprang from a nearby bush, and in a second the two were rolling on the ground.

It was the work of a few seconds for Smith to abolish this particular redskin, but there were others, and in a few moments he and Lane were prisoners, with bound hands, wading San Jacinto creek on their way to Santa Anna's camp, which they located through the trees by its smoldering fires.

The Indians said never a word, but marched them straight through camp and halted them before a large tent, through the cracks of which the flickering light of a pine knot showed. One of the Indians went in and, returning in a second, summoned the quartet who had Smith and Lane in charge to enter. When their prisoners were delivered, the Indians withdrew and left Smith and his companions in the presence of half a dozen swarthy Mexican officers, decked out in elaborately laced uniforms. They were seated on camp stools about a table smoking cigars. There were bottles and glasses before them, and above them hung a cloud of blue and black smoke from their cigars and the flaring pine knots.

The air was heavy with the fragrant odor of the burning pine.

Smith was the center of attraction to the Mexicans. They scarcely noticed Lane, whose clothes proclaimed him a recent arrival in Texas, but they regarded the famous scout with unfeigned delight. Finally one young fellow, a trifle tipsy perhaps, rose, poured out a glass of brandy and gravely presented it to the scout. With perfect sangfroid Smith took the glass, and, with a bow to the company, swallowed its contents at a single gulp.

"Nice stuff," he said glibly, smacking his lips. "Think we got some from the same stock back in camp." Lane could not repress a faint smile as he recalled Hawkins' flask, but he quickly straightened his face, for the Mexicans fell to talking among themselves. They asked Smith questions, which he answered nonchalantly in their own tongue. Lane did not understand what they were saying, but he occasionally caught the words "Capitan Smeeth," "Santa Anna," "General Houston" and "Ahumada."

He concluded that Ahumada was the grave looking man in the rather plain uniform who sat at the head of the table and only said a word or two now and then and that he was a person of some importance from the deference the others paid to him. Finally the conference was over, a guard of Mexican soldiers was summoned and the prisoners were taken to a tent near by. The thongs were cut from their wrists, and they were conducted inside, two Mexicans mounting guard before the tent entrance.

"We ain't to be shot till ole Santa Anna comes," whispered Smith to Lane as they entered the tent. "Leastwise that's what I surmise. The ole man is back down the road about ten mile with a leg full o' bullets an won't git up till tomorrow."

Lane had made up his mind that he was to be shot. He had heard of the way Mexicans treated prisoners before he got to Texas. What Smith said about a respite until Santa Anna came was rather a disappointment than otherwise.

He was too tired to think about it one way or the other, and once inside the tent he sank to the damp ground overcome with fatigue.

"He'd better rest," muttered Smith as he watched Lane's eyes close through a cloud of smoke. One of the Mexican officers had courteously proffered a cigar as he passed out of the tent. "He'll be in a better fix to help hisself if anything happens."

It seemed to Lane that he had scarcely been asleep two minutes when he woke with a start. He would have cried out had he not felt Smith's hand pressed over his mouth. It took him full a minute to realize where he was.

Smith's voice recalled him to his senses. "Not a word," the Texan whispered, "but listen close. One o' the Greasers is drunk on Santa Anna's whisky—they didn't take my flask away, ye know—an the other—well, he's seein a bullfight in hell! While I'm entertainin the lushy varmint ye git. Take the back way. There ain't any Injuns there, an nearly all the Greasers is asleep. Get into the creek an wade down. We cum up about ten mile. Ye'll reach camp afore mornin. I've counted the tents. There's 'bout four thousan o' those hidalgos here, an they got six pieces o' artillery. Tell Hawkins this an tell him to make tracks fer Gin'ral Houston's camp with the news."

Smith handed Lane a flask and a knife and went back to the tent entrance, where Lane could hear guttural and indistinct voices. Lane sat dazed for a moment rubbing his eyes. Then it occurred to him that he was not to die, and his mental and physical strength seemed to return instantly. He couldn't tell for the life of him how he did it, but in a second he had slit a long hole in the tent and was crouching outside in its shadow.

The rain had ceased, and through rifts in the scudding clouds he could catch an occasional glimpse of a star. All around him were silent tents and smoldering fires. He could hear the snores of the Mexican soldiers, the tramp of the distant guards and the voices of faraway pickets exchanging their watchwords. At first he was afraid to move, but he soon roused himself. Falling on his hands and knees, he silently crept between the still tents in the direction of the creek.

Every second he expected to be challenged, but nothing of the sort occurred, and he was soon as the creek bank. He paused a moment to note the course of the stream and then dropped in.

The water came up to his waist as he stood. It seemed to him that the splash could be heard all over the sleeping camp, and he expected to see a hundred forms spring up and to hear a hundred rifles crack.

He sank into the icy water up to his neck and shivered with apprehension. Everything remained quiet, and after waiting a few moments he started down the stream, wading as silently as he could. A mile below camp he left the water and followed the bank.

He reached camp at daylight, surprising Hawkins and Hatton and Hall at breakfast. He delivered his message to Hawkins and fell into a swoon.

When he woke up, he was lying on a cot in a rough cabin. The sunlight was streaming through the open door, and the pungent odor of the piny woods filled the air. A man with his arm in a sling sat beside the cot. Lane stared for an instant and then recognized the hairy face of Greaser Ear Hatton. He was about to speak, but Hatton interrupted him.

"It's all right," he said, grinning and pressing a flask of Santa Anna's private stock to Lane's lips. "You done well. Hawkins got to Gen'r'l Houston in time, an we licked hell outen the Greasers two days afterward right on the creek. We got Santa Anna here in Liberty now."

"But Colonel Smith — where's he?" faltered Lane.

"Oh, he's down at the Trinity chasin Greasers! He rubbed out the varmint you left him with at the Greaser camp an got home two hours after you arrove."

Lane fell asleep again.—New York Sun.

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REQUIRES NO BOILING.
Is made as Quickly as Ordinary Coffee.
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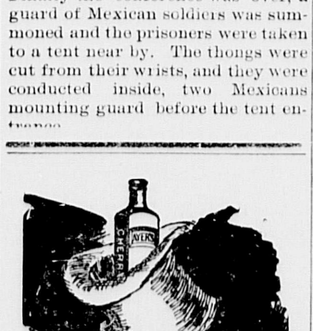

Fifty Years Ago.
Grandfather's hat! And within it you see,
Grandfather's favorite cough remedy.
Whether 'twas Asthma, Bronchitis or Croup,
Or baby at night waked the house with a whoop,
With Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Gran'ther was sure
That no cold or cough would e'er fail of a cure.
In hats the styles change, but the [illegible] will show
Coughs are cured as they were 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
has no equal as a remedy for coughs, colds, and lung diseases. Where other soothing elixirs palliate, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral heals. It is not a cheap cough syrup, which soothes but does not strengthen; it is a physician's cough remedy, and it cures. It is put up in large bottles, only, for household use. It was awarded the medal at the World's Fair of ninety-three. It has a record of
50 Years of Cures.

Missing Fire.

"Glad to hear your son is getting on so well in the volunteers, Wicks. I understand he is making quite a stir in the regiment on account of his shooting."

"That's right," said Wicks proudly. "He's going in for the Bisley shoot next year. That boy can use the rifle, and I'm going to let him develop his talent. He'll be one of the best shots in the world."

"Well, I hope for his sake that the old idea isn't true—that the next world is really a continuation of what we do here."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"However good a shot he may be in this world, I suppose you hope he will miss fire in the next?"

Wicks is telling it to all his friends now.—Strand Magazine.

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The Arrow Hung In Midair.

An actor tells the following story: I remember seeing at a German theater in Wiesbaden a performance of the drama of "William Tell." I was told by the manager of the theater that the stage effects in the play were extremely fine, and that I was to wait until the scene where Tell's splendid marksmanship was made apparent to see something that would astonish me.

I did wait patiently as I could until that scene, and I was certainly astonished. The scene arrived where Tell is to shoot the apple from his son's devoted head. As I gathered from the subsequent occurrence, the apple and Tell's crossbow were connected by an invisible wire, along which the arrow was to speed to the target. At the proper cue the arrow did speed half way toward the apple and there stuck, to all appearance in midair.

In vain did the doughty Tell shake his bow to "joggle" the arrow to its mark.

The son of Tell looked very frightened and didn't know what was happening. The apple firmly fixed on his youthful cranium was bobbing about, the audience was laughing, and the laugh burst into a roar when one of Gesler's guards, looking painfully like a gentleman who might officiate on one of the tramcars during the day, took in the situation and coming forward from his position at the side of young Tell, calmly gave the recalcitrant arrow a smart rap with his spear, when it sped on its way and buried itself in the apple on the boy's head.—Pearson's Weekly.

She Met Him.

He will probably never grumble again, no matter how late she is in keeping an appointment. They were to meet at the bridge, the Brooklyn end, and from there start for their destination, which was in Brooklyn. There was one thing she made up her mind to, and that was that she would not be late. And she was not. But there was no one to meet her. She waited minute after minute and quarter hour after quarter hour, but no husband. She began to be very angry, when suddenly a bright idea occurred to her. "I'll warrant," she said, "that that man is waiting for me on the other side of the bridge." She took the next car and went over. There he was, calmly chatting with a friend. In the car she remarked to him that she had waited some time. It is she who tells the story. "And I had all the car with me," she says in the course of her recital, "and he couldn't say a word. Then when he got over to the Brooklyn side I took him up to the policeman who was standing there. 'Officer,' I said, 'do you know when I came on to this bridge?' 'Why, yes,' he said, 'I noticed you because you waited so long. You came here just an hour ago.' And to think that man was standing there as calmly as possible, without a thought that he had a wife anywhere in the world!"—New York Times.

The Old Story.

"How are you?" cried the chrysanthemum to the palm at the other end of the ballroom, after the dance.

"Pretty low spirited. I heard tonight at least 75 different declarations of everlasting love."

"Seventy-five? Why, how many men were here tonight?"

"About 25," answered the palm sadly. And the experienced chrysanthemum understood and whispered something to her leaves.—Fliegende

Superior to All.

"My mother was troubled with weakness and a tired feeling and I had catarrh. We tried different medicines but did not obtain as much relief as from Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has built me up and strengthened my system and I regard it as superior to all others." WILLIAM F. SMITH, 80 Vincent Street, Pawtucket, R. I.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

A Chance Lost.

Coke—So you think that Benson is no lawyer?

Littleton—I know he isn't.

Coke—But why?

Littleton—Dibbard came in and said it was raining and asked for an umbrella. Well, sir, Benson did not ask for Dibbard's authorities on the first point and moved no stay of proceedings in regard to the latter.—Boston Transcript.

Entirely Capable.

Attorney—Have you formed or expressed an opinion concerning this case?

Venireman—No, sir. I haven't formed or expressed an opinion about anything for 18 months. I'm the janitor of a woman's club.—Chicago Tribune.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1896.
MESSRS ELY BROS:—I have used Ely's Cream Balm a number of years and find it works like a charm. It has cured me of the most obstinate case of cold in the head in less than 48 hours from the time I felt the cold coming on. I would not be without it. Respectfully yours,
283 Hart St. FRED'K FRIES.

Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10 cents. We mail it.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Liver Ills

Like billiousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly.

Hood's Pills

Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1897.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Tomorrow is Christmas, a Christian festival day held in honor of the birth of Christ, and it need not be said that the JOURNAL trusts that it may be pleasantly and profitably spent by everybody. We wish all a "Merry Christmas," and hope the poor as well as the rich may have cause for rejoicing. They will have it if the true meaning of the day is remembered and fully realized.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

☞ Last week Carl Schurz was re-elected President of the National Civil Service League in New York. Nothing could have been more appropriate. The man and the organization fit each other. Schurz is a political adventurer. Beginning life as a traitor to his native land he escaped from Germany and came to America. Settling at Milwaukee he edited a German newspaper until his own countrymen, numerous and influential in that city, could stand his vagaries, and worse, no longer and, poor and unlamented, he went to St. Louis, where he was again employed on a German paper. His career there was short and unprofitable. His true character was soon disclosed to his fellow countrymen, and he deemed it advisable to leave St. Louis for New York. There for a short time he was made much of because he arrived ahead of his reputation, but true to his instincts he soon turned traitor to the Republican party which had clothed and fed and in their blind zeal honored him, and then he became a "Reformer." He did not reach that eminence until the Republicans had found him out and declined longer to pamper him. He began life as a traitor to his country, and ended his political career by committing treason against the Republican party. Such in part is Carl Schurz, the Civil Service Reformer.

☞ Many years we have opposed the Civil Service law of this country, contributing our mite as occasions presented themselves to bring it into disrepute, believing it to be contrary to the spirit of our Republican institutions, a powerful engine for evil, unfair and unjust in its operations; and what have we lived to see? A majority of the present National House of Representatives, so it is claimed, rising up against the system and moving for a repeal of the law! Many prominent Congressmen who a few years ago had not the courage to oppose it, although at heart unbelievers in it, have come out boldly and now advocate its erasure from the statute books. President McKinley too, according to the latest reports, has mellowed and will undo the work of President Cleveland in the last days of his administration. "Now let thy servant depart in peace."

☞ It is reported that Mr. Frank B. French will be chosen by the Board of Public Works for General Superintendent, or whatever the position may be named. He is one of the most skillful Civil Engineers in New England and occupies an enviable position among the profession. He was employed by the Sewer Commission in this city when the sewers were being laid and won high commendation from them for his excellent work. Mr. French, who is a resident of Woburn, has superintended many important engineering works, and never failed to give satisfaction. He is a young man too of the strictest integrity, conscientious in the discharge of his personal and professional duties, and if the Board are to employ such an officer they cannot do better than take Mr. French.

☞ A few days ago we were told by a gentleman who is said to be on the inside of political matters in this city and enjoys exceptional means for knowing all that is going on, that the question of Mr. Barrett's reinstatement in the office of Water Registrar is as good as settled in his favor. Under the "Veteran's Act" he cannot be kept out of the position, but as we understand it his friends prefer that he should be appointed otherwise than under that law that his vindication may be all the more pronounced. They say he was unjustly removed and should be reinstated on the reputation he won while in the office as a competent and faithful public servant.

☞ It is surmised hereabouts that Mayor Feeney is hard at work on his Inaugural Address. We trust he will go light and easy on us poor fellows who he whipped so badly on Dec. 14. Which reminds us to remark, respectfully of course, and with a due appreciation of our unworthiness, that inaugural addresses are a farce. They amount to nothing. There is sense in a Mayor's summing up at the end of his year and presenting to the public the things he has done for the city; but there is none in telling what he proposes to do in the year to come. Why? Because few Mayors have the gift of prophesy to any alarming extent.

☞ There is one thing the people at large ought to be thankful for and that is this: the small aggregation of ward politicians popularly known as "The Gang" didn't get anything out of the late city election. Even Feeney was not a sweet morsel under their tongues because he has not been like clay in the potter's hands to them.

☞ The people give Captain Edwin F. Wyer a considerable share of the credit for the success of the nonpartisan campaign in this city. That is right; he managed the canvass ably and shrewdly.

☞ The Webster Post, G. A. R., of Brockton has won a decided victory in its fight with the "House of Lords," so called. This body, not long ago, voted to take the Post's charter away from them, from which an appeal was taken to the National Commander, by whom the appeal was sustained and the Post won the fight. This will prove a severe blow to the "House of Lords," which, it is believed, will be abolished at the next Encampment.

☞ Rev. Berle of Brighton (the *Record* dubs him "Dr.") is on the rampage again. The Boston newspapers having dropped him for a few months he saw he was falling into "innocuous desuetude," which wouldn't do for a moment, so last Sunday he began rampaging anew—broke out in an another place, as it were—and gave the Boston Police Board fits.

☞ The modified lease of the West End Street Railroad to the Elevated Railroad Company was ratified by the Railroad Commissioners last week after reducing its existence from 99 to 25 years, and cutting down the interest rate from 8 to 7 percent, and now Boston and the suburbs are certain to get rapid transit without any further delay.

☞ No doubt but that Mayor Feeney can be trusted to make good appointments for next year. He missed the mark in several instances last January, but it was probably due to his ignorance of the character of the appointees rather than to a disregard of public interests. And, then, some of the worst ones won't be around after Dec. 31.

☞ Mr. Elwyn G. Preston ought to be able to tell the number of friends he has in Woburn. His vote on Dec. 14 for the Board of Public Works was just the same as that thrown for him for Mayor in 1896, namely, 1311. Of course there are others, but it seems that he can rely on 1311 every time. We calculate that Mr. Preston will make one of the most useful members of the Board.

☞ It is generally understood that several office-holders at City Hall will be retired to private life about Jan. 1. They can't go away too soon for the good of the public. Some of them who have lived high, dressed well, and smoked cigars on "no visible means of support" this year will have to "fish or cut bait" soon.

☞ The nonpartisan hosts won a victory on election day, now let them go in and secure the fruits of it. Let no unworthy officeholder at City Hall get so much as a smell of a re-election or re-appointment. Good government demands their immediate and perpetual retirement to private life.

☞ Latest advices from Washington and Ohio indicate that Mark Hanna will not be borne into the next Senate on flowery beds of ease. It may be that he will not get there at all—he will not if certain plans now in process of formation do not miscarry.

☞ Josiah Quincy was re-elected Mayor of Boston for two years last Tuesday by 4,000 majority. Riley got just votes enough to be counted among the "scattering"

☞ Mayor Feeney has been under the weather physically ever since election, but his illness is not of a serious nature.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

O. Gillette—Watches.
F. C. S. Bank—Meeting.
Board of Trade—Annual Meeting.

— Yesterday was a beautiful one.

— "And many returns of the same."

— Frank A. Locke, tuner. See adv.

— "Christmas comes but once a year."

— Read Gillette's new notice in this paper.

— Hammond's electric illumination takes the cake.

— There was quite a little flirt of snow Monday evening.

— It is said that an inquest will be held on the Curtis fire.

— The town is full and running over with mistletoe and holly.

— Evergreen garlands bedeck many windows along our streets.

— The college boys are at home for their Christmas goose and things.

— Copeland & Bowser show a very attractive window. They know how.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— May good digestion follow the rich dinners of our friends tomorrow.

— Gordon Parker's "Merry Christmas" shows off splendidly in the evening.

— We wish everybody within the sound of our voice "A Merry Christmas."

— Mr. Gillette makes a great Christmas showing at his well filled jewelry store.

— Mr. C. E. Smith shows a great variety of beautiful pictures for the holidays.

— They say Dr. Kelleher is to be City Physician. What's the matter with Dr. Conway.

— The schools are to have a nice vacation for a holiday present. No doubt they enjoy it.

— Capt. Hanson shows a brilliant holiday window. The electric light trimmings are daisies.

— The loss of Mr. W. H. Curtis by fire on the 13th, was about $4,000, and the insurance $1,500.

— Miss Ada Carter, the teacher, is at home with Mrs. M. Richardson for her holiday vacation.

— Tomorrow is Christmas, next day Sunday; two days of rest together. This does not often happen.

— Mr. L. Waldo Thompson makes a fine showing of Christmas goods. He is an up to date merchant.

For Sale or To Let.

House of 13 rooms and out-buildings and an acre of land, 138 Canal St. Two separate tenements, 6 and 10 dollars per month, or 15 dollars per month for whole place. No one but responsible persons need apply.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., Woburn

— The Forefather's Day celebration at the Congregational church passed off finely last Sunday evening.

— Harry Dodge has been elected Captain of the Y. M. C. A. Football team and Frank Eaton Manager.

— Miss Soule makes a fine display of millinery goods at her store corner of Main street and Montvale ave.

— The "Boar's Head," bedight with ivy and flowers, is as much a part of Christmas as the yule log and goose.

— Rum and tobacco cut conspicuous figures in at least two of the Wards on election day. Where were the police?

— J. Leathe has elegant and easy slippers for the good dominie in every style and size that can be thought of.

— Remember that the postoffice will not close until 8 30 this, Friday, evening. Get your mail, gents and ladies.

— The Police are getting hungry for their pay. They have not seen the color of the city's money for three weeks.

— As usual Cunio & Crovo have a fine collection of holly, mistletoe and evergreen trees at their popular fruit store.

— Mrs. William A. Poole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Flint, is still very sick, although she is improving slowly.

— Brother Griffin Place is very complimentary to the JOURNAL in his letter in this paper. With hat in hand we thank him.

— We have received a whole lot of Western newspapers from our old friend Warren Teel lately, for which we return thanks.

— There will be a Christmas Tree and Festival for the children at the Unitarian church at 4.30 and at 6.30, this, Friday, evening.

— The St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society and the Auxiliary visited the St. James Society in Boston last Tuesday evening.

— Mr. Jack McGee, formerly on the Woburn police force, and a popular officer, was the guest of Mr. Gilman F. Jones last Monday.

— The annual meeting of the Board of Trade for the election of officers, etc., will be held on Monday evening, Jan. 3, at their Rooms.

— There is no prettier Christmas window in the city than Mrs. Jenning's. It is crammed full of beautiful things for the boys and girls.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The postoffice will close at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning and will not open again during the day. There will be but one delivery by the carriers.

— Mr. Hoag, Principal of the Cummings school, and Miss Leslie will be united in wedlock this evening, providence permitting, which it probably will.

— Prior's store is plumful of all kinds of holiday goods, and they are going like hot cakes well buttered. His display windows show off in fine style.

— Druggist Brooks is enjoying a fine trade in Christmas presents. His stocks consist of very handsome wares. They are useful too as well as ornamental.

— Elegant furniture and all sorts of beautiful goods in his line are offered by Mr. E. Caldwell for holiday gifts. He always keeps the best the market affords.

— Messrs. T. R. Corbett & Son are building a large house and barn in Burlington for a party there. They have all the work they can attend to this winter.

— Buying things for Christmas presents will close this evening. We expect to see our streets and stores crowded with buyers all this afternoon up to 10 p. m.

— Last Friday Mr. John C. Plumer, whose health has been poor for a long time, experienced a paralytic shock which left him in a helpless condition. His case is critical.

— Miss Mabel Leathe, daughter of Mr. Josiah Leathe, has returned from Norway after a considerable sojourn there. She will spend the winter at her home in this city.

— Here it is well along towards the New Year and no sleighing yet. Neither, so far as we have been able to learn, has there been any skating on Horn Pond to speak of.

— Woburn received its first mail by pneumatic tube from the Boston postoffice to Union Station a little after noon on Dec. 20. It was sent at precisely 12 m. on that day.

— The grand annual ball of the Police Relief Association will be given on Friday evening, Dec. 31. Great preparations for it are underway. It will be a brilliant affair.

URY OF CURES

THE RECORD OF
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— Mr. Daniel S. Jones is spending the holidays with his parents and family here. He will graduate from the Dominion Veterinary College at Toronto, Canada, next March.

— The Local Charitable Association will manage a whist party in K. of C. hall next Monday evening. They are doing a good work in collecting supplies for the poor of our city.

— Coffee causes debility, changes the gastric juice, disturbs the digestion, and often produces dizziness and paralysis. Avoid all this by using "Ayer's Hygienic Cereal Coffee."

— Where does all the money come from for Christmas presents? It is amazing what heaps of it are spent. It is all right, but where does come from? That's the question before the meeting-house.

— The Woman's Auxiliary to the Y. M. C. A. will hold their second quarterly meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 3 p. m. in the Y. M. C. A. parlor. The annual dues will be collected.

— About a fortnight ago Mr. W. F. Kenney of the Boston *Globe* had four children sick at once with diphtheria at his home on Pleasant street, this city. They all pulled through in good shape.

— C. C. Stone & Co's market is brimful of choice eatables for the Christmas dinner. The finest of meats, vegetables, fruits, etc. are to be found there in large quantities and they are sold cheap.

— It is rather selfish in Mr. Cotton to claim all the credit for the holiday decorations at the Buckman shoe store. Many people surmise that Mr. Francis Buckman and Mr. Alvah Buckman had something to do with them.

— An appropiate Christmas present are a dozen fine photographs. Legg makes that kind and stands ready to receive orders. He is one of the best artists in his line in Middlesex county; no better work is done in Boston.

— Mr. John McConnell, landlord of the Central House, has not recovered from his illness, but is still under the doctor's care. "Jack" has had a serious time of it, but everybody hopes he will soon be on his feet again as well as ever.

— Miss Jennie Teager of Memphis, Tennessee, is enjoying the holiday season with the JOURNAL family at their home at Court End, Junior. She is attending school at New Haven, Connecticut, from which she will graduate next May.

— Bear in mind, gentle reader, that the Christmas festival season includes 12 days, from Dec. 25 to January 5 inclusive, and that each day governs the weather for the month of the same number during the following year. This is important.

— Turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, well, if the town ever held any more of them at one time we would like to know when it was. As fine in quality too as were ever raised. The best of them came direct from Burlington (Mass) plantations.

— Mrs. Robert Duncan and her daughter, Mrs. Alex Fraser, who have been visiting Prof. and Mrs. E. Stone Wiggins of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, have returned home having had a very enjoyable time. Mrs. Wiggins is a sister of Mrs. Duncan.

— Mrs. Abigail Flagg of 662 Main street had a stroke of paralysis last Sunday which it is thought she cannot long survive. She is the widow of the late Charles Flagg, and is 79 years old. LATER. She passed away at 9 a. m., Wednesday, Dec. 22.

— Cummings, Chute & Co., coal, etc., have issued a Calendar for 1898 which is a work of art. For beauty of design and finish it is head and shoulders above the handsomest that have found their way to the JOURNAL office this season. Thanks.

— We do not know how true it is, but reports say that more leather is being manufactured in Woburn at the present time than at any former period in the history of the industry. The prospect for coining money by the tanners during the coming year is bright.

— The holiday display at Mr. Amos Cummings's is away above highwater mark. His stocks have to be seen to be appreciated. In the selection of Christmas goods his taste and judgment are unfailing. He has sold a big heap and will sell many more before 10 o'clock tonight.

— Mr. George E. Fowle is building the large tannery of Beggs & Cobb at Winchester. We suspect that he will not do much more work with his carpenter's tools for his salary ($250 a year) as member of the Board of Public Works will enable him to retire and live at his ease.

— The Reading *Chronicle* tried to explain away the defeat of the Reading Bowling Team by the Towandas of Woburn, but made a dismal failure of it. The true explanation of the matter is, the Towandas are expert bowlers, while the Reading chaps are nothing but hayseeds.

— Calendars for 1898 continue to pour in. A couple from Mr. Charles M. Strout are beauties and very handy indeed. Mr. George E. Brown has also left on our table a choice piece of calendar work. It is among the neatest we have seen. For these favors our friends will please accept thanks.

— We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Richardson & Brother in this paper. Their capacious store has been converted into a regular bazaar, and is as handsome as a picture. It is filled with choice holiday goods of every name and nature, and for low prices they beat the band.

— Christmas windows in this city were never more resplendant in beautiful things than they are this year. Main st. in the evening is particularly attractive. Many of them sparkle and shine in the rays of variegated electric lights tastefully arranged, which set off to great advantage elegant Christmas displays, and cause people to pause long before them. The store or shop that is not brilliantly adorned is an exception, and it is a real delight to leisurely meander along and view their beauties. Our dealers in Christmas goods have outdone themselves this year.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop.
Choicest Blended Formosa Oolong Tea.

Packed in ½ and 1 lb. Fancy decorated Tin Cans.
The Best Package Tea in this City.
Prices: 30c. per half lb. 60c. per lb.

For Sale by FITZ & STANLEY.
Boston Branch Store.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Warren street has bought the Charles Arnold residence on Canal street which is one of the best in the city. It cost to build about $15,000. Mrs. Dow will make her future home there. The residence is delightfully located, and was built upon honor with all modern conveniences.

— Mr. Henry L. Andrews of the *News*, Mrs. Andrews, and John Cole Andrews, will spend Christmas Day with Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, and family at their home in Lynn. They are to have a Christmas Tree, with all the term implies, and expect to indulge in quite an elaborate celebration tomorrow and tomorrow evening.

— The finest entertainment yet given in the Star Course was that of last Monday evening. The audience were immensely pleased with it. The stereopticon views were the best ever seen in this city, and those who did not see them missed a splendid thing. The Course has been good all the way through and deserves better patronage than it has received.

— Mr. H. M. Williams, a representative of the Boston *Journal*, is meeting with success in placing copies of "The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia" among our people of education. A special club offer is made by the *Journal*, which is near its close, and it is this that secures subscribers here. As everyone knows, the work is the best of its kind ever published.

— Of course there must be oysters. There can be no right kind of getting along on Christmas Day without the lucious bivalves. Where to get them? At Belcher's to be sure. He has them stallfed, direct from Providence River, "fat, fair and forty," meaty on the ribs, and as sweet as a peach. Oyster trimmings? Certainly; and in stews, fried, on the halfshell. Belcher has them.

— Hon. John E. Russell gave an able lecture in the Burbeen Course on Thursday evening, Dec. 16, on "Transportation by Deep Waterways." The lecture was entertaining as well as instructive. The second in the Course will be delivered by Henry G. Spaulding next Tuesday evening, Dec. 28, on "Pompii" and Bulwer's Last Days, illustrated. The hall was filled to overflowing at the first lecture.

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish and often fails to digest, causing severe suffering. Such people need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and

Internal Misery

Only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and effectively relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Distress After Eating.

"I have been troubled with indigestion for some time. After eating anything that was sweet I was sure to experience great difficulty and distress. Last fall I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and am glad to say that my stomach trouble has entirely disappeared. I can now eat a hearty meal of almost any kind of food and have no trouble afterwards. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also cured me of nervous spells." JOHN H. HOMRIGHAUSEN, Wheatland, Iowa. Such cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, billiousness. 25 cents.

— One week from tomorrow is the day when all well regulated minds are expected to turn over new leaves and make new resolutions. It will be New Year's Day. The broken pledges of last year should be marshaled and another twist taken in them. To these will naturally be added new faults to be corrected and resolved against, so the average man, if honest, has quite a task before him for Jan. 1, 1898.

— Brewster Colony, U. O. P. F., have chosen the following officers: Governor, Alonzo L. Perham; Lieut. Gov., Abbie N. French; Coll., A. V. Haynes; Treasurer, Hattie S. Patten; Secretary, Evie O. Nichols; Chaplain, Elvira E. Leathe; S.-at-A., H. S. Dickinson; Dep. S.-at-A., S. Jennie Perham; I. S., Abbie J. Hathaway; O. S., Charles M. Jones; Trustees, H. S. Dickinson, C. A. Nichols, A. L. Perham.

— Mr. William Redford, the marketman, met with quite a serious accident at 6 o'clock Thursday evening, last week. When directly in front of his residence, No. 7 Bennett street, he stepped on the cover of a shutoff to a waterpipe and fractured his left ankle so badly that he will be laid up with it some time. It was probably a case where the city is in fault and may have it to pay for.

— We heard as we came along that another war had broken out among the hackmen at the depot. Its origin, so far as could be ascertained, was a demand for longer hours and lower fares on the part of some of the men, a demand which was so strenuously resisted by the bosses that war was inevitable. It is no new thing. Wars among the hackmen are as frequent as South American rebellions, and amount to about as much in the end.

— The following are the names of the Officers of the First Congregational Sunday School for 1898: Supt. Frank E. Cotton being unable to devote the necessary time to the office, John R. Carter was elected Superintendent; E. P. Fox, Assistant Supt.; Mrs. George F. Bean, Supt. Intermediate Dept.; Mrs. A. H. Holland ditto Primary Dept.; Mrs. J. G. Murdock, ditto Kindergarten; H. A. T. Dow, Treasurer; J. Chester Hanson, Secretary.

— The following is the programme of the concert to preceed the ball to be given by the Police Relief Association on Friday evening, Dec. 31. It will be executed by Calnan's Orchestra of 9 pieces, which also is to furnish music for the dancing:

1. March. Up the Street — Morse
2. Overture. Pique Dance — Suppe
3. Piccolo Solo. Little Robbin — Demore
   J. W. Dowling.
4. Idyel. The Mill in the Forest. — Ellanberg
5. Medley. Songs of the Day. — Beyer
6. Xylophone Solo. Appolo. — Morse
   A. G. Morse.
7. Finale. The Popular Swing. — Brooks

— Forefathers Night Banquet by the Boston Congregational Club was especially brilliant this year, and well attended by Woburn people. There were present from this city Mrs. Frances Wheeler, Mrs. James L. Fowle, Mrs. Mary E. Conn, Miss Annie Flagg, Miss Marian Hosmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Murdock, Mr. and Mrs. George Tilton, Mr. J. R. Carter, Mr. Joseph G. Pollard, Mr. E. E. Thompson and Mr. Bertrand Strout.

— The *Sunday Herald* of Dec 19 contained an interesting story about Officer J. E. Boutwell and his achievements with the gun and rod. It was well illustrated with pictures of Mr. Boutwell, his hunting dogs, and some 8 or 10 victims of his unerring aim, and the descriptive work that went with the cut was entertaining. One of the smart inkslingers of the *Herald* came out here last week with his kodack and a handful of well sharpened pencils and succeeded after awhile in getting Officer Boutwell to sit still long enough for a snap shot, and to worm out of him a few of his best experiences in forest, field and by the brookside. As a hunter and angler Boutwell can't be beat, at least he never has been. We mind that he was very careful not to locate any good trout brooks in the story he gave the *Herald's* young man. He is too wise for that. And he has a curious way of shooting foxes where none are supposed to exist.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

— The new L. W. Fowle block on the corner of Main and Park sts. is a fine looking building. The plateglass windows on the Main st. side give it a metropolitan air, and one could hardly conceive that such an improvement could have been effected on Park st. by the raising and finishing off of a a building. Mr. George E. Fowle is the masterworkman, and he will make a firstclass improvement of the block when completed. Mr. E Caldwell will have the best business location in the city.

— About a dozen rich Back Bay ladies who eschew the usual methods of increasing their knowledge of books have organized themselves into a private club and secured Maud Wood of Boston to give them a weekly lecture at their mansions in turn on literature, science, philosophy, enconomics, and similar topics, three or four of which she has already given. The ladies of the club are intellectual and cultivated therefore it would seem that the selection of Miss Wood for a lecturer must be highly complimentary. She is a member of the Senior class at Radcliffe, thoroughly educated, cultured, polished in manners, and ladylike in bearing—just what the Back Bay women demand.

— The headquarters of the Celtic Association in the JOURNAL block, of which Mr. James Begley is President, have recently been renovated, embellished with paint and paper, and put into first class shape. The walls have been covered with handsome and expensive paper, the ceilings painted in a fine shade of blue, the woodwork varnished, and the floors oiled. Members of the Association, experts with the brush, did the work. The rooms are furnished with all modern conveniences, steam heat, Horn Pond water, bathing tubs with hot and cold water, toilet rooms, etc. Included in the furnishings are a fine piano, library, conveniences for correspondence, tables and paraphernalia for social games, and other things which add to the comfort and pleasure of the members. No club in the city have better rooms than the Celtics.

— Mr. Dexter Carter of North Woburn and Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, met in the JOURNAL office yesterday and enjoyed a refreshing season.

Household Gods.

The ancient Greeks believed that that the Penates were the gods who attended to the welfare and prosperity of the family. They were worshipped as household gods in every home. The household god of to-day is Dr. King's New Discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds and for all affections of Throat, Chest and Lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried for a quarter of a century and is guaranteed to cure, or money returned. No household should be without this good angel. It is pleasant to take and a safe and sure remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles at Parker's Drugstore. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 5. Dec. 17.

Sawyer,	145	159	137—441
Buchanan,	134	132	180—446
Buss,	149	134	152—435
Grant,	109	107	143—359
Hinckley,	120	153	111—384
Team Totals,	657	685	723—2065

Team 7.

Richardson A. L.	89	121	110—320
Trull,	158	120	121—399
Sweetser,	129	123	118—370
Taylor,	152	166	122—440
Young,	170	169	157—496
Team Totals,	698	699	628—2025

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS BANCROFT
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

We have a full assortment of Raisins, Citron, Spices, Currants, Seasonings, Nuts and Confectionery for the Christmas trade.

	Per lb.
Best California Raisins,	12c
3 Crown California Raisins	8c
2 Crown California Raisins	5c
Best Seeded Raisins, 1 lb. package	12c
English Currants	8c
Best Washed Currants, 1 lb. package	12c
Leghorn Citron	13c
American Citron	15c
Lemon Peel	15c
Orange Peel	15c
Mixed Nuts	13c
2 lbs. for 25 cents.	
Best Broken Candy	10c
Best Peanut Taffy	13c
2 lbs. for 25 cents.	
Mixed Chocolates, fine goods	25c

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

City Government.

At a meeting of the Aldermen held Thursday evening, Dec. 16, the petition of the Athletic Club for an exhibition on Dec. 28, was granted. S. R. Duren's petition to use private land for a burying ground was granted.

At the meeting of the Common Council held the same evening the Board concurred in transfer of $2,500 to Highways; also in asking for $1,000 for Hart street; also in transferring balance of Warren Academy appropriation to Public Property.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Died.

Hon. Montressor T. Allen, Ex-Mayor of this city, died at his residence, 14 Church ave., at 12.45 this, Friday, morning, after an illness of several months. He was a War Veteran. His age was 54 years and 7 months. His death will be sorely lamented by his family, and this city will miss him.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

"The Idol's Eye," the new opera by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, in which Kirke La Shelle will present Frank Daniels at the Tremont Theatre, beginning Jan. 3, immediately after the termination of its successful run at the Broadway Theatre, New York, and Philadelphia, has India for locale, and the story is of the present time. The story is that of an adventurous aeronaut, who drops down in India among the tigers and British soldiers and Nautch girls and fierce old Brahmins and Hindoo priests, and proceeds to get himself into a very comical kettle of fish.

Merry Christmas!

Thanks to the generous public for its patronage. Our store will be

Closed all day to-morrow, Dec. 25.

TO-NIGHT!

Tonight, Dec. 24, is the last chance to guess on the weight of the TURKEY.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

Fur Capes : : :

We have on hand some twenty Fur Capes—good, comfortable garments, which we are offering at just one half the former price. To those desiring such garments this is an exceptional opportunity.

FORMER PRICE:

$5.00, $7.00, $10.00, $16.00, $20.

PRESENT PRICE:

$2.50, $3.50, $5.00, $8.00, $10.00

COPELAND & BOWSER,

355 MAIN STREET.

The Way To Have a Merry Christmas

Is to make others happy. Make them happy with suitable gifts. But where to find the gifts? Our stock answers that question perfectly. Come and see. Something for every eye. Something for every taste. To look through our splendid assortment is a pastime. To show the goods is a pleasure.

Linwood E. Hanson,

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 4—3.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Than any other place in Woburn, of useful as well as appropriate articles

Useful Christmas Presents.

Most people like short stories. We will let the goods and prices speak for themselves.

Read this column and see what you can get for 25c.

1 pair Cuffs
2 Collars
1 Band Bow
1 Shield Bow
3 White Lawn Bows
1 Club Tie
1 4-in-Hand Tie
1 Teck Tie
1 Windsor Tie
1 pair Arm Bands
1 initial Linen Handkerchief
1 Fancy Border Linen Handkerchief
3 Hemstitched White Handkerchiefs
1 pair Cuff Buttons
1 pair Link Cuff Buttons.
1 Shirt Stud
1 pair Men's Silk Garters
1 pair Suspenders
1 pair Leather Gloves or Mitts
1 pair Woolen Gloves or Mitts
1 pair Wristers
1 pair Hose
2 pair Hose
3 pair Hose
8 pair Hose
1 Boy's Cap
1 pair Boy's Pants
1 Men's Working Shirt
1 Whip
1 Boy's or Men's Undershirt, or Drawers.

Read this column and see what you can get for 50c.

2 pair Cuffs
3 Collars
1 Teck Tie
1 Imperial Tie
1 Knot Scarf
1 4-in-Hand Tie
1 Band Bow
2 Band Bows
2 Shield Bows
2 Windsor Ties
1 pair Arm Bands
2 initial Handkerchiefs
1 Silk Handkerchiefs
1 Fancy Border Handkerchief
6 Hemstitched Handkerchiefs
1 pair Cuff Buttons
3 Shirt Studs
1 pair Suspenders
1 pair Leather Gloves or Mitts
1 pair Woolen Gloves or Mitts
1 pair Hose
2 pair Hose
4 pair Hose
6 pair Hose
15 pair Hose
1 Men's Cap
1 Muffler
1 White Shirt, lanundered or unlaundered
1 Suit Boy's Underwear
1 Undershirt for Men
1 pair Drawers for Men
1 Tam O'Shanta Hat

A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main St.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO OUR STOCK OF

Winter Overcoatings

And other seasonable goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO'S.

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

You Have No Idea How Cheap You Can Get CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Until you have examined the pretty things at

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Encouraged.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL: Kindly allow me to congratulate you on the stand you took in our recent municipal election. If it did not result as we wished it might in all particulars we have done much better than without your valuable assistance.

We shall start under our new Charter with great hopes of an improved condition in city affairs. We trust our city laborers will not be compelled in future to buy their supplies at any one place, or the patronage be used for the collection of old bills. If we did not get no license we did throw a much larger vote in favor of it than for several years, and the vote seems to be an honest one given because the voters really believe in the cause. The work put into no license this year will have fruit in the near future. The people seem to be waking up to the fact that we are ourselves to blame for the condition of things in Woburn. So long as we remain the resort for all the loafers of the surrounding towns just so long shall we be behind our sister cities and towns in all that goes to make up a sober industrious community. No doubt that some of our well-to-do, educated men vote "yes" and always will, but we expect this. While a large number will come to see this matter in its true light, a few cannot break away from the moral taint of their early training, but will continue to walk up to the polls and cast their ballots to license one in every ten hundred to sell poison to the nine hundred and ninety-nine, yet we are gaining and trust will be able next year to put ourselves on a par with surrounding towns, as well as the cities of Somerville and Cambridge, and may no longer blush when we say we live in Woburn. But for this one curse we have as fine a place of residence as can be found within fifty miles of Boston.

Some one says we need the license money to help out our finances. But do they know that we pay out every year for the poor alone more than double per capita than the no license city of Quincy? Oh, they say, that is Faxon's place and should not be compared with other no license cities. But if that is the result of Faxon's work we should pray for a Faxon for Woburn. There is hope for us so long as people will stop to consider this matter soberly, as they seem to have done this time. If only voters will act from their highest ideal of duty to themselves and their neighbors on this question we have no fear of the result. Men have come to consider this thing from a new standpoint, the strong, who may be free from danger, from a desire for better government, which they see we cannot have so long as the politics of our city are directed from the saloon; and the common people are also waking up from their long time lethergy and asserting their right to live and act for themselves, instead of blindly taking their political tips from across the bar.

We owe a great debt of gratitude for the stand taken by at least two of our leading churches. Never since I have resided in Woburn has such stalwart work been done. Surely they will not stand alone another year if we may judge by the general interest manifested by all classes of citizens in the good cause. The time for a let-alone policy has passed; henceforth active work will be done until a no license vote will prevail and our good city wrested from the hands of those who would degrade her for their own selfish ends. The people like this agressive work on the part of the leaders to whom we all look for counsel and advice, and are quite sure to turn their backs on those who hesitate to declare their opinions in matters of such importance to the community at large.

Now, Mr. Editor, if this finds favor in your eyes please give it a place in your next issue; if not the waste basket will have it and I the satisfaction of having tried to say a word that might help the good cause along.

GRIFFIN PLACE.

Friday is a luckier day than Saturday. Especially to get over a cough on. Because it is a day sooner. Use Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam and stop that barking within a week.

FOR THE

Holidays

Choice Perfumes
Celluloid Novelties
Xmas Cards
Calendars

The largest line we have ever shown.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

In Michigan.

BY A. B. W.

When New England first went West, she stopped in Western New York. Later she pressed on into the region of the Great Lakes. Then to Minnesota. Her sons and daughters of the second and third generation are now as far west as Oregon. Even Hawaii claims some; and no doubt Alaska will welcome many in '98. Michigan has a large element of her good blood from New England and New York; and this fact marks Michigan as one of the most progressive of our States.

It will surprise some of our Woburn antiquarians to compare 1645 with a few other dates of settlement. St. Augustine claims 1565. Sante Fe, 1582. Jamestown, 1607. Detroit, 1650. Let Young America read of Pontiac's Indian War and 1673. Though Michigan did not enter the Union till 1837, yet the story of its early French and English claimants is romantic reading. Uncle Sam has just moved into an elegant post office at Detroit, our metropolis, whose site is historic. In front of the building is a tablet which states that there the English erected, in 1778, a fort against the Americans. This fort, evacuated in 1796 by the British, witnessed the closing scene of the War of Independence. It was on July 11 that the American flag was first unfurled over what was then known as the Western Territory, which by that act was recognized as belonging to the Federal Union.

Some people who never get out of the Eastern States have about the same idea of even the Middle West that some inhabitants of the British Isles have of any part of America. They would expect to run against "the wild and wolly West" in the shape of an Indian almost anywhere. The time factor does not count with them. But, one hundred and thirty-five years ago, Pontiac was the leader of a great confederacy of Indian tribes. The Indians in this section of the country were the Senecas, the Algonquins, the Ottaways, Ojibways, Iroquois, Pottawatomies, Delawares, Miamies, Shawnees, Hurons, and Wyandots. Pontiac was an Ottaway. He laid siege to Detroit for three months, with a thousand or more Indians at the last. By desperate efforts the fort was at length reinforced and the siege raised. Before Pontiac's death, 2,000 whites had been killed.

Michigan is the battle ground for a battle royal. The Anti-Saloon League is in the field and in line of action. Skirmishing has been brisk, and the fight is now on, beginning at Detroit, where the Mayor has been requested to enforce the laws concerning the saloon. The Liquor Dealers' League is preparing to "protect our business from the attacks of fanatics," and the Anti-Saloon League is contending to secure control of the next Legislature. Its motto is "The Saloon must go." Its three modes of procedure are, agitation, enforcement, legislation. Its ultimate aim is prohibition. It welcomes the help even of a drinking man, if only it is "anti-saloon." Michigan may yet make its mark in this movement against a more dangerous confederacy than was Pontiac's. The state that has given Edison to science, Alger for Secretary of War and Angell as ambassador to Turkey is a good state to hear from. Xmas greeting to the JOURNAL!

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case having resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Good Times.

A man of long experience in the leather district in that specialty and allied industries, says: "The young fellows, the bright men in the business, will be dazed by the coming year. There has been nothing like last summer in the shoe business since 1885, and the only trouble is that the boom will be overdone in 1898, and that the sheep will all jump over the wall together at the end. Otherwise there is no fleck on the horizon." Yet you hear some people saying the East is still blue. It must be in their minds alone.—*Boston Record.*

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c. or $1 00 per bottle at Gordon Parker's Drug store.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Back to Christ." Christmas Concert by the Sunday School at 4 P. M.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "The Message of Christmas." Sunday School at 12 M. Christmas Concert at 6 P. P. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. Crane. Sunday School at 12 M. Christmas Concert at 4 P. M. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. Evening service at 7. Church Covenant Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday after Christmas.
Morning Prayer and full Christmas Music at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer with Special Music at 7.
Friday, Christmas Eve, Children's Service at 7.
Christmas Day, Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Rev. E. L. Drown of Cambridge will celebrate.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 14, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, Christian Nelson and Ethel White, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 16, by Arthur E. Gage, J. of P., Elisha B. Fitzgerald, and Lillian E. Carter, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 22, by Rev. I. H. Packard, Albert Kelby and May Tarr both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 15, Mary Bishop, aged 65 years.

In this city, Dec. 15, Roger Mullen, aged 49 years, 3 months.

In this city, Dec. 21, Hannah D. Blaisdell, aged 76 years, 9 months, 8 days.

In this city, Dec. 22, Abigail, widow of the late Charles Flagg, aged 78 years, 5 months, 5 days.

A Profitable Evening.

An audience of fair size and uncommon intelligence assembled at the First Congregational Church last Wednesday evening to listen to a lecture on "John Brown" by Frank B. Sanborn, the Concord Sage and Philosopher, given under the auspices of the Men's League, the leading literary and social club of the city. Although his theme was old and threadbare the Sage, after getting warmed up, made it entertaining, and was accorded breathless attention on the part of the audience.

The sanity of John, or "Osawatomie," Brown, from the time he made his dramatic appearance on the stage in the Kansas Free State War to his tragic death at the hands of the soldiery at Harper's Ferry for inciting a slave rising and heading a rebellion calculated to liberate the slaves of Virginia, has been a mooted question. A great deal has been written and spoken on the question, but with no perceptable effect in changing men's opinions.

Mr. Sanborn, who was personally acquainted with and at times a companion of the Great Slavery Agitator, whose hatred of the slaveholder surpassed his love for the slave, believed that Brown was not only sane but great, and it may be he was right.

Mr. Sanborn is not an orator, but he wields one of the ablest and keenest pens now in use in New England. He is what is denominated a brainy man. There are no flaws in his logic, his wit is pungent, and on occasions he dips his pen in gall. He gave a good lecture Wednesday evening, prosy at times, but meaty notwithstanding his theme was hackneyed. It was all the more interesting because the lecturer, 40 years ago, was a companion of the men he talked about and active in the stirring, and sometimes sanguinary, scenes which eventuated in making Kansas a Free State.

We understand that the supper at which President Preston presided with dignity and grace, which preceeded the lecture, was all that the most exacting epicure could have asked for.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

At the Unitarian Church.

The next Sunday 4 P. M. Christmas programme at the Unitarian church will be as follows:

1. Organ Prelude Festal March. Smart
2. Introductory Reading and Sentences.
3. Carol. Waken Christian Children. School.
4. Responsive Reading.
5. Prayer.
6. Christmas Anthem; Hark! The Herald Angels Sing. Schnecker. Choir.
7. Reading and Responsive Singing.
8. Carol. Sing, Little Children. By Infant Class.
9. Recitation. Helen Cook.
10. Solo. Christmas Song. Shelley. Mr. C. E. Wilson.
11. Recitation. Alice Winn, Rowen Parker, Dora Knapp.
12. Carol. What Shall Children Bring. By Class of Girls.
13. Duet. It Came Upon The Midnight Clear. Barnes. Mr. Parker and Miss Davis.
14. Recitation. Dora Leathe, Leslie Goff, Edith Willoughby.
15. Carol. Carol, Sweetly Carol. School.
16. Recitations. Olga Bernhardt. Tom Brown, Bessie Boutwell.
17. Carol. Christmas Glory. By Class of Boys.
18. Solo. O Lord God of Abraham. From Elijah. Mr. Wilson.
19. Recitation. Evelyn Trull.
20. Carol. On Bethleham's Peaceful Hill. School.
21. Address by the Pastor.
22. Congregational Hymn.
23. Benediction.
24. Postlude. From Elijah

Christmas Services

At Trinity Episcopal church program for Children's Service, Xmas Eve, Friday, Dec. 31.

Processional Hymn.
Evening Prayer. (Shortened Form)
Hymn.
Address.
Hymn.
Recitations by members of the Sunday School.
Hymn.
Collects.
Benediction.
Recessional Hymn.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Program for Christmas Day.

Prelude. Introduction et Priere.	Lefebure-Wely
Processional Hymn.	Mendelssohn
Venite.	Chant
Gloria Patri.	Chant
Te Deum.	Woodward, E Flat
Benedictus.	Chant
Introit.	Willis
Kyrie.	Haynes
Gloria Tibi.	Haynes
Hymn.	Barnley
Offertory. O Zion, that bringest good tidings.	Stainer
Doxology.	
Sanctus.	Haynes
Benedictus.	Gounod
Agnus Dei.	Haynes
Gloria in Excelsis.	Haynes
Sevenfold Amen.	Stainer
Recessional.	Smart
Postlude. Marche de Procession.	Guilmant

The above will be repeated on Sunday morning at 10.30 and special music for Evening Prayer.

At First Church.

A Christmas Sunday School Concert will be held at the First Congregational Church at 6 o'clock Sunday evening, Dec. 26, when and where the following Order of Exercises will be carried out:

1. Organ Voluntary.
2. Processional.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Chorus. Sweet music softly stealing.
5. Responsive Reading.
6. Prayer.
7. Tenor Solo. The Gift. Behrend. Mr. McKay.
8. Recitation. Why am I Glad for Christmas? Donald DeLoriea.
9. Song. Come to Jesus. In four languages, (English, Turkish, Armenian and Greek). Eleanor Fowle.
10. Isaiah's Vision. Luther Fowle.
11. Chorus. Christ is born in Bethlehem.
12. Recitation. Ring the Bells. Jeannette Smith.
13. Responsive Exercise. Miss Chamberlain's Class.
14. Chorus. What do they say, these bells, to me?
15. Offering.
16. Tenor Solo. Children's Dreams. Cowen. Mr. McKay.
17. Christmas Greeting. Dr. March.
18. Hyman. Christmas.
19. Benediction.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

Card of Thanks.

We adopt this method to return our sincere thanks to the Woburn Fire Department for their gallant fight to save our property from destruction on the evening of Dec. 13, and to our friends and neighbors for their kindness and material aid at and since the fire.

WILLIAM H. CURTIS AND FAMILY.

Burlington.

Christmas Festival at the church Wednesday evening, Dec. 29. Vocal and Instrumental Music and social reunion. Supper at 7.30, after which the annual sale of pews. Mr. Prior auctioneer.

Woman's Club.

At the regular meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club Friday evening, Dec. 17, all business laid aside, and the time devoted to an illustrated lecture by Charles S. Norton, who from his own researches, gave much of interest about Prof. Roentgen and X rays. Mr. Norton, with the aid of two classmates to assist at the stereopticon, Mr. William W. Crosby and Mr. Leonard Buchanan, illustrated his subject with slides showing the working of the X-ray from its start to the present time.

"It is not yet two years," said Mr. Norton, "since word came to us across the water, that a means of seeing the invisible, and of photographing the unseen, had been found." Little or no reliance was placed upon this at first, but gradually it became an absorbing topic, and shortly many were taking X-ray pictures. Prof. Roentgen, to whom the discovery is to be credited, chanced upon this wonder by accident while experimenting with tubes at his routine work. In this lay the foundation of great possibilities for the future.

The voltage required for this work is 10,000 to the inch, while that of the street railway is 500 add the ordinary electric light but 110. One experiment was especially beautiful in which the current was made to pass through four tubes causing a brilliant fluorescence which defies description. These tubes are of exceedingly hard glass. Another experiment showed a powerful light from a tube imported from Germany which may yet become the method of lighting our homes.

Mr. Norton spoke at considerable length of the valuable aid which this discovery had become in surgery and medical practice os in examination of heart action and in cases of broken bones or fractures. One of the slides showed Dr. Williams, at the city hospital in Boston, bending over a patient to discover where lay the seat of disease. The lecturer claimed that five years from now medical science would owe much in its advance to this discovery.

Slides were used to illustrate how valuable this art myy become in detecting bogus stones in jewelry. The genuine diamond was proved to be perfectly transparent, the X-ray showing only the setting. Much of this subject is involved in mystery at the present, but is destined to become a mighty agent in the future.

The next meeting of the Club is an afternoon with young people at the usual hour and place. Each member is expected to have a young person 10 years of age or over as her guest.

Mr. Willis Boyd Allen, a regular contributor to the *Youth's Companion*, will interest all by recital of some of his original stories. Light refreshments will be served.

C. G. R., Rec. Clerk.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

North Woburn.

Miss Maida Wendell of New Jersey is visiting Miss Amanda Sevrens.

Miss Higbee has returned from a several months visit in New York.

Miss Bessie Barker has returned from a several week's visit in Hancock, Penn.

Mr. Harry Clark was obliged to postpone his Maine trip being seized with those omniscient mumps.

Miss Ruby Kenty is visiting relatives this week. Miss Kenty has been teaching in one of the public schools of Fair Haven, Mass. She reports an epidemic of small pox in that place.

The N. Boynton company of Boston are erecting a building for waterproofing on the site of the building recently burned. The machinery will be in a brick building away from the main building thus lessening the chances of fire.

Literary Notices.

The illustrated papers in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December are: And I Will Tell Him of our Othman Bold, The Wooing of Malkatoon, The Queen's Jubilee, A Bird's Egg (color of many eggs given), To a Newborn Baby, Destiny of Drybone, Annunciation, Puppets, Ancient and Modern; Mananoon, Reindeer of the Jotunheine, Spanish John, My Fifth in Mammy, Mr. Willie's Wedding Veil, George William Curtis at Concord. The number contains many other articles, and is an unually handsome and interesting one.

*** HARPER'S is sold by the New England News Co., Boston, and at the Woburn Bookstore by Horton.

The December issue of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE comes in an attractive holiday cover and is full of interesting material. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a photograph of James Russel Lowell, taken by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1864. This accompanies an article by Charles Akers entitled Personal Glimpses of Our New England Poets. With it are reproductions from portraits of the poets made by Mr. Aker at that time. George Willis Cooke tells the story of Brook Farm, founded in West Roxbury by George Ripley in 1841. Views of the settlement as it was and as it now appears are shown with portraits of those most prominently connected with it. Mr. Ashton R. Willard, whose article on College Architecture in a recent number will be remembered, here supplements it with an equally valuable description of the various College Libraries in the United States, and this paper is also fully illustrated. Ludwig Richter has full justice done him by Mr. W. Henry Winslow in a careful study of his life and works, rendered attractive by the reproduction from the artist's works. The Municipality, Old and New, is discussed by James Phinney Baxter. Mr. Henry C. Lahee, in his Organs and Organ Building in New England, shows a thorough knowledge of his subject, and gives a careful and comprehensive account of the progress of organ manufacture. Views of many famous organs and portraits of well-known builders and prominent organists illustrate the article. There are several excellent stories and sketches in this issue of the magazine, with a number of good poems as well. The Editor's Table bears a message for the Christmas season, drawing lessons from the life and works of George Ripley and showing that Brook Farm, though a seeming failure, was in reality a grand success Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

The Brook Farm Experiment, by Arthur W. Tarbell, describing its connection with such men as Hawthorne, Emerson, George William Curtis and the late Charles A. Dana, and portraying some of the charm and associations that gathered about this famous incident of the early forties, is the leading article of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for the Christmas issue. Much is said also about Brook Farm as it is today. The article is illustrated from drawings by Walter L. Greene. In Kentucky's Mammoth Cave is the third of a series of illustrated sketches on The Seven Wonders of the World. A fragmentary note on John Ruskin is entitled An Afternoon with Ruskin. The home-life of the professor at Brantwood and the English Lake District is treated in text and illustrations. The people associated with patriotic societies will be interested in the illustrated article Patriotic Societies of America. A vigorous article on a dead subject is The First American Congress. The current issue contains also some reproductions of humorous drawings by George Cruikshank depicting Christmas in Merrie Old England. The popular illustrated narrative, Christ and His Time approaches its completion in the December issue. The short stories are as always the best of reading. Francis Lynde has a sketch of southern railroad life entitled, The Bedevilment of John Discombe. Hayden Carruth continues his Starting the Bruntwood Breeze. The humorous department Twixt Smiles and Tears has its regular contributors who always give start to the laugh. Club Women and Their Work deals with all that is timely and trenchant in the club women field. A new department which the NATIONAL has recently established and which is creating unusual interest is its Question Class. Fifteen questions with prizes are offered each month. For sale at all news-stands. The W. W. Potter Co., 91 Bedford St., Boston.

WINCHESTER.

Col. Nat Richardson is getting over the effects of his recent serious accident on Washington street. He had a close shave, but got out of it all right.

Roger H. Hurd has been elected Captain of the High School football team for next year, and Fred A. Brine, Captain of the athletic team. The High School polo team has organized with Donald M. Belcher Captain and W. Minot Hurd Manager. Four of last year's team are in school. They are W. Minot Hurd and Fred A. Brine rushers, Donald M. Belcher halfback, and Philip T. French goal. It is expected the team will make a good showing this winter.—*Star.*

Still It Grows.

The New England Home Magazine, which is given free with the Boston *Sunday Journal*, is rapidly growing in popularity, selling out again in Boston last Sunday. It is now printed on the best paper, and is an extraordinarily handsome magazine, really as good as the magazines which sell for 10 cents or more apiece, while this goes free.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

A MAGAZINE **FREE**

The New England **Home Magazine** (published every week), equal in character and illustrations to the Cosmopolitan or Munsey's, secured without any cost, provided you buy the

BOSTON SUNDAY JOURNAL

It is a strikingly beautiful magazine, selling for ten cents a copy, and yet obtained, by this combination with the Sunday Journal, for the price only of the Sunday Journal. Five cents a week obtains both. Order the Sunday Journal of your newsdealer and get the Magazine also free EVERY WEEK.

Osborn Gillette,

Official Watch Examiner for all Electric Railroads running into Woburn.

We are Headquarters for the repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. We send no work to Boston. Every piece of work brought into our store is repaired in the store. We have three of the best watchmakers that could be found in Boston; Mr. C. J. Springer, who had charge of Wilson Bros.' repair department for three years, and Mr. J. H. Hale, who was five years with Bigelow & Kennard. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or no pay. Our prices on Watches, Clocks, Silverware and Jewelry is way below all others. Call and see for yourself.

379 Main Street, - Woburn.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, December 31, 1897**, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 1st, 1898, will draw interest from that date.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Dec. 23, 1897.

WANTED AGENTS to sell our Printing Presses, Vulcanizers, Baggage and Key Checks, Steel and Rubber Stamps, Seal Presses, Stencils, &c. J. F. W. DORMAN CO., 121 E. Fayette St., Balto., Md. Catalogue free.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1898**, at 4.45 P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 10, 1897.

Woburn Board of Trade.

The annual Meeting of this Corporation will be held **Monday, January 3, 1898**, at the Rooms, 316 Main street, at 7.30, p. m., for the election of officers, determining Assessment for 1898, and the transaction of such other business as may be presented.

FREDERIC H. LEWIS, Clerk.

Woburn, Dec. 24, 1897.

NOTICE.

The friends of the **Woburn Home for Aged Women** will please remember the Pound Party that is held for its benefit the **first week in January of each year.** From the beginning to the end of the week donations will be thankfully received at the Home.

ROSANNA B. TIDD, Secretary.

WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the second account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Helen M. Ireson, the trustee for the benefit of Frances S. Ingalls, under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and second accounts of her trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE,

Likewise Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, and all kinds of staple Meats, Fish, and the Best Oysters in America, now ready for delivery at

C. C. STONE & Co's,

No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass

Also, Vegetables, Fruits, and everything else nice for

THE HOLIDAYS.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits to J. F. W. Dorman Co., 121 E. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Catalogue free.

Returned for Business.

Miss M. REEVES

Has returned and taken the Rooms lately occupied by Dr. Allen in **Mechanics Building**, where she will carry on the business of

Dressmaking and Ladies' Tailoring

in all its branches as formerly. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. She respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

NOTICE !

Skirts Cut and Made

and worn ones renovated, sleeves remodeled. All kinds of sewing. Prices reasonable.

Also, Tenement To Let.

Mrs. L. A. GRAMMER. 148 Salem St.

Electric cars pass the door.

Call and examine our line of Ranges, Parlor Stoves and Oil Heaters

C. M. STROUT

Old Postoffice Rooms

Dow's Block.

For Sale Cheap.

Owing to a change in business I shall offer property on Cleveland ave. and Beach st. For Sale. A portion of this property will be sold for less than one half of city valuation.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,

Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

HENRY E. PACKER, M. D.,

Successor to N. A. Springer, M. D., and H. L. Shepherd, M. D., has located at

No. 11 Pleasant Street, Woburn,

And will be pleased to attend those who wish his services.

Telephone 56—2.

Tenement To Let,

A SINGLE TENEMENT To Let; in good condition; handy to the centre; fruit. Rent reasonable.

Apply to E. P. MARION,
47 Lowell St., Woburn,

WANTED !

HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.

Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,

Auctioneer and Appraiser,

6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building

WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.

Consignments Solicited.

Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.

Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.

Mail your orders and I will do the rest.

D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

ADDRESS FOR TERMS:

415 Main Street,

Room 8. Mechanics Building.

WOBURN, MASS.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal and Wood,

377 Main Steet.

Yard, rear of 211 Main street.

TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,

Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.

Enquire on the premises.

A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.

A NEW HOUSE

OF EIGHT ROOMS AT

WYMAN GREEN,

One minute to Station. All modern improvements! $22.00 per month.

Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.

369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!

Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

EDWARD J. BELCHER, CATERER.

Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.

Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters. Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.

325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.

Telephone 18-2.

Tremont House

WINCHESTER.

I wish to inform the ladies of Winchester and Woburn that I have good girls on hand—Swede, Danish, English, Irish—with good recommendations. With thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, I remain most respectfully, etc.

MRS. J. A. MCMURRAY,
formerly Miss M. H. Norton of Woburn

To Let.

Recently built HOUSE of 8 Rooms and Modern Plumbing, next to corner of Charles and Main streets. Rent moderate.

House is equipped for gas.

Apply to JOHN W. SHAW,
36 Pleasant St., Woburn

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to

CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.

A Fine Residence: all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.

Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

Tenement To Let.

At Hammond Square. Eight rooms and bath. Piped for hot and cold water. Light, roomy basement with cemented floor and set tubs. Recently papered and painted.

Enquire of J. F. RAMSDELL, H. M. ALDRICH, or H. C. HALL.

FOR SALE — OR — TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

F. GOWING,

Magnetic Healer.

RESIDENCE:

6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.

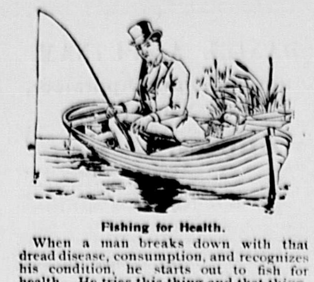
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from $50 to $100 monthly clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to increase your present income from $200 to $500 yearly, by working at odd times, write the GLOBE CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, whether married or single, last or present employment, and you can secure a position with them by which you can make more money easier and faster than you ever made before in your life.

Are You The Man?

WE WANT AN ENERGETIC MAN TO SOLICIT orders for Fine Merchant Tailoring. An admirable and complete line of samples, at prices that will command the trade. Best workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed. Liberal allowance to an earnest and capable man. Address S. J. B., 111-113 Bleecher St., New York.



Fishing for Health.

When a man breaks down with that dread disease, consumption, and recognizes his condition, he starts out to fish for health. He tries this thing and that thing. He consults this doctor and that doctor. He indulges in all kinds of absurd athletic exercises. He tries first one climate and then another. He tries the rest cure and the work cure. He grows steadily worse.

That is the story of most consumptives. Finally, when the consumptive dies, the doctor shrugs his shoulders and pronounces consumption incurable. A thirty years' test of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has demonstrated that it cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, before the lungs are too far wasted. In a consumptive there is a weaker spot than even the lungs. That spot is the stomach. A consumptive never really begins to die until his stomach gives out. The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only braces up the stomach, but acts directly on the lungs, healing them and driving out all impurities. Honest medicine dealers will not urge you to take an inferior substitute.

"I had a very bad cough, also night-sweats, and was almost in my grave with consumption," writes Mrs. Clara A. McIntyre, Box 171, Ashland, Middlesex Co., Mass. "A friend of mine who had died with consumption came to me in a dream and told me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and, thank the Lord, I did so. By the time I had taken half of the first bottle I felt much better. I kept on until I had taken three bottles. That was all I needed. I got well and strong again."

Whenever constipation is one of the complicating causes of disease, the most perfect remedy is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are always effective, yet absolutely mild and harmless. There never was any remedy invented which can take their place. They never gripe.

MISSED.

I miss you, dear, in the springtime when the
willows blossom whitely,
When the sloe boughs bloom and bourgeon
and the blackbirds build and sing,
When over the sky of azure the white fringed
clouds pass lightly,
When violets wake in the woodlands and the
corn blades freshly spring.

But I miss you, too, in summer when the
waves break on the shingle,
When the languid lilies' perfume is wafted
upon the breeze,
When creamy and pink and fragrant the roses
nod in the dingle,
When the kingcups turn the meadows to
glistening and golden seas.

And I miss you more in autumn when in rustling
cornfields yellow
Reapers sing their lays of gladness, when the
plovers loudly call,
When the woods are gold emblazoned and the
apple orchards mellow,
And the bramble red and purple where the
ripened berries fall.

But most of all I miss you when the snowflakes
white are flying,
When the days are dark and dreary and the
nights are long and drear,
When through leafless forest branches winds
are sadly sobbing, sighing,
Then it is I think I miss you, oh, the most
of all, my dear!

—Chambers' Journal.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

There was tender allurement in the soft spring air, as if nature were capriciously avoiding a definite understanding with the conquered, retreating winter. Over in the park the tops of the trees showed delicately green, the young foliage sending its subtle, pervasive fragrance over the neighboring streets. The gardeners had long since begun to set out the primly marked beds of scarlet geraniums and shrubs, and the rich black soil, harrowed up in readiness in dark discolorations over the lawn, emitted a pungent, pleasant odor. It was one of those days which depressed one within doors. Escherling had been confined to his office since morning, and his ears throbbed with the din of the noises of the city and the cries of the newsboys. He left the building somewhat uncertain as to his destination, pausing as he stepped out of the elevator to feast his tired eyes for an instant on the yellow green tree heads to his right, and the damp, caressing air blew refreshingly over him as he hastened without to catch a car. He had decided to go to the park.

On his way down to the corner he passed his old florist's shop, the windows a glorious mass of red roses and early Parma violets. It seemed natural to Escherling today to enter, as he had not done for nearly a year, and order the inevitable violets, having but the one desire to possess them. He could promptly have furnished a certain address for them to be sent the last time that he had been here, but as the clerk paused expectantly with pencil in hand for his orders there rushed bitterly over him the depth of the wide abyss between him and the one who yet unconsciously filled his very thoughts. A sudden decision struck him—since Elenore Moyne was yet out of town, what prevented him from sending them to her, just as he used to do? She would never be the wiser as to the donor, and to him there seemed an indefinable tender bond between them by these flowers. He gave the number with a voice which faltered unsteadily, and, detaching a few for his coat, hastily left the building with a boyish feeling of elation he could not yet define.

The throbbing, heavy music of the bands in the pavilion reached him as he aimlessly made his way across the park, his feet sinking deep into the young velvet grass. The wood violet sellers had already infested the inclosure and at every turn of the paths were crying shrilly their wares. The air was loud with the birds' vespers and twitterings. Great golden flies glittered in the white sunlight, and two crimson ladybugs coolly paraded his arm.

To his left some children were trying to fly a kite, the white capped nurse looking her staid approval. Life had aroused itself. Escherling felt it coursing rapidly through his veins, and he began to feel a dignified interest in the success of the childish amusement, and watched its long strings with mild interest.

The light folds of a woman's gown arrested his attention under some trees, and he was absently thinking what a pretty vernal picture she made, and tried to recall some appropriate lines of Swinburne's to that effect. She suddenly turned her head, as if at his mental inquiry, and he forgot about the quotation as he walked over to her.

"Fortune favors me today." He held out his hands to her as he spoke. "I have met you, and a spider crawled all over my face. Is it an omen of the summer time?" She had flushed a tender pink at his approach, but he had not noticed it.

"I do not know," she said in a pretty voice of soft intonations. "Elenore Moyne is at home again."

Escherling felt the color recede swiftly from his face. He dropped her hand with a gesture of annoyance. Besides, there were those confounded flowers, the former favorite of both. He had too much pride to force any attempt at reconciliation on her, especially since she had taken the initiative in coldly sundering all between them. And he had never known why, for he could not ask alms of her.

"Surely I may plead other interests than engrossment in Miss Moyne's actions?" he replied, with vexation, joining step with her toward the swan pond. Escherling failed to see the shy, sweet glance the girl at his side gave him. He was endeavoring to meet her light talk and conversational froth half way, but his levity sat heavily on him. His entire being surged recklessly with the old feelings which Elenore's very name summoned to life. The birds seemed to chirp it from the boughs above, and the bands were playing it. A white covey of swans sailed gracefully along by their side, and they paused to watch the gyrations of an ugly duckling, deserted and avoided by his more favored companions. In sudden pity Echerling singled it out for his favor and fed it somewhat extravagantly on divers unhealthful but eagerly devoured foods.

There sounded the staccato beat of horses' hoofs on the hard driveway near them, and he turned indifferently around at their approach. He had only a dim recollection afterward of a girl's pale, aristocratic face, two cold, scornful eyes on him, and not the slightest recognition from her as he fastened his burning gaze on her, and the Moyne carriage had whirled by. He felt strangely sickened and depressed and tried to believe that she had not really seen him. Perhaps she did not know that he had returned from his trip abroad during her absence, but common sense dissipated all such nonsense, and he was forced by his own conclusions to acknowledge his hopes abortive.

A certain fatigue had asserted itself, and with his companion he reached the pavilion and abstractedly seated himself to listen to the music. Not that he heard it. On the contrary, but one thought permeated his being, and he despised himself that he could still think of one who so evidently manifested her aversion to him. He idly glanced over the programme, recognizing in the strains the old "Love's Dream After the Ball," and sarcastically told the girl at his side that there were too many hallucinations in regard to the ancient emotion.

"Love is one of the illusions of life," he went on, with a hard little laugh, "for, after all, it is only a sort of apotheosis, endowing some particular one with virtues compatible with her appearance. It is our fault, of course, if we are deceived, and I suppose we should not censure the innocent offender for the deception, but that is not human nature." She paled a trifle as he spoke, but he did not see it.

"You—you have never loved if you can speak like that," she said tremulously. Escherling turned hotly toward her, but she went on rapidly before he could speak. "Love is God's blessing on man. It purifies our hearts and minds, and without it we would be as shipwrecked beings fighting for safety. It is ennobling, lifting our meaner nature above until we could give in voluntary renunciation our best beloved—even to another."

"I should like to see the man you would love, Esther," Escherling said abruptly as she finished. She looked away, with a little catch in her breath, to where the pale green leafage fringed the confines of the park. "But I cannot agree with you—in one thing," he continued, his eyes intent on a familiar vehicle which had stopped to let alight two ladies.

His heart beat irregularly as the younger of the two seated herself a row or two in front of him, where he could catch occasional ravishing glimpses of her proud profile and the glint of her brown satiny hair. He dared not look at it for awhile, for he was not sure of his control. It seemed to him that she must hear the restless clamor of his heart and leave, knowing that he was near. His voice trembled in spite of himself when he spoke again. "Love is selfish." He watched Elenore Moyne as he talked. She had given a start of surprise at the sound of his voice, and it did not escape him.

"I know that I could not give up—any one I loved to another," he stopped. "That would not be love, in my opinion, for the feeling is purely selfish, as all happiness is. Let me tell you the mistake a friend of mine made. There is no need to begin a monotonous cant about his personal appearance, his position and such nonsense. He was the average young fellow, of good impulse and heart, and he fell in love. Being of an intense nature, it was a whole souled affair with him, and I suppose from his own overwhelming passion he doubtless attributed more charms to his beloved than she may have possessed, for he thought that she loved him even as he did her, and that was the illusion. There were certain things involving the honor of some one very dear to him—and, well, nearer to her.

"Some disturbing element of humanity went to her with malicious tales about this, telling things really as they did exist, but compromising the innocent one—this—this friend of mine. If he cleared himself, he would inculpate the other participant in the affair, and that would hurt this girl he loved more—so he thought—than to let her believe him guilty, for the other was very near to her, while he was only dear—this was his conceit again. So he refused to explain, and she sent him from her, scorned and dishonored by her. If she had loved him, she would have had faith in him and accepted his version of the circumstance. It was not her fault, of course, that he was deceived in her. That is where the apotheosis comes in. She never had cared for him, but he made himself believe that she had."

"She did not love him," the girl at his side said decisively. "I do not wish to sit in judgment on another's actions, but to me there never was any affection there, or she would have believed in him, especially at that time when he needed her faith, and"— She ended abruptly. Escherling was watching Elenore Moyne with a white face as she agitatedly arose and was urging her companion to depart.

Up the avenue the carriage was coming toward them, the handsome horses impatiently pawing the earth.

"Violets! Violets!" the flower girls were calling. The music had ceased with a final wail of the violins, and in the silence following it seemed to Escherling that a silent panorama of the barren years before him stalked noiselessly. There was the anguish of the past twelvemonth to verify it. He would humble his pride and take the one chance for happiness, and if he lost tomorrow could not be more desolate than yesterday.

"Elenore!" All of the pent up anguish of his soul rang out as he gently called her name. She paused irresolutely, her head turned away from him. A blur of Parma violets showed on her bosom, and he felt a dull enjoyment, half malicious, that they were his and she did not know it.

"Elenore!" He advanced half way to her. The girl with whom he had been talking looked after him with a dumb sorrow in her plaintive eyes. Elenore Moyne turned and met him squarely. Her face was whiter than ever, but a certain hard light had settled over it.

"You failed to tell me what those certain things involving your friend's honor were," she said cuttingly. "I infer that, too, was intentional, as was also this pretty little rustic idyl—a sort of 'As You Like It' for my benefit. Allow me to remind you, Mr. Escherling, that you have overstepped yourself." She bowed with slight contempt as she finished talking, and, gathering her skirts in one hand, advanced to the carriage. Escherling, in mute despair, stood rooted to the spot. Some one touched him on the arm. It was Esther.

"Let us go now," she said tenderly with silent compassion. But he did not move. Elenore was stepping into the victoria. High in the air above a long expanse of string floated whimsically, following a huge, white object which menaced the tree tops and the roofs of the cafes. A violent gust of wind seized it in a spiral coil, and with a whirring noise bore it to the earth. It alighted on the head of one of the Moyne horses, and at the blow the leader gave one plunge and dragged the other in its frenzy down the driveway. Escherling was aghast at the suddenness of it all, as were the other bystanders. Only Elenore was in the vehicle, her face bloodless and distorted with fear. There was the swan pond directly before them, leading to the lake. She cast one agonized glance over the crowd of faces. A hasty bump against a tree threw off the coachman and left the reins blown to the breeze.

Eschreling was telling himself that he had nothing to lose now, but he was wondering if she would think of him. Then he realized that another moment might mean death to her, and he bolted pellmell through the group in hot pursuit to head them off. A woman ran rapidly after him and held him by the arm—but he shook her off madly. He saw the girl on the cushions turn all at once to him. In that brief space her eyes met his, repentant and tearful.

"Guy! Guy!" she screamed. "Save me!" She had thought of him after all. With one bound he cleared the intervening space, caught at the bridle and pulled the enraged animals hotly toward the earth, checking their progress so violently that the carriage tottered in the air.

She was safe. Thank God for that! Beyond a few scratches the carriage was unhurt, and some distance back kindly hands had rescued the coachman. It was all over now. Escherling restored the reins to the driver's hands and turned to go. He would have risked his life again for another tearful glance from her eyes. But instead, feeling suddenly proud as she uttered no thanks to him, he sought out Esther, who, breathless and despairing, had watched the entire occurrence.

"Mr. Escherling!" he heard his name called in the cold voice again. He did not turn around. The veriest beggar, he told himself, would have thanked him warmly. The rustle of a woman's skirts as she alighted from a carriage caught his ear, and her light, swift tread over the sward behind him. But still he paid no attention to it.

"Mr. Escherling! Guy!"

He veered half way toward her; she was biting her lips to keep the tears back. He looked carelessly over her.

"I—I—want to thank—you," she cried brokenly, "I—I"—

"I do not wish your thanks, Elenore," he said cruelly. "I would have done the same for any one else."

"But—you—risked—your life to save mine—my very worthless one," she said hurriedly, nerving herself to be calm, "and—and—I—would rather die—than—have you—die," she ended inarticularly, with a little sob. He faced her, almost afraid to trust himself.

"And those—other things which involved my friend's honor?" he asked, sparing her nothing.

"I—I do not care," she sobbed. "He could do nothing dishonorable and wrong. He—he—you—will you—drive home with me?"

"If you will let him explain that affair relating to his honor"— Escherling's heart was beating so that it was with difficulty that he spoke. "He—he will not go back unless you will trust him and believe him. Will you, Elenore?"

She bowed her head slowly. She could not speak. Regardless of the curious eyes watching them beyond, Escherling stepped to her and touched the violets at her throat. "There is one more deception," he said, his hand trembling; her face was so near that he had to look away with resolution.

"I—I—know it," she said uncertainly. "I recognized them," and she led him across the soft grass to where the carriage stood, and as they drove off, living only in each other's presence, a woman's figure walked, as if fatigued, ever to the entrance, her face drawn and pale, but in her eyes the light of great, unselfish joy. It was Esther.—Springfield Republican.

The Elegant Mrs. Adams.

An old Washington lady used to tell with delight of an occasion on which she went, with a kinswoman, to dine with Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams. The table was beautifully set in the fashion of the time, and at Mr. Adams' place lay a four tined silver fork. The other persons at table had merely the two pronged fork then in use. Mrs. Adams apologized for her husband's little eccentricity, saying that in his long sojourn in France he had acquired the habit of eating with his fork, a habit of which he had been unable to break himself. "And, my dear," the old lady used to say, with a twinkle in her eye, "the elegant Mrs. Adams and the rest of us ate with a knife."—Exchange.

The Siamese National Air.

The European tour of the king of Siam has elicited the fact that there is a Siamese national air, not to say anthem. A great scrambling for its score, under various arrangements, began among the continental and British bandmasters and orchestra leaders in general as soon as the king and his suit were fairly on their travels. One bandmaster informed the writer of this note that he was obliged to copy the parts for his men in great haste from a scrawled French manuscript, and that when the air was played without rehearsal "it sounded queerer than it looked"—so much queerer that he was somewhat taken aback at its oriental intervals, although the king and his suit showed no signs of dismay. He discovered presently that he had confused two or three measures and given their contents to the wrong wind instruments. The air was written by a wandering Italian musician, unwillingly a visitor to Bangkok many years ago, who took a good native tune as the basis of his melody.—Harper's Weekly.

Books Are Silent Teachers.

The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery and legislation. The culture which it is to spread while an unspeakable good to the individual is also to become the stability of the nation.—Channing.

A HOME OF ONE'S OWN

THE VALUE IT POSSESSES FOR THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE NATION.

The Peace and Happiness That Are Found Only Under One's Own Vine and Fig Tree—The Possibility of Attainment to Men of Small Incomes.

Napoleon said that the man who had a wife and children had "given hostages to fortune." In a yet stronger sense have the man and woman made a beginning toward permanent success who have found for themselves a home, for the possession of which they are both willing unwaveringly and steadfastly to use systematic self denial. When a young couple have ceased to roam about from one undesirable flat to another and need no longer talk of "when we lived in East —— street or West —— street," but can cozily speak of "our little place," they have risen 20 per cent in their own self esteem and are at least 100 per cent richer in the true joy of living. Insensibly my illustration takes a financial form, since money, the power to obtain this blessing, lies at the root of the matter.

Always a strong adherent to the advantages of country living, it is to me natural to associate the very idea of homemaking with rural surroundings. When God created our primal progenitors, we are told that he placed them in a garden as the best, the happiest, environment the divine wisdom could devise for their development. Amid things which have grown with their growth and perfected under their care, men and women still find a peculiar peacefulness that no one can define and a happiness impossible elsewhere.

That heart ownership which comes only to the man and wife who have won and made their home is oftenest found in suburban towns and villages, and rarely extends to the dimensions of an acre. The tree that shades the door, the vine that climbs over the porch, the pretty little garden in the rear, are loved not as inanimate things, but as part and parcel of their lives, and the falling of a leaf and the fading of a bud are a sorrow. It is quite a different homecoming to a man who sees his children standing at his pretty gate ready to run down the safe and quiet street and finds his wife at the open door than when he is lifted by a creaking elevator to some unknown height, where danger threatens the young lives if the door is but left ajar, and he has to look for a number to tell whether he is on his own (rented) floor. From the hour a man and wife own their individual, personal home a thousand new interests enrich their lives, and the dwelling and its surroundings are so a part of themselves that a loose shingle or a stain on the doorstep is of serious importance.

However extreme the theories of some of the "land for the people" philanthropists may be there is a deep integral truth in the basis of their arguments. Men and women are happier, are morally elevated, are better citizens, for owning their share of God's earth. I have long believed that the happiest people now living in our country are the skilled mechanics of our rural cities and towns, whose ambitions are limited to the acquisition of an unincumbered home, well built, and set in a lot large enough to insure privacy and a garden.

While watching the long drawn out repairs of an old country house I came in contact with a notably intelligent and representative body of workmen. At dinner hour they grouped themselves under the trees, to the fruit of which they were made welcome, or found pleasant places to avoid the noontide heat. They were buoyant, heartily cheerful, with a quick readiness to laugh with sincere merriment. They discussed politics, town improvements, school taxes and general conditions of the country; they had enthusiasm and hope.

I talked much with these men. An eagerness possessed me to find a clew to the reasons for the wide difference in their view of life and that of my own circle of young friends. I was left in no doubt. They were, every man, either already "freeholders" or nearing that distinction. Their cottages sprang up in every direction where the large landholders left half an acre to spare. They slept under their own roofs, they lay down proudly, sure that wife and children were sheltered from the power of removal or ejectment and that they were, personally, increasingly of value to the community in which they lived. The best of these workmen earned $1,000 a year, a part of them from $650 to $700. It seemed to me incredible that they had been able to buy land in such a town and improve it; still less credible that they could build and furnish such cottages as they lived in. They were more than ready to explain their system of saving through the various co-operative and building schemes of which the town had many.

It has ever since remained a problem to me, increasing in complexity and interest as the years go on, why young couples, with twice the income of these thrifty and happy mechanics, remain homeless and live in cramped flats and tiny apartments which, if they have children, are but enlarged cages, while the same opportunities these men used are open to them for obtaining the treasure of a home inalienably theirs, on which they can expend the taste and ingenuity which are inherent in most young Americans. Perhaps it is want of understanding of the ease with which they can attain the result, a lack of comprehension of the responsibility and trustworthiness of associations of various sorts organized to this end.—New York Post.

Audience Couldn't Stand the Raise.

Several years ago there was a local campaign in Richmond county. A colored preacher was addressing an audience of negro voters, and the whites were smiling approval. "Fellow citizens," said the eloquent divine, "would you sell your vote for $1?" "No," thundered 300 denizens of Rabbit Hill, and the shock could be felt a mile. "Fellow citizens," shouted the orator, nearing to his climax, "would you sell your vote for $5?" The response was still creditably in the negative, but not so large as before. Several times he called on the crowd, carrying them through the rising figures of vote value, but as the amounts increased the protests dropped off. Finally, when the minister asked if any man in the crowd would sell his vote for $20, the silence was appalling and the air at the recording desk felt like two icebergs had met in the sea after sundown. The point is that there is a limit to oratorical climax, and it is better not to go too far even with an excited audience.—Savannah Press.

A Record.

"There's a man in town who owns a clock he has wound every night for 83 years."

"That's nothing. We have a clock that my husband has forgot to wind every night for 40 years."—Chicago Record.

THE STEAMBOAT.

An Old Engineer Speaks His Mind Freely on an Interesting Subject.

"Grandpa," said the old engineer's pet and pride as he looked up from his history book, "in what year did Mr. Fulton invent the steamboat?"

"He didn't," responded grandpa, with a snap of his jaws.

"This book says he did," protested the youngster.

"We can't help that, my lad, but come over here and let me tell you some real history." The boy obeying by gladly firing his book into a corner and climbing into the old gentleman's lap. The grandfather proceeded: "Away back yonder only about 50 years after Columbus discovered America—that is to say, in 1543, when Charles V was king of Spain—a Spanish captain named Elasco de Guerere, put a 200 ton steamboat on the water at Barcelona that made a record for itself in no time. There was an exhibition run before the king and all his court and there wasn't a hitch in the whole trial trip. The secret of the propelling power was unknown, but there was a big tank of boiling water and steam on board and there were two wheels visible on the outside of the hull. As I said, she was a success and the king was greatly pleased and wanted his treasurer to buy the whole thing from Captain Guerere and build some government steam vessels, but the treasurer was away behind the times and poked around until Guerere took the engine out of the hull and let the boat rot in the water. As for himself he died from disappointment, taking his secret to the grave with him. Spain had discovered America and the effort had been too much for her in the progressive line, so she simply laid down on the poor captain, my child, and killed him.

"For 100 years after that the steamboat business was as dull as it is on a western river during a drouth, and then, in 1637, one Solomon de Coste came into France from Normandy with an engine that would propel a vessel on the water or a carriage on land, and he showed it to the king, and later to Cardinal Richelieu, who held a mortgage on France, body and soul. This engine of De Coste's was pretty much all that was claimed for it, and was without question quite as successful as its successors, yet the best Richelieu could do for De Coste was to shut him up in a madhouse for his persistence, where in good time, I suppose, the poor fellow died. France wasn't any better than Spain in the navigation business, and the steamboat interests languished for another hundred years, when up on the Potomac at Shepherdstown, Va., James Ramsey had a steamboat that that highly respected citizen George Washington thought was a good thing and advised him to push it along. Mr. Fitch ran in one about the same time and poor Ramsey had such a hard row to hoe with his invention that at last he gave it up in despair. Two hundred years wasted, my lad, and still no steamboat doing a regular passenger and freight business! The next trial was made by William Symington on the Forth and Clyde canal in Scotland, with the tug Charlotte Dundas, and nobody said then that steam navigation was a new thing. The Dundas towed for awhile and was laid by because her wheels washed the banks of the canal.

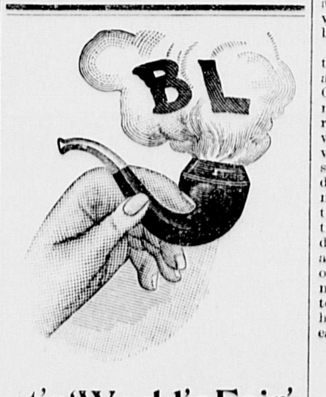
"This was in 1802, and there was another lapse until 1807, when the Fulton you mention shoved a little steamboat called the Clermont out on the Hudson river and made a trip to Albany in her. He had failed on the Seine and would have done it in America, but he had the money behind him this time and he got there exactly as Captain Guerere would have done 300 years ahead of him if he had only had the backing. That's history, my child," concluded the old gentleman, "and whenever anybody talks to you about Robert Fulton inventing the steamboat, you tell him what your grandfather tells you. Do you hear?"—Detroit Free Press.

Her Charity Work.

"No, Dr. Whiteband, I'm sorry, but I'm doing all I can afford to do for charity."

"And may I ask through which channel your charitable work finds an exit?"

"Certainly. I haven't missed a charity card party in two seasons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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TOBACCOS

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 26.

Text of the Lesson, I John iv, 9-16—Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, John iii, 16—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The lesson committee having given the choice of this as a Christmas lesson instead of the quarterly review, doubtless the majority will prefer this to the review, and as the quarter has taken us over the last stages of Paul's sojourn in the mortal body and given us his oft repeated testimony that he was ready to die for Christ it is not aside from the main thought of the review to turn to Him who died for us all and was born in Bethlehem that He might die on Calvary, the just for the unjust.

9. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." In chapter iii, 16, it is written, "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." In Rom. v, 8, it is, "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." At the Christmas time, when all are merry and send gifts to each other as they talk and sing of Him who was born in Bethlehem, do we stop to consider what it cost Him to leave His home in glory and become a helpless babe in Mary's arms or what it cost His Father, God, to give Him up to this humiliation unheard of before in the history of all worlds as far as we know?

10. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Oh, the depth of meaning in that phrase, "propitiation for our sins!" See Him in Gethsemane sweating, as it were, great drops of blood. Hear Him on Calvary cry out, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" and talk not of Livingstone for Africa, or Lincoln for America, or a mother for her child as an analogy or in any way illustrating His sufferings for us. It is next to blasphemy so to do. His sufferings for our sins as far exceeded all suffering earth ever saw as heaven is higher than earth and God's thoughts higher than ours. He who knew no sin was made sin for us. The Lord laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. It pleased the Lord to bruise Him. He was wounded for our transgressions. Who can measure the significance of such statements?

11. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." How often we have read and heard "God so loved us," and we are glad that He so loved us as to provide eternal redemption freely for us even at such a cost. But what do we know about loving one another and laying down our lives for the brethren? Do we not often know more about hating one another, or at least disliking one another? I speak of Christians so called. And as to loving the heathen in Africa or China or Japan or India or the islands of the sea or the poor Eskimos for Christ's sake—what do we know of it?

12. "No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us." It is also written in John i, 18: "No man hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." We cannot know God except as we know Him in Christ. When Philip said to Him, "Lord, show us the Father," He answered, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." God was in Christ. We who have received Christ and are saved by His precious blood are saved in order that God may dwell in us manifestly and be seen in our words and works. There is nothing that manifests God quite so much as love—the love that was seen in Christ and is so fully described in I Cor. xiii. Let the children at this Christmas time be taught that He who dwelt in the little babe of Bethlehem will dwell in them and manifest His love in them.

13. "Hereby know we that we dwell in Him and He in us because He hath given us of His Spiirt." The first fruit of the Spirit is love (Gal. v, 22), and love seems to include all the rest, and love is the fulfilling of the law. Notice that as freely as He gave His Son He also gives His Spirit, and if we are not filled with His Spirit it can only be because our hearts are not open to Him, and if our hearts are not open to Him it is because we have not beheld as we might and should His great love to us in Christ; the love that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, and will with Him also freely give us all things.

14. "And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." As the angel said to the shepherds at His birth, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" (Luke ii, 10). The Father did not send Him to be the Saviour of a few, but of all who will come to Him. The time will come when all Israel shall be saved, and after that all nations, but in this age the gospel is to be given to all the world, that all who will may believe, and thus His body be completed from out of all nations. He is therefore calling upon us who believe to show these things to all the world as quickly as possible. What are we doing about it?

15. "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." According to John x, 33, 36, the Jews understood the Son of God to be equal with God, and Jesus so taught and said: "Though ye believe not Me, believe the works; that ye may know and believe that the Father is in Me and I in Him." To receive Jesus as God our Saviour is life eternal, and makes us to be His dwelling place. Our works should plainly declare that God is in us, and this should be our constant aim and desire. If it is really so, He will work in us that which is well pleasing in His sight. How wonderful that to be saved we only need to be willing to come to Him, and to live a life to His glory we need only to yield willingly and fully to Him, and He will by His Spirit do it.

16. "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." We certainly cannot comprehend His love, and we are not required to, but we know it from His word, and we can believe it. Some day we shall be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height of it (Eph. iii, 18), but now we can each one for himself believe that it is broad enough to take in even me; that it is as long as eternity; that it is deep as from heaven to Calvary and high as from my lost condition up to the throne of God. Believing this and thus our oneness with Him to all eternity, we will want to make it known to all people, and thus hasten the consummation of peace on earth under Him.

A Vast Difference.

"What! Do you mean to contradict yourself?" began peppery little old Naggem, the lawyer for the plaintiff, when it came his turn to have a "go" at the defendant himself upon the witness stand. "After stating on direct examination by my brother that the plumbers worked three whole days at your house, do you mean to turn round here and say they didn't?"

"But I didn't state that they worked three days at my house."

"Yes, you did!"

"No, I didn't!"

"What did you say, then?"

"I said they were there three days."—Harper's Bazar.

What It Lacked.

"There is something the matter with my bicycle," remarked the artist's wife.

Her husband pinched the tires.

"It needs atmosphere," he replied as he got the pump ready for work.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

He Twisted the Lion's Tail.

The man sitting on a salt barrel had a hand on which only two fingers were left, and sizing him up for a veteran of the war I asked him if he hadn't been wounded by an exploding shell.

"No, not as I remembers of," he replied as he held up his hand and turned it over and over.

"I thought that might have been the case, but you probably got caught in some sort of machinery?"

"No, not exactly machinery, sor."

"Gun explode in your hands?"

"No, no gun didn't explode."

I gave it up at that, but after a few minutes the man looked up and said:

"Stranger, you've seen a lion, I reckon?"

"Oh, yes."

"Seen 'em caged and looking as harmless as cats?"

"Yes; they generally look that way."

"That's the way I sized up one in a cage in a circus. He lay there, looking so sleepy and good natured and harmless that I thought it was a swindle on the public and I'd try to rouse him a bit."

"And so you poked him?" I queried.

"No, sir; no poking. I jest calculated to gin his tail about three twists and make him feel that life wasn't all beef and bones and sunshine. I waited for my chance, and then I reached my hand in. How far is it from a lion's mouth to the middle of his tail?"

"Several feet at least."

"I thought it was about a rod, but I know better now. I hadn't more'n got hold of his tail when he got hold of me and was gulping down them missing fingers. He wanted the hull hand and arm, but they beat him off. I thought at first I wouldn't explain matters, but then I thought I would. I look a good deal like a fool, don't I?"

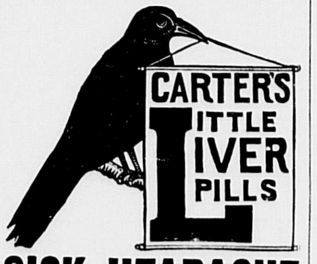
"Hardly that."

"Well, you do, and that's why I explained. I was fool 'nuff to twist a lion's tail, and you may be fool 'nuff to want to poke one in the eye, and so my advice is 'Don't.' "—Chicago News.

The Prehistoric Dog.

In the Roman period not only were sight hounds and scent hounds fully differentiated, but there were also various kinds of lapdogs and house dogs, although none quite like our modern breeds. Even as far back as about 3,000 B. C. Egyptian frescoes show not only greyhoundlike breeds, but one with drooping ears like a hound, and a third, which has been compared to the modern turnspit, while house dogs and lapdogs came in soon afterward. Whether any of these are the direct ancestors of modern breeds or whether all such have been produced by subsequent crossing is a very difficult question to answer, more especially when we recollect that if an ancient Egyptian artist had to draw the portrait of a modern dog it would be very doubtful whether it would be recognized by its master or mistress.

But the record of the antiquity of domesticated dogs does not even stop with the earliest known Egyptian monuments. Not only were such breeds known in Europe during the iron and bronze ages, but also during the antecedent neolithic or polished stone period. These have been described by Professors Rutimeyer and Woldrich, and those who are acquainted with the difficulty of distinguishing between some of the living species by their skulls alone will understand the laborious nature of the task. Still these authorities appear to have made out that the Swiss neolithic dog (Canis palustris) had certain cranial resemblances to both hounds and spaniels, and thus indicated an advanced type, which is considered to have been derived from neither wolves nor jackals, but from some species now extinct. Two other breeds have also been recognized from the superficial deposits of the continent, and if, as is very likely to be the case, any or all of these races are the forerunners of some of the modern breeds it will readily be understood how complex is the origin of the mixed group which we now call Canis familiaris.—Knowledge.



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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.41, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.07, 2.00, 3.05, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 8.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42, 5.43, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.34 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.34, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11 A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.39, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.00, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.39, 6.56, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.04, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.24, 2.19, 3.24, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.25, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

DANIEL W. SANBORN, General Superintendent.

W. G. BEAN, Supt. So. Div.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford. Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday July 3, 1897, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 7.15 a. m., and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, and every half hour until 10.15, p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 6.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
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415 Main Street. WOBURN.

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Sexton and Funeral Director,
Sexton of Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.
241 Main St., Woburn

Business Cards.

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Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
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John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Z. W. ATWOOD,
TAILOR,
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We shall have our usual Holiday Exhibition to which you and your friends are cordially invited.
PARKER The Druggist.
417 Main Street.

Barner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Dow & Co. and Beggs & Cobb's Factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 4.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
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Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

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Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent.
Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
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Woburn Real Estate Exchange.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Real Estate & Mortgage Brokers
Room 5, Mechanics' Building.
415 Main St. cor. Walnut, Woburn, Mass.
C. E. COOPER, Justice of the Peace.

The Woburn Journal

RED HAIR.

There's a thousand kinds of ruddy hair
Without numbering any kind twice,
But when it is worn by a girl that is fair
Every kind is nice.

There's hair that is known as Titian red,
With its rich and mellow gleam,
That sits like a crown on a queenly head
Or a halo seen in a dream,

And the kind that is brown with a carmine tone,
As if the sun in his flight
Had mingled its tint with a gleam of his own
Ere he left the world to night.

There is red hair heavy with glowing weight
Or fine as a spider's thread,
Short and curly or long and straight,
But they're beautiful all—if red.

There is hair like taffy and hair like gold,
Like carrots or strawberry ice,
But the principal fact has already been told—
That every kind is nice.
—J. L. Heaton in "Quilting Bee."

A CRIMSON VICTORY.

Mr. Forrester had not found his drive from the city out to Soldiers' field as agreeable as he had expected.

Kathleen Duer, smiling upon him in preference to any one of the crowd of young men, so called the "gang"—when Mr. Forrester was in college less vulgar phrases had been used—accepting his invitation to the game, promising to wear his colors, had been charming to behold; Kathleen Duer, unsmiling and taciturn, keeping her promise indeed, wearing the blue, but wearing it most ungraciously, was altogether a different person.

Mr. Forrester did not like college boys. They were so disgracefully young and so little ashamed of it. They had so much more hair on their heads, so much less on their faces, than he could boast of. They were so exuberant, so inexcusably cheerful, they had so little money, and yet seemed quite unconscious of the vast superiority of his wealth.

It had been one of the many charms of Miss Duer that she had been appreciative of his claims to consideration; never was she more attentive and delightful than in the presence of those young cubs. There was one young Grant, whose mere appearance at the door always seemed to make her especially interested in Mr. Forrester's good stories which he related so often and so well. At such times he felt he had never delighted a more absorbed listener.

But today Miss Duer gave scant attention to his anecdotes; yawned a little when he quoted poetry; was indifferent to the details of the games of his youth. She looked out of the window when he dropped his voice, and asked if he would mind sitting opposite instead of beside her; she did not want to crush her skirt. Mr. Forrester had not known that tailor made skirts were crushable.

He had studied the girl carefully all summer and all fall, and the outcome of his study was a certain blue velvet case in his waistcoat pocket at that moment, containing a ring with a diamond in it big enough to block the horizon of any girl. He would not speak yet. It would be tantalizing to have her so near and yet so far during the game, but driving back triumphantly, his colors victorious on the field, he would say the important words sitting by her side. Then the skirt, the great occasion being over, might be crushed with impunity. Of course, it was just as well to have it "fit" now. Mr. Forrester was an authority on women's clothes and liked everything correct about the girl he honored with his attentions. There was almost a thrill under his waistcoat as he looked at Kathleen and realized how near he was to sober rapture.

But Kathleen Duer's calm exterior covered a perfect volcano. Two weeks ago, on the night when Donald Grant had been so particularly and objectionably a "sheep," had first glowered over in the corner and then been unnecessarily attentive to her pretty cousin Sarah, it had seemed a simple matter to say that she would go to the game with Mr. Forrester. Spurred on by the indignant glance she had encountered, she had gone still further, had promised to wear the Yale colors—this, however, in a tone not to be overheard.

Two minutes later she would have given her pretty head to be released from her agreement, but she could not. She had had such a miserable time since! Her cousins had been kind to her, but she had felt that they and "all the rest," which generally meant "gang," had been kind with a pitying tolerance that was simply maddening. The crowning enormity had been known to them only two days—since the Yale violets began to arrive, and since then the "gang" had never been mentioned in her presence. Coming into the room upon a perfect babel of voices, her advent had been the signal for sudden silence. The "gang," all except Rex, who was too kindly of heart to crush her completely, had gone back from the familiar "Kit" to "Miss Duer"—she was no longer of them, she was a stranger, almost an outcast, perhaps a traitor in the camp.

The two fat horses trotted soberly on. If there was anything Kathleen hated it was sober, well behaved, fat, middle aged horses—and their owners! Past the laden cars they trotted, cars laden with eager, excited girls and students of today, and almost as eager and excited students of one and two generations away—all wearing the crimson, all hopeful, hilarious, convivial, the very crowd adding to the zest of the occasion. Kathleen ground her teeth as she looked down at the blue gloves, felt the choking of the blue tie, was oppressed by the blue rug, stifled by the perfume of the blue violets.

The two blue silk flags on the seat before her, with their staring and obtrusive white Y's, tempted her each moment to pitch them out of the window, and she would have yielded to the temptation had it not been for the sudden view through that same window of a smooth, light brown head, whose owner was hanging on to the platform of a passing car apparently by his teeth. He had been in town; then he was probably taking that horrid Miller girl to the game! For five minutes Miss Duer was so smiling and gracious that Mr. Forrester actually slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, deciding that delay was dangerous; then she relapsed into gloom, and the fingers slipped out again.

It was 1:40 o'clock when they reached the field and pushed their way through the crowd to the Yale side. The two long lines of seats were already filled, the ends crowded. In the midst of a solid mass of blue Kathleen saw two vacant places, and, being assisted up to them, felt her humiliation complete.

Some pretty "blue" girls looked at her with curiosity. The men with them, whom she had met at Poughkeepsie last summer when she had been crimson from head to heel, lifted their hats, smiling, as she indignantly felt, triumphantly, as Mr. Forrester, with an air of proprietorship that was galling, put her into her seat, tucked the blue robe over her knees and settled himself comfortably at her side, the blue flags ready for action.

In her misery she tried to bluff. After all, what was Harvard to her? Her father was a Baltimorean, educated abroad, her brothers Johns Hopkins men. Why should she feel herself a traitor because she was watching the Yale-Harvard game from Yale seats, the guest of a Yale man, a blue flag in her hand?

Plausible, but useless! She loved Boston as well as if she had been born in her mother's old home on Beacon Hill; Harvard was the only college in the world for the daughter of a Wolcott, the granddaughter of a Winthrop. She was a traitor, and she knew it. The mass of crimson before her seemed to take form and distinctness, and to her excited imagination the faces of all her friends, notably the "gang," stood out, reproachfully and critically gazing at her.

Suddenly came a quick yell, swelling and deepening—the Yale cheer—and when it was ended—loud and generous applause from all sides and colors; then a deafening shout from everywhere, as the Yale team came in at one end of the field, and, immediately following, from the opposite corner, through the seats from below, the team dear to the hearts of all Boston, all New England, the Harvard eleven!

The blue of an instant before was eclipsed now by the flash of crimson, and as the "Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Har-vard!" rent the air, Kathleen Duer started up, then dropped back in her seat, shamefaced and abashed, the blue flag falling from her nerveless fingers.

As it has been since the memory of man, Yale won the toss and took the wind. Time after time Harvard's backs carried the ball up the field, only to lose it and have it kicked back.

Kathleen sat breathless. Dividing her attention between the field and the patronizing assurances at her side that all was going well "for us," she ignored her neighbors on the other side. It was not until that happening of the unexpected, that brilliant punt against the wind, when a red flag sprang defiantly into being beside her, that she recognized in the cheering voice the one that had initiated her into the mysteries of football and taught her how to cheer for Harvard.

"You! On the Yale side!" she exclaimed, and he answered.

"Yes, Miss Duer, but wearing the right colors." They had not exchanged another word, but she had taken time to glance carelessly around him and note that beyond was nothing but men.

It was when the ball was at Yale's 15 yard line and Yale putting up her gallant defense that Kathleen Duer felt a hand on her arm and shaking it off indignantly she turned to see Mr. Forrester holding a handkerchief to his face.

"If you don't mind coming out," he was saying incoherently, behind its folds. "I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid we must go."

"Go! Are you sick?"

"It's only my nose—I'm subject to them—I'm very sorry, but perhaps we can come back." His voice was growing more indistinct, and he was trying to move away.

"What's the matter with your nose? No, certainly, I'm not going. I'll stay and"—

"May I take charge of Miss Duer for you, Mr. Forrester?" said her neighbor, leaning forward, adding with the acuteness of a born lawyer: "It would make you rather conspicuous to have her go out, wouldn't it? And you'll be back in a minute."

Mr. Forrester hesitated. It was hard on the girl to leave her with, of all people in the world, that inane young idiot Grant. But a hasty retreat was necessary. The boy was civil enough, and it would be unbearable to be stared at while he pushed through the crowd at such a moment. He nodded and vanished.

Then two pairs of young eyes met, full of defiance, challenged each other, wavered and fell. The shout rose again, swelling into an absolute roar. The ball was at Yale's four yard line!

Kathleen's flag unfurled itself like lightning, but it was as quickly snatched from her hand and in its place was Donald's own. Then, had there been any one at leisure to look at her, might have been seen a blue bedecked girl standing on the seat, steadying herself with one hand on Donald Grant's shoulder, waving a crimson flag like mad, and shouting "Harvard!" with all the force and music of her fresh young voice.

* * * * * * * *

"I feel as if I had done it all," she almost sobbed, turning to Donald with tears in her eyes as well as her voice. Her blue flag was nowhere to be seen, the gloves were rolled into a hard little ball, the poor innocent violets trodden under foot, her hand was on his arm, his eyes looking down into hers.

"You darling!" he whispered, as they struggled through the crowd, making it his excuse for clasping the little bare, cold hand, and feeling as if they were all alone in the world instead of being in the midst of 24,000 disgusted people going home in the blank disappointment of a tied game.

By the time Miss Duer and her escort had reached the gate they had forgotten that they had ever had other companions than at the present moment. Mr. Forrester, making vain efforts to reach the seat where he had every reason to suppose his fair charge was awaiting him, and Donald's uncle and cousin, with whom he was to dine, had alike ceased to exist. It was dark when they boarded a blissfully crowded car. There are unlimited opportunities for confidential conversation when packed like sardines in an overloaded electric.

Kathleen cannot yet understand how it all came about. There were broken words, a good deal about unworthiness, a little about poverty, some more—but now from the other side—about unworthiness; then little bursts of ecstasy, interspersed with absolutely unneeded explanations.

The coming home took so little time, and it had seemed so far to go! Harvard had not won, and when they remembered to think of that they grieved, but one Harvard man had won, and in all the wide world there was no room for grief.

"Poor old duffer!" Donald said. "I'm sorry for him—I"— But Kathleen interrupted cheerfully:

"That's the very reason you need not be sorry for him, Don. If he were young it would be different, but he's so dreadfully old that he must have had lots of love affairs in his life. When a man's almost 40, he can't care much for anything!"

Would Mr. Forrester, driving home alone, the blue rug carefully folded on the seat before him—one is apt to be neat at almost 40—the blue velvet case unopened in his waistcoat pocket, a single blue flag lying across his knees, have agreed with her?

"Aunty," Kathleen cried, bursting open the door of the drawing room, "may I ask Don to stay to dinner?"

"Don!" Mrs. Wolcott repeated bewildered. "I thought—where is Mr. Forrester?"

"I—we—lost him somewhere, aunty."

"Lost him!" exclaimed Mrs. Wolcott.

"What has become of your violets, Kathleen?" asked one cousin.

"Where in the world is your necktie, Kit?" gasped the other.

She looked from one to the other, her lips parted, her eyes shining. Then suddenly, without warning, the crimson of fair Harvard spread itself over her cheek, brow and white throat.—New York Tribune.

Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Back to France.

An American lately returned from several years of travel in Europe tells of an instance of New England thrift which came under his notice.

"In Italy," he said, telling the story to a friend, "the authorities seem to have a wonderful faculty for scenting out dutiable articles, and the traveler over the borders from France often finds himself relieved of an unexpectedly large sum on this account.

"I was one of a party of Americans who crossed the border in a comfortable carriage one day last year. Our host was a wide awake Connecticut man, generous with his money, but determined not to part from it foolishly when he could avoid doing so.

"There were five in the party, and among other supplies for our delectation on the road was a basket of grapes. We started shortly after breakfast and in an hour were over the border in Italy. We were promptly assailed by a levier of duties, who pounced upon the grapes and demanded a good sum for them as imported articles.

"'No, sir,' said the Connecticut man firmly, caring little whether what he said was understood by the official, as he intended to make his meaning clear by action, 'no, sir, we'll eat our luncheon in France sooner than pay for those grapes.'

"And before any one realized what he was doing, back we were in France again, where we sat, eating our grapes in the very faces of the Italians, though without quite as much relish as we might have had an hour or two later."
—Youth's Companion.

The First Scientific Kiteflying.

The famous kite experiment is described by Franklin in a letter dated Oct. 19, 1752: "Make a small cross of light sticks of cedar, the arms so long as to reach to the four corners of a large, thin silk handkerchief when extended. Tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite, which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop and string, will rise in the air like those made of paper, but being made of silk is better fitted to bear the wet and wind of a thunder gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is to be fixed a very sharp pointed wire rising a foot or more above the wood. To the end of the twine next the hand is to be tied a silk ribbon, and where the silk and twine join a key may be fastened. This kite is to be raised when a thunder gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window, or under some cover, so that the silk ribbon may not be wet, and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as the thunderclouds come over the kite the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them, and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified and stand out every way and be attracted by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wet the kite and twine you will find the electric fire stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle."
—Popular Science Monthly.

Overeating.

The dictum that while civilized man cannot live without dining he might live a good deal longer without so much dining—or, rather, without dining so extensively—may be accepted without any reservation. A celebrated physician once said that he had been convinced by circumstances that had come under his notice in the course of his experience that more mischief in the form of disease has accrued to civilized man from erroneous habits in eating than from alcoholic drink. He also declared himself in doubt whether improper and inordinate eating were not as great evils as inordinate drinking. Many of our best known medical men say that the habit of overeating is at the bottom of most troublesome diseases. There is no doubt that the habit is most often contracted in childhood.

There are many mothers who feed their babies as often as they cry, taking it for granted that the baby cries for food, when more often the helpless little creature is crying because it has already had too much food. When the stomach once becomes accustomed to being crowded with food, if the supply is cut short there is at first a gnawing sensation that is frequently mistaken for hunger. If people who experience this will only persevere a little longer in their abstinence, they will find themselves greatly benefited by it.—New York Ledger.

Women's Pockets.

Ladies 50 years ago when going on a journey by stagecoach carried their cash in their under pockets. There were no railways opened in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one, wherein, if she took me out cowslip picking or nutting or blackberry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, often a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on those occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stitched up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock, out of some stuff like bedticking, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A Struggle For a Hat.

A struggle between a lady and gentleman for the possession of a hat was witnessed in Genoa not long since. It was no ordinary hat, for it had graced the head of Giuseppe Verdi. That was why neither of the combatants was willing to give up the treasure to the other. A Roman correspondent of The Musical Record explains how the hat came to be in a railway station in Genoa.

Verdi had stepped from an incoming train at a time when Marquis di Rudini, the Italian premier, was in the station. The marquis recognized the musician, and requested the station master to introduce him. He greeted Verdi warmly, congratulated him on his fine health, and wished him many more years of life. He said he had never felt as happy as he did that day in representing all Italy.

After taking leave of the premier Verdi went to the station buffet, and on returning to his train forgot his hat. This was an opportunity not to be lost by two admirers of the musician. They had been watching him long and now they simultaneously sprang for the hat. Both reached it at once, one seizing one side of the brim and the other the opposite. A lively combat ensued, and the two swayed backward and forward in their desire to retain the treasure. The lady came off victorious. "Ah!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "Now I've got it, and I intend to keep it!"

Her surprise was only equaled by her dismay when a gentleman who had been watching the conflict for some time stepped forward with the remark, "But this is my hat!" A loud laugh rang out from the onlookers, a laugh in which even the combatants were fain to join. The hat changed hands and the lady changed color when, a moment or two later, she saw the trap into which she had fallen. It was the hat of the great composer, and the stranger had secured it by an unjustifiable ruse.

The Grape Cure.

A celebrated physician divides fruit into five classes, each possessing a special curative value—the acid, the sweet, the astringent, the oily and the mealy.

Cherries, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, peaches, apples, lemons and oranges belong to the acid fruits and have great merit. Cherries, however, are prohibited to those who have neuralgia of the stomach; strawberries and raspberries are recommended to those of bilious temperaments and denied to those in whom diabetes is suspected.

Of the sweet fruits the doctor says plums prevent gout and articular rheumatism. The grape is given the very first place. He is an enthusiastic advocate of what is known in Europe as the grape cure, which provides that for several days the patient eats nothing but grapes, consuming from one to two pounds daily, with a gradual increase to ten pounds. After a few days of this diet the appetite improves and an increased capacity to endure fatigue is noticed. The grape cure is especially suited to persons who are anæmic, rheumatic, dyspeptic or consumptive.

Catarrh is a Disease

Which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

An Easy Answer.

"How can I get an article in your paper?" asked a correspondent of a western journal. "It all depends on the article you want to get into our paper," replied the editor. "If the article is small in bulk, like a hairbrush or a tea caddy, spread the paper out upon the floor, and, placing the article in the center, wrap it up by carefully folding the edges over it, and tie with a string. This will keep the article from slipping out of the paper. If, on the other hand, the article is an English bathtub or a clotheshorse, you would better not try it at all."—Harper's Bazar.

After using a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm you will be sure to buy the 50 cent size. Cream Balm has no equal in curing catarrh and cold in head. Ask your druggist for it or send 10 cents to us.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from Catarrh three years; it got so bad I could not work; I used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and am entirely well; I would not be without it.—A. C. Clarke, 341 Shawmut Ave., Boston.

Easy to Take
Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 31, 1897.

LEAD LINED PIPE.

We have been informed on the best of authority that within a very short time lead lined water pipe has been purchased to the amount of nearly $1000 for the use of the Water Board, but not by it. It is a brand that has not been laid in this city since a sample of it was tried some time ago and failed to give satisfaction. It was taken up and since then the Board have purchased a different kind which they like better.

The large amount of this lead lined pipe, enough to last more than two years even were it the right kind, recently bought, was not ordered by the Water Board, but by a single member of it. It was an irregular proceeding. A rule of the Board prohibits the purchase of supplies of any kind except by a vote of the Board duly taken and recorded. No such vote was passed in this case. In fact the transaction was a surprise to two members when it came to their knowledge. It was an unheard of proceeding, and it was believed that some motive other than to conserve the interests of the city induced the purchase of this great bulk of pipe. What that motive was need not be alluded to here, it is altogether too apparent to require explanation by us.

A member of the Water Board recently held a conversation over the telephone with the manager of a business house in Boston from which he became convinced that somebody, in the name of his Board, was engaged in irregular business proceedings. He laid a trap for both parties, and it worked. The Boston manager sent a man to Woburn the next day to adjust certain "commissions," but the messenger failed to find the manager's interlocutor of the day before.

This is a grave matter and one that should be thoroghly investigated by the incoming Board of Public Works, who no doubt will find this recent purchase of pipe illegal, and in every way unwarranted.

THEIR DUTIES.

Under the New Charter the Mayor is to appoint a City Solicitor, Physician, one Principal Assessor, one Overseer of the Poor, one member of the Board of Health, Chief of Police, Chief and Assistant Engineer of the Fire Dept., one Cemetery Commissioner, one Trustee of Public Library. The Board of Aldermen is to elect Clerk, Treasurer, Collector of Taxes and Auditor. The Board of Public Works will have charge of highways, lighting, buildings, water, sewers, parks, public grounds, shade trees and wires and poles.

As the public mind is not clear as to the duties of the various administration departments we have thought it best to publish the above, taken from the charter.

INAUGURATION.

The installation of the city government of 1898 will take place in Lyceum Hall on Monday afternoon, January 3.

Little besides the legal formalities will be attended to.

If Mayor Feeney makes an inaugural address (the same depending on the condition of his health) it will be brief, containing a few vital suggestions as to future action, and nothing more. This will be in line with his good business sense in other matters.

☞ A revenue law which increases its earnings more than twenty-five per cent in four months and has a prospect of continuing that increase for several months at an equally rapid rate ought not to be embarrassed by suspicion or denounced by people who profess to be friends of the party framing it. The Dingley law, which started in under a condition in which the country had been filled with foreign goods prior to its enactment, has increased its earnings more than 25 per cent, and there is prospect that the earnings, which are now over $25,000,000 a month, will be increased from $5,000,000 to $7,000,000 per month shortly after the beginning of the new year. It is thus apparent that the people who are demanding that Congress shall immediately legislate to increase the revenue are doing an injustice to the law and to business interests which are, of course, disturbed by any proposition for further tariff agitation at present.

☞ Mayor Feeney is looking sharply and intelligently after the financial interests of the city. He has done it all through his present term and achieved credit for his administration, notwithstanding the bad counsel of theoretical financiers. He studied and wrought for himself, and won the confidence of the people. His latest official act, for which he deserves thanks and will receive them, was to stop the payment of about $1300 in two bills for more leadlined pipe and water meters, recently bargained for by a single member of the Water Board without authority. These bills are additional to those of $1000 mentioned in another JOURNAL article. The Mayor declares they shall not be paid, and we are of opinion he will have his way about it.

☞ The manufacturing industries which the protective system has brought to such perfection are still steadily moving southward and carrying with them the protection sentiment into that section of the country. The latest example of this is found in the Indian Head Cotton Mills of Cordova, Ala., whose proprietors have just closed a contract for the sale of the entire output of their mills in China during a five years' period.

☞ The personnel of the Board of Public Works could not well be improved. They are all sterling good men. One of the very best, one with as level a business head as any man anywhere carries, is James Skinner, Esq., and we look to him for a practical administration of the affairs of the Board. He is not only able but conscientious in the discharge of public duties. The town found that out when he served so acceptably on the old Board of Selectmen, and since then, in other responsible positions. With Fowle at the head of Public Buildings; Moore for roads; Skinner for water, etc., and Preston as organizer of the new methods, the city could not be better served.

☞ The few Democrats who still plead for free trade and attack the Dingley law by reason of the shortage in receipts during its first few months are finding ready assistance in England, where the newspapers are gloating over the shortage in receipts since the new law went into effect. It is not surprising that the English manufacturers are ready to do anything in their power to discredit a protective tariff in the United States, but their exultation will be short-lived, since it is now quite apparent that the new law will soon be earning sufficient revenue to meet the running expenses.

☞ The activity among woolen manufacturers under the protective tariff is already so great as to require fresh orders for foreign wools despite the enormous importations of a few months ago and the large purchases from the farmers since the new law went into effect. The large advance in prices of domestic wools since the enactment of the Dingley law has put enormous quantities into the market, but even this has not supplied the demand among the woolen mills, which are running over time in many places where they were silent under the operations of the Wilson law.

☞ We have been informed that the choice of Mr. William F. Davis for President of the Board of Aldermen is as good as settled. When formerly he represented Ward 1 in the City Council no member stood up for the interests of the city, or fought crookedness harder or more successfully, than Mr. Davis, and his election to the presidency of the Board tomorrow would be a worthy recognition of his personal and official merits.

☞ The Woburn Board of Trade keeps right on making assessments just as though it had a legal existence, which everyone knows it has not. Realizing this, those who were members when it was a legal body pay but slight attention to the assessment notices.

☞ Hon. W. S. Knox, Member of Congress from this District, desires to inform the people of Woburn that they can procure vegetable and flower seeds in limited quantities from the Agricultural Department by writing to him at Washington, D. C.

☞ The Massachusetts Legislature for 1898 will meet next week, if we have not miscalculated the date.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

W. G. L. Co.—Gas.
F. A. Locke—Pianos.
G. F. Hosmer—Eggs.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
City of Woburn—Resolutions.

— John H. Devlin is very sick at his home on Park street.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see next to last column, this page.—tf.

— At 7 o'clock yesterday morning it was 31 degrees warmer than the morning before.

— The general verdict is to the effect that the holiday trade this year was fairly good.

— Gents, don't forget those New Year's resolutions. Make them strong, and keep them.

— The thermometers showed one above zero Wednesday morning, the coldest of the season.

— The annual meeting of the Board of Trade will be held at the Rooms at 7.30 Monday evening, Jan. 3.

— George Parker of Binghamton, N. Y., is visiting in this city. He has many friends and relatives here.

— Dilligent inquiries fail to turn up any scheme afoot for establishing another National Bank in this city.

— Don't fail to see Frank A. Locke, the piano tuner's new ad.—tf.

— The Institute Technology Glee Club will give a concert at the Unitarian church on Friday evening, Dec. 7.

— Capt. John Gilcreast is just getting over another attack of grip. He is pretty well on his pegs but might be stronger.

— Capt. L. E. Hanson returned from a visit to his old home at Somersworth, N. H., last Tuesday looking as fresh as a June rose.

— We have received a neat calendar from The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, No. 120 Broadway, N. Y.

— Thanks to Mrs. Susan T. Converse and her daughter Bertha Taylor Converse for their cordial Christmas greetings and kind wishes.

— The postoffice will close tomorrow New Year's, at 9 a. m. and remain closed until 6 p. m., when it will be opened for business until 7.30.

— Fitz & Stanley advertise coffee this week and mean just what they say. They are a fair dealing, sound and prosperous firm of grocers.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— On Wednesday evening, about 30 couples enjoyed old-fashioned dances at Slater's, Wyman Green. Mrs. Slater served a fine collation during the intermission.

— It is whispered that some of the present officeholders at City Hall are trembling in their boots. They feel uncertain as to just where lightning is going to strike. We imagine there is to be no change among deserving incumbents.

For Sale or To Let.

House of 13 rooms and out-buildings and an acre of land, 138 Canal St. Two separate tenements, 6 and 10 dollars per month, or 15 dollars per month for whole place. No one but responsible persons need apply.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., Woburn

— John Johnson, Esq., had a sudden ill turn while going home last Wednesday and was taken into the residence of Dr. Chalmers, near where it occurred.

— Miss Eleanor Fowle sang a song in four languages at the Sunday School Christmas concert at the Congregational church last Sunday evening. She is not more than 5 or 6 years old.

— Mr. Worthley, the optician so popular in this city, will make his next visit to Woburn on Thursday, Jan. 6. As usual his headquarters will be at the jewelry store of Capt. L. E. Hanson.

— Miss Irene Boone, who is one of Wakefield's popular teachers, is enjoying her midwinter vacation at her home on Garfield ave. with grandmother Mrs. W. H. Spear, and aunt Grace Spear.

— The contractors are getting on quite rapidly with the railroad shelter on the far side of the tracks at the station. They claim that the structure, when completed, will be ornamental as well as useful.

— Mrs. Jennings would like to meet a few reliable capable girls at her Employment Office, for whom she can furnish firstclass situations to do housework. The places are desirable and command good pay.

— W. S. McKay of this city has signed the papers and will play with the Maine Polo Team this winter. He is an expert at polo and an athlete of note. The sport seems to be flourishing down in Maine.

— Mrs. Annie B Philips, bookkeeper in the City Collector's office, is visiting relatives and friends in Boston. Her husband, Isaac M. Philips, is boarding with his mother and sister Ida on Lexington st.

— The Camp Nelson, Kentucky, Jubilee Singers will give a concert in Salvation Army Hall, this city, tomorrow evening. Admission 10 cents. They are colored singers and are said to be very fine. Let there be a full house.

— Ensign Caldwell, who a few years ago was stationed here, will conduct the 8th anniversary meetings of the Salvation Army, Saturday and Sunday next, Jan. 1st and 2d. She will be pleased to meet all her old friends.

— Mr. James F. O'Donnell has a fine express team which is kept pretty busy filling orders for hauling. We are well acquainted with him and know him to be a firstclass young man, honest and faithful, and worthy of public patronage.

— The proprietor of the Burdett Business College of Boston have issued an elaborate "Actual Business from the Start" calendar for 1898, one of which has been left on the Editor's table, for which we are duly grateful. It is a fine piece of work.

— To-morrow, January 1, is not a legal holiday in this State. We hear of no special goingson having been planned for its observance in this city. As usual there will probably be some dances and few private parties, but no public doings to speak of.

— Mr. Marcus H. Cotton, salesman, points with pride to a fine picture that ornaments the store where he daily holds forth. It is an enlarged photograph of Mr. Alvah Buckman with a grandson by his side, the work of a true artist. The likeness of both is perfect, and the work is excellent.

— The whist party given by the Local Charitable Society last Monday evening was not only a pleasant affair but a profitable one for the charity fund. The Society are doing a deal of good here this winter in relieving the necessities of the poor, and may the Lord continue to bless their benevolent efforts.

— The Boston & Suburban Laundry Co., of which our respected townsman Mr. A. T. Young is Treasurer, have opened a large firstrate laundry on Gorham street, West Somerville, a fact which he desires to bring to the attention of his numerous Woburn friends. G. R Gage & Co. are the Woburn Agents.

— Woburn confidently looks forward next year to a regime of no license. The bar room majority last week was cut down to 176, and with concerted action this can easily be wiped out a year hence. When that time comes Woburn can again take its place among the elect of the State.—*Winchester Star.*

— The New Year brings a new departure in the evening services of the First Congregational church in the shape of a series of addresses to be begun next Sunday evening by Pastor Scudder. "Christian Fundamentals" is the title of the course. The usual People's Service will be maintained together with all the musical features that have made these meetings so enjoyable. Everybody is welcome. The First Church will observe the Week of Prayer on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

You don't know

where you got that cold. Do you know where you can get the cure for it? Every drug store keeps Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. *It cures coughs and colds.*

— Mayor Feeney got to his office in City Hall yesterday the first time in nearly a week. Grip!

— An advertisement in this paper of the Hosmer poultry farm on Salem st. will be found of interest by our readers. The proprietor announces that he will furnish eggs for consumption "while you wait," or delivered weekly, and he is reliable. The plant is a large one, "eggs warranted not to cut in the eye," and prices down to bedrock.

— Hundreds of people, young, middle aged, and old, have been having dead loads of good skating on Horn Pond during the week past. Each evening sees a big crowd on the ice and there is fun galore. The moon now approaching its full adds greatly to the pleasure of the pastime. Care must be taken to keep away from the thin ice.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker is putting steam heating apparatus into the Johnson Opera House on Montvale ave., and as usual doing a good job. It is a large one. Work on the Opera House is progressing and not many weeks will elapse before it is ready for use. The proprietors intend to make it a credit to the town. We will guarentee a good interest on the investment.

— Last Tuesday morning Mr. Anthony A. Doherty accepted the management of the Central House for the landlord, Mr. John McConnell, whose poor health compels him to call in aid in carrying on the establishment. Mr. Doherty will have full control in running the house, and will be assisted by competent hotel help. He proposes to make improvements and conduct a firstclass public house.

— Capt. L. E. Hanson, the well known jeweler of this city, had a better Christmas trade this year than ever before. We are glad of it, for the Captain is abundantly worthy of the good will and patronage of the people. He had a splendid stock of goods, which pleased purchasers, and the low prices which he put on them were fully appreciated. The Captain is flourishing, as he deserves to do.

— Under the new regime Mr. Phillip H. Haggerty retires from the chief clerkship of the Central House, but will not leave town for the present. He has served in the Central House since the retirement of Mathews and won friends there. The public have always found him affable, courteous and prompt, and will miss him hereafter from the position he has occupied with general satisfaction.

— A few mornings since we received from S. B Goddard & Son, the well known insurance agents of this city and Boston, four handsome and handy calendars for 1898, for which we return thanks. The four companies which issued the calendars and for which the Goddards are agents, including the Concord one with its historic bridges, are among the best and staunchest that do business.

— Five boys and a girl broke through the thin ice on Horn Pond last Saturday between the Island and the mouth of Put Fowle brook where the water was 40 feet deep, but fortunately escaped drowning. One of the lads was a son of Mr. Josiah Leathe who has had the experience so many times that it has become a sort of second nature to him, and he don't mind a bath of the kind much more than a duck. But there is danger on Horn Pond.

— Last Monday evening Mr. James Fitzgerald, an old and respected resident, died at his home on Water street, this city, of apoplexy, having been taken ill on Saturday before. He was for many years a teamster for Stephen Dow & Co., and a faithful and trustworthy employee. He was the father of Frank A. Fitzgerald, the railroad station hackman, and left two other sons and two daughters. The funeral was held at St. Charles church on Wednesday morning.

— A firstclass article of illuminating gas at a $1.50 per 1000 feet, net, the price at which the Woburn Gas Light Company are furnishing it to the people, is cheaper than in any other city or town in the suburbs of Boston. There is no mistake about that statement. At the figure named it is cheaper to burn gas than kerosene, and a heap more comfortable and satisfactory. Many use it for heating rooms and offices and largely for culinary purposes, and find it economical. See ad.

— Louis Linscott, until recently the JOURNAL's bright North Woburn reporter, is an artist of merit. In the Boston *Globe* of last Tuesday appeared a picture from his pencil which was laughable and good. It was called "Both trying to Pull in the same Fish" and represented the Boston and Gloucester fish controversy now being fiercely waged. Both have caught the same fish and the "tug of war" is on to see which will land it. The drawing, especially of Dame Boston, is excellent. Young Linscott, who has been studying art some time, is bound to make his mark.

— Mr. Stephen Bergin, a venerable and esteemed gentleman, was 83 years old last Monday and the anniversary was observed in a quiet way at the residence of his son-in-law, Lawrence Reade, Esq., on Main street. There was a family gathering, a birthday dinner; and a fine musical programme, well rendered, was highly enjoyed by Mr. Bergin. He has 14 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, and many of them honored the occasion with their presence and had a delightful time Mr. and Mrs. Reade are generous and agreeable hosts and of course did everything to make the celebration a happy one.

— Among the Christmas presents received by the Managing Editor of the JOURNAL none have warmed the cockles of his heart more than the "Loving Cup" of the celebrated Doulton ware, and a large invoice of choice confections from Pierce's, Boston, from his highly esteemed friend and large souled gentleman, Mr. George H Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester. Mr. Gilbert is a veritable Santa Claus, as many a poor person in his neighborhood can testify, as well as the people of the JOURNAL. It is sweet to be remembered in such a way at this joyful season of the year, and we assure Mr, Gilbert that he has our warmest thanks for his timely and valuable presents.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

ONE TEST

of a firm's facilities is its capacity to carry out large contracts. We are constantly supplying

CARPETS

to churches, hotels, theatres, steamers, etc., because of our ability not only to name very low prices on standard goods, but also to do the work of laying with promptness—no small advantage to a buyer.

On the other hand, no order is too small—we carpet a bathroom with as much care as we give to a big hotel.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.
Established 1817.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Winslow, Rand & Watson

High Life Coffee

This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS; and

NECTAR JAVA COFFEE

packed in 3-lb. Square Tins, are the finest Coffee on the market.

For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
133 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

IF YOU WANT EGGS
just laid, delivered weekly,
send postal to
Hosmer Farm, Woburn, Mass.

— As usual a large audience assembled at Lyceum Hall last Tuesday evening to hear Mr. Henry G. Spaulding lecture on "Pompii" and Bulwer's "Last Days" in the Burbeen Course. The lecture was illustrated with pictures of real and imaginary scenes at Pompii, the latter being made up from Bulwer's descriptions in his book. The audience gave evidence of enjoying it very much. The next number in the Course is to be given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 11, by Alice Freeman Palmer on "The New Education: What it should do for our Children." The popularity of the Burbeen series increases as time goes on, if such a thing were possible.

— Please bear in mind the Friday Night Club's concert and entertainment to be given by the M. I. T. Glee Mandolin and Banjo Clubs, assisted by a reader, at the Unitarian church Friday evening, January 7th. This concert will be practically the same as one given in December at Huntington Hall, Boston, where prices of seats were 50c and 75c but with the added attractions of a first class reader. All seats are to be reserved and are being sold at the very low price of 25c each. Every seat in the church is good but those purchasing early will be able to secure the best. Seats can be reserved and tickets obtained at Hammond's Clothing store.

— The Woburn Light, Heat and Power plant, of which D. W. McCarthy has just been appointed chief engineer, is operated by a new corporation, controlled by a number of Lynn gentlemen, which on Oct. 1, acquired the lighting and power business of the city of Woburn and the town of Winchester and Stoneham. The company furnishes power for the Lynn & Boston street railway company and the Woburn and Medford street railway company. The company operates 1200 horse power engine capacity, fifteen arc, incandescent and power generators and covers about 100 miles of streets. —*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when you are sick; if it cures your neighbors and your friends when they are ailing; if it makes wonderful cures of many diseases everywhere, then beyond any question that medicine possesses merit. That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by a combination, proportion and process unknown to other medicines, it has curative powers peculiar to itself. We know it possesses great merit because it has

Made

Cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently cures, when all others fail to do any good whatever.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is known to possess merit or the power to cure disease; it is known to be the best building-up medicine on earth; it is known to be honestly advertised, and for these reasons the people buy and take Hood's Sarsaparilla almost to the exclusion of other preparations. In fact, Merit Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

— We have been kindly remembered and wonderfully blessed in basket and store this Christmastide. Our numerous friends have generously contributed to the needs of the JOURNAL, and we assure them that they have our best thanks. Just as Christmas eve was closing down Cuneo & Crovo, the leading fruiterers in this city, good juicy hearted men that they are, presented us with a large basket filled to overflowing with oranges, lemons, figs, bananas, nuts of all kinds, and other toothsome edibles, which we didn't hire a dray to carry home but felt the need of one before we got there. It was a noble contribution to our Christmas dinner and greatly enjoyed. On Monday morning Mrs. Mary Jennings, appreciating journalistic merit, safely landed in our sanctum a basket of ornamental and useful table furnishings, as has been her annual habit for a long time. Her gifts were highly appreciated, and we hope she will live to enjoy many returns of the glad and merry Christmas season. Frank L. Chadwick, a good friend down on the Kennebeck, also remembered the old Editor with Christmas presents and hearty good will; and a most estimable young lady at Cathance Landing on Cathance River, Maine, sent kind Christmas greetings and presents. To be continued, as they say of stories.

— At a reunion of the Yellowstone Tourists of July, 1897, held at East Boston lately Mr. J. Howard Nason, conductor of the excursion, was kindly remembered in the shape of a fine traveler's bag, and in return for the same made one of his best speeches of thanks.

— The dance given by the High School Senior Class Wednesday evening at Music Hall was a brilliant society event. The Directors were: Raymond W. Aldrich, Charles A. P. Bartlett, E. Gerry Barker, Jr., and W. Fred Davis.

— The Ladies Charitable Society of the Unitarian church will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary Thursday, Jan. 6th. Supper at 6.30, followed by exercises appropriate to the occasion. Annual meeting with election of officers in the afternoon. Supper 25c.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ellard.

On Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1897, Mrs. Elizabeth Ellard, relect of the late William Ellard of Cummingsville, Woburn, who when it existed was a member of the leather manufacturing firm of John Cummings & Co., died at the residence of her son-in-law, Rev. Clarence E. Eberman, at Lancaster, Pa., aged 68 years. The funeral was held there on Tuesday, Dec. 29, and Rev. Mr. Eberman accompanied the remains to this city for interment. They arrived yesterday and a prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. March, her former pastor, before removal to their last resting place.

Mrs. Ellard left to mourn the loss of a kind mother Mr. J. William Ellard of Lynn, Charles H. Ellard, Mrs. Herbert W. McIntosh of Medway, Mrs. F. W. Kinsman of New York, Mrs Clarence E. Eberman of Lancaster, Pa., and Miss Ida Ellard.

Mrs. Ellard was an exemplary Christian lady, highly esteemed by all who knew her, and left many warm friends in Woburn and vicinity by whom she will be sincerely mourned.

The seraglio at Constantinople is a group of palaces belonging to the sultan. It is a triangle three miles round and contains more than 100 buildings, some of great splendor.

DRESS GOODS

Fall and Winter Styles.

Very desirable patterns at popular prices and a full supply of winter goods at

POPULAR PRICE

Dry Goods and Millinery House of A. Cummings.

367 & 369 Main St., Woburn.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

Hoag—Leslie.

A pretty mid-winter wedding was that of Mr. JOHN B. HOAG, Principal of the Cummings School of this city, and Miss MARTHA ELIZABETH LESLIE, formerly a popular teacher in the Wyman School, who were united in marriage by Rev. George H. Tilton, pastor of the North Congregational church, at the residence of Mr. Arthur L. Heckbert, No. 842 Main street, on Friday evening, December 24, 1897. The hymenial knot was tied beneath an arch of evergreens and holly, with which and potted plants and cut flowers the rooms were handsomely decorated.

As the couple approached the arch Miss Cora M. Buxton played Lohengrin's Wedding March finely and thus increased the interest in the pleasing scene.

The Bridesmaid was Miss Clara A. Leslie, sister of the bride, and Horace W. Berry of Chelsea was Groomsman. The Ushers were, Walter L. Poole of Woburn and W. H. Heckbert of Portland, Maine.

The bride wore a dress of white lansdown with pearl trimmings and lace, and the Bridesmaid was dressed in white muslin trimmed with lace and ribbons, and both carried roses.

At the close of the wedding ceremonies a fine collation was provided for the guests and bridal party. Miss Flora Childs poured chocolate, and Mrs. Grace L. Poole, Mrs. Etta M. Johnson, Miss Marion E. Conn and Miss Ida Robbins served the cream. They were all dressed in white.

Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. James Leslie, Dr. C. H. Hayward, Peterboro, N. H.; Mr. Edwin E. Heckbert and Mr. William H. Heckbert, Portland, Me.; Miss Alice Robbins, Madison, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Levi, Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Eben Turk, Mr. and Mrs. William Peverly, Mr. Horace W. Berry, Chelsea; Miss Lillian C. Brooks, Ashland; Mr. and Mrs. C. Floyd Patterson, Winchester; Mr. and Mrs. Percy S. Heckbert, Somerville; Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. George Childs, Mr. and Mrs. Will Nichols, Mr. Frank Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Poole, Mr. Albert I. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark Mr. and Mrs. William W. Hill, Mrs. Frances Wheeler, Mrs. Harriett Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Bixby, Mrs. Conn, Miss Marion E. Conn, Miss Ida Robbins, Mrs. Etta Johnson, Miss Cora Buxton, Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Tilton.

There were numerous beautiful wedding presents, among them gifts to Principal Hoag from the pupils of Cummings School.

That Turkey.

A week or two before Christmas Hammond & Son, principal clothiers, placed a big turkey in one of their show windows and invited people to guess on its weight with the coop. Between 1000 and 2000 guesses were recorded, and the scheme created quite a commotion. It sold a large amount of goods for the Hammond's too.

Roger E. Flaherty of Main street, guessed 41 pounds and won the turkey. John T. Watt, Mrs. F. A. Dickson, Alice McLaughlin, and Mary A. Murdock guessed as near the mark as Flaherty, but their guesses were recorded later and they missed the prize. The turkey and cage weighed 40 3-4 pounds.

To make things pleasant and agreeable all around Mr. Winthrop Hammond bought four big turkeys and, with the following letter, sent them to the four unsuccessful candidates named above:

WOBURN, MASS., Dec. 27, 1897.

Dear Sir: The turkey and cage in our show window upon which you guessed the weight proved to weigh 40 3-4 lbs.

No one guessed the exact weight, but there were 4 estimates of 41 lbs and two of 40 1-2 lbs., all within 1-4 lb. of being correct.

The first nearest correct estimate received the turkey, being registered Dec. 9, by Roger E. Flaherty, 41 lbs.

As so much interest was taken by our customers in the affair and while we agreed to give away but one turkey—the live one—we feel that those who guessed equally near but at a later time, should not be unrewarded, and we take pleasure in sending you this one which may prove full as satisfactory as the live one.

Congratulating you on your good judgment, and with the compliments of the season, we are

Yours very respectfully,
HAMMOND & SON.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS BANCROFT
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at Chickering Hall, Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

COFFEE!

You can buy of us the genuine Mocha and Java Coffee ⅓ Mocha and ⅔ Java at

35c. per lb.

You cannot buy it for less money anywhere.

If people who think they are buying the best Mocha and Java Coffee at retail for less than it costs to import would try a pound of our

Boston Blend
At 25c. per lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

North Woburn.

A large number of visitors spent Christmas with friends here.

Misses Ham of Dover, N. H., are visiting Miss Louise Dickerman.

Mrs. F. W. Peaslee of Chicago, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Babcock.

Miss Ada Perley of Georgetown, Mass., is visiting Miss Eva Dearborn.

Miss Mary Lillian Church is the guest of the family of Oliver Sevrens.

As this is the last issue before a new year we wish the JOURNAL a Happy New Year and success for the coming year.

Miss Marion L. Simonds of Winchester and Miss Jennie J. Bancroft of Tyngsboro have taken a trip to North Woburn.

The Annual Meeting of the North Congregational Church will be held on Friday evening, Dec. 31. Supper at 6.30; business 7.30 o'clock.

Mrs. A. E. Pillsbury, Miss Frances Parkinson Wheeler of Boston and Miss Mary Haines Hall of Titusville, Pa., are visiting with Mrs. W. W. Hill at North Woburn.

The N. W. A. A. have bought a parcel of land on Minot street, and will erect a gymnasium building on it as soon as circumstances permits. Subscriptions will be asked for before the 10th of Jan.

A Magazine Free.

A remarkable instance of newspaper enterprise has just been impressed upon the people by the Boston *Sunday Journal.* With every number of the Sunday paper, each week, is given absolutely free the corresponding number of the New England Home Magazine.

This magazine is celebrated for its profuse and beautiful illustrations and for its choice of articles particularly interesting to New England people. The New England Home Magazine is surpassed by none of the high-priced magazines in the quality of its illustrations.

As to size, the New England Home Magazine gives more pages a month than any of the other well-known magazines, there being a total of 192. Regarding the high standing of its contributors, the fact that an army story by Capt. Charles King is now running, and short stories by Sienkiewioz, is to begin in next Sunday's number, gives sufficient indication.

The Boston *Sunday Journal* thus gives its readers now: First, The New England Home Magazine, a high-class publication, with a wealth of illustrations; second, the Illustrated Weekly, a novel eight-page section, illustrated by the expensive half-tone process; third, the Feature Section, containing articles of striking interest attractively presented; fourth, the News Section, in which the news of the world from The Associated Press and from the *Journal's* own correspondents, far and near, is put into type.

"Fiery Apostle From the Golden Gate."

Major McIntyre, late of California, now General Secretary for the New England Division of the Salvation Army, known as the "Fiery Apostle from the Golden Gate, will conduct the meeting at the Salvation Army Hall on Montvale ave., Tuesday evening, January 4th, 1898.

Remnant Sale.

Commencing Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1898.

We shall place on sale a large lot of Soiled Goods, Short Lengths, Remnants, Odd Pieces of Underwear, in fact the odds and ends accumulated during the past season together with the goods crushed and soiled during the holiday rush. We have decided to have this sale before stock taking and we shall mark prices on the goods that will insure a quick sale.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 MAIN STREET.

We wish You a Happy New Year.

Popular Goods at Popular Prices.

1847 Rogers Knives $2.00 per doz.
1847 Rogers Forks 2.00 "
1847 Rogers Tea Spoons 1.50 "

A large and varied stock of Silverware in both Sterling and Plate from which to choose.

Linwood E. Hanson, Jeweler,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

GAS

— FOR —

Lighting, Heating and Cooking,

— AT —

$1.50 per M. net.

This price we believe is lower than that of any company selling the same amount of high grade coal gas in New England.

Gas Stoves, Fixtures, Burners,

And all modern gas appliances, including the well-known Welsbach Burner, are furnished by the Company at very moderate prices.

Woburn Gas-Light Co.
Office: 314 Main St.

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.

1844 Reproduces without abridgment the ablest articles from the Leading British reviews, magazines and weekly literary and political journals in every department of Literature; also, TRANSLATIONS from leading Continental sources.

1898 **ENLARGED** by the addition of a Monthly Literary Supplement, containing Readings from American Magazines, Readings from New Books, a list of the Books of the Month; contributing to make this periodical

ENCYCLOPEDIC IN SCOPE, CHARACTER, COMPLETENESS, COMPREHENSIVENESS.

"AN EPOCH-MAKING STORY."

"**WITH ALL HER HEART.**" From the French of M. Rene Bazin. Arrangements have been made for the SERIAL PUBLICATION of a TRANSLATION, made expressly the LIVING AGE, of this famous novel. The first instalment appears in the number of Nov. 6, and it will be continued weekly for several months until completed.

This novel, in its recent presentation in the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, aroused the greatest interest, attracting the attention of litterateurs both in France and England. A vivid portrayal of life in a French industrial town, it is interesting alike as a social study, and as a realistic, yet delicate story of modern life.

Its literary and ethical qualities are so unusual that LES ANNALES LITTERAIRES ET POLITIQUES described it as "**An Epoch-Making Story.**"

The LONDON ATHENÆUM characterizes it as "a work of fine and searching analysis, full of charm and redolent of a perfume which is exquisite and possesses no disquieting element."

DURING THE YEAR other translations from the best writers will appear from time to time, with serial or short stories by the Leading British Authors.

FREE. To all NEW SUBSCRIBERS the LIVING AGE for 1898, will be sent FREE the EIGHT NUMBERS of 1897 containing the first instalments of "With All Her Heart."

Choicest Literature at Club Prices. For $9.00 THE LIVING AGE and any $4.00 Magazine (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) sent for a year; or, for $8.00 THE LIVING AGE and *Scribner's* magazine.

Published Weekly at **$6.00** a Year, postpaid. Single Copies **15** cents.

THE LIVING AGE CO., P. O. Box 5206, Boston

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO OUR STOCK OF

Winter Overcoatings

And other seasonable goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO'S.
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

We have a few Special Things in Knit Goods, this week!

Such as Boy's Hats, Fascinators, Gloves, &c., which we have made especially low figures on. Remember we do all kinds and with of Dress Plaiting, Pinking, Buttons covered, &c.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St. Woburn.

FOR THE
Holidays

Choice Perfumes
Celluloid Novelties
Xmas Cards
Calendars

The largest line we have ever shown.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Obituary.

After a somewhat protracted illness Hon. MONTRESSOR T. ALLEN passed away at his home, 14 Church Avenue, this city, just before one o'clock Friday morning, December 24, 1897. At his bedside were his wife, her sisters, and the family physician. Although at times during his failing health he had suffered intensely the end was like a tired one dropping into restful sleep, painless, peaceful, and without a sigh.

The principal points in Mr. Allen's biography are these: He was born in Woburn on May 20, 1844, his father and mother being George W. and Mary L. Allen, the last named of whom is still living at 85 years of age. He was educated in the common schools, at Warren Academy, and Boston University, graduating from the latter in 1878, and soon after was admitted to practice law in the Courts of this State. As an advocate, or jury lawyer, rather than as a counseller, he rapidly acquired a lucrative practice and achieved a fair degree of eminence at the Bar. His law business was largely in Boston although he kept an office in this city as well as there. On July 27, 1864, he was mustered into the United States Army in Company G, 5th Regiment, Charles S. Converse, Captain, and faithfully served out the term of his enlistment. He was chosen to represent the Woburn District in the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the years 1888 and 1889, where he was honored with important committee appointments both terms. His services as a legislator were satisfactory to his constituents and the State. He was Mayor of the city of Woburn two terms, in 1895 and 1896, but declined the offer of a popular movement to elect him a third term. Since retiring permanently from the Mayor's chair Mr. Allen had given his undivided attention and best energies to his law practice which was steadily increasing and yearly became more lucrative until disease took hold of him and he was obliged to give up at intervals and take the rest he so much needed. His death was caused by disease of the heart, which had been his trouble for many months, but only within a short time was the discovery made that it was incurable. He failed rapidly towards the end, and his death, although a severe blow to his family and friends, was not unexpected.

Besides a devoted wife, of his immediate family left to mourn his loss are his mother, mentioned above, a brother, Dr. Marcellus H. Allen, and four sisters, Mrs. Mary E. Fulton, Mrs. Charles H. Bean, Mrs. Cyrus Cummings and Miss Etta Allen, all of whom are deeply sympathized with in their sore bereavement.

Mr. Allen possessed a genial disposition, was eminently social with his acquaintances, and made a good impression on those with whom he came in contact. He was a bright man, of sharp wit, quick at repartee, keen perceptive faculties, and a ready reader of human character. Born and raised here, well known by almost everybody, he will be missed from the business and social ranks of this community.

The funeral was held at the late residence of the deceased at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Although not intended to be public a great many people were present. From 2 to 4 o'clock the business houses of the city were closed and flags floated at halfmast in honor of the mournful occasion. Messrs. B. A. & C. E. Tripp were the undertakers. Rev. Doremus Scudder, Pastor of the First Church, read the scriptures; Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritas of that church, made an address, and Rev. H. C. Parker, Pastor of the Unitarian church, offered up a prayer. The music was furnished by the Alpine Quartet assisted by Mr. Marcus H. Cotton. The selections were appropriate and touchingly rendered. The bearers were the ex-Mayors of the city, Judge Edward F. Johnson, George F. Bean, Edward E. Thompson, Philip K. A. Richardson, Hugh D. Murray, and John O'Donnell, President of the Board of Aldermen, in place of Mayor Feeney, who was too ill to attend. To Mayor Feeney's sense of propriety and activity was mainly due the public demonstration of grief. The Masonic Fraternity, of which the deceased was a prominent member, was represented by Alva S. Wood and Frederic A. Flint; and the Women's Relief Corps, 161, by Mrs. S. H. Patten and Mrs. Margaret R. Cutler. All of the city departments were represented, as was also the law profession by local and Boston members. The house was filled and the services were solemn and impressive.

The burial at Woodbrook was private. Hundreds of people lined the street as the cortege moved to the last earthly resting place of him who had been a well known and prominent personage in this community.

He got into the cars blowing like a porpoise. For a minute his coughing was awful. He took a sip from a bottle and coughed no more that trip. The label said Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Coming People." Sunday School at 12 M. Thursday at 4.30 and 6.30 Meeting of the Ladies' Charitable Society.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. Crane. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. I. H. Packard. Subject: "A New Year's Message." Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 6 P. M. Public Service at 7 P. M. Subject: "Open Doors." Meetings every night except Saturday.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Christmas.
Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., People's Sunday evening. Mr. Scudder will preach on Christian Fundermentals. Special Music. Thursday, at 4 P. M., Junior Endeavor. Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7.30 P. M., observance of the Week of Prayer.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 25, by Rev. Geo. H. Tilton, John B. Hoag and Martha E. Leslie, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 25, by Rev. I. H. Packard, Frederick W. Durgin of Lynn and Marion E. Adams of Woburn.

In Lynn, Dec. 20, by Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, John C. Newman of Boston, and Helen H. Nichols of Woburn.

In Stoneham, Dec. 22, by Rev. T. S. Flanagan, John E. Connell of Woburn, and Sadie Flaherty of Stoneham.

In Boston, Dec. 26, by Rev. Christopher Eliot, Daniel R. Beggs and Maud E. Merrill, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 23, John, son of Philip and Bridget Dohety, aged 4 years, 2 months.

In this city, Dec. 26, James Fitzgerald, aged 60 years.

In this city, Dec. 28, John son of Patrick and Margaret Kane, aged 5 months.

That New County.

A matter that will attract the attention of the Legislature this winter will be that of a new County intended to include Boston and suburbs. This is a plan that has grown out of the original greater Boston scheme. The Commission appointed by the Governor to look into the question of a greater Boston found the sentiment so strong against it that they were unable to report favorably to the Legislature. Now they have started in upon this new County scheme, and among those who have listened to the affirmative side there is considerable sentiment in its favor, yet the people of the State are not so favorably inclined to County divisions of the State as to be willing to make a new County. There would be tremendous opposition to taking any territory from the present Counties. Middlesex County would never submit to losing some of its best cities and towns around Boston. Osborne Howes, who is the leading advocate of this new plan, has been visiting a number of places in this vicinity, and worked up quite a sentiment. But when the opposition to the plan makes itself heard, it will be along the same lines and with the same force that brought to a standstill the greater Boston scheme.—*Melrose Journal.*

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case having resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Frank Daniels is coming to Boston. He will arrive next Monday, and in the evening be glad to see his many friends at the Tremont Theatre. He will bring with him his new opera, "The Idol's Eye," the last product of the pens of that gifted pair, Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, who gave us last year the highly enjoyed "Wizard of the Nile." "The Idol's Eye" opera has been having a long and very prosperous run in New York, and it will be produced here with the identical cast and scenery used in Gotham. In addition there will be in the chorus a young Boston society girl who has been keenly desirous for years of a stage career. At her request her real name will not appear on the programme till the second work, as she wishes first to feel her way, so to speak, and should she be disappointed, to withdraw without her friends knowing of her venture. "The Idol's Eye" has received the praise of the critics of every city it has been in. Matinees as usual.

A Clever Trick.

It certianly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulent to the Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c. a bottle at Parker's Drugstore.

Independent Criticism.

A little girl sat gazing fixedly at the new bonnet of one of her mother's visitors until the caller smilingly asked, "Do you like it, my dear?"

The child innocently replied: "Yes—I do. Mamma and Aunt Milly said it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't frighten me a bit."—London Fun.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

Towanda Club Bowling Score.

TEAM 1.

Atwood,	125	155	141	422
Knowlton,	119	170	142	431
Linnell,	120	120	120	360
Cramphorn,	129	124	140	393
Fowle,	130	139	134	403
Team Totals,	624	708	677	2009

TEAM 2.

Buxton,	168	146	153	467
Curtis,	152	123	150	425
Bartlett,	120	109	119	348
Marion,	179	157	161	477
Caulfield,	179	134	182	495
Team Totals,	798	649	765	2212

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

WINCHESTER.

Christmas passed off in great shape here.

The police are trying to rid the side walks of loafers.

The B. & M. Railroad Co. are going to build a fine station at Mystic next spring.

The Winchester Benevolent Association will give a necktie party on Friday evening, Jan. 7.

Price Wilson, son of Editor Wilson of the *Star*, is spending a fortnight in Washington, D. C., with his chum, Sumner McCall, son of Congressman McCall. He is a good bright boy and will doubtless pick up lots of things that will be useful to him when he gets old enough and is chosen Congressman from his own District. He and young McCall are having a great time.

The Greatest Discovery Yet.

W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc. It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drugstore.

Literary Notices.

The special features of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1898, are: Roden's Corner, a novel, 4 ills.; A Group of Players, 7 ills.; A Blazing Hencoop, 12 ills.; Frescoes of Runklestein, 8 ills.; Massai's Crooked Trail, 5 ills.; Stuttgart, 17 ills.; The New Northwest; besides which they are timely stories, poems and sketches. It is a handsome and readable number.

*** HARPER'S is sold by the New England News Co., Boston, and at the Woburn Bookstore by Horton.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for January yields perhaps its first attraction in its pictures. As an example of general excellence in magazine illustration it is, indeed, an extraordinary number. Every picture but one—a beautiful reproduction of Burne-Jones's painting "Vespertina Quies"—has relation to the reading-matter—is strictly illustrative, in other words; but such is the intrinsic interest of them and the vividness of their execution, one derives from simply running through the number and looking at them that mental satisfaction which is usually to be had only from reading. They are, in other words, each and all, a good story in themselves. But then this is what the pictures naturally would be in MCCLURE'S, which lives to the rule of never failing, whatever else happens, to tell a good story. In this particular number the good story is told also in most of the articles—not merely in those which are stories by confession, but in the others as well. For example, Mr. Hamblen's account of his own personal experience as a railroad brakeman, with its almost daily episodes of daring and disaster, is as absorbing as any of the fiction. No less is true of Mr. Dana's chapter of recollections of life in the trenches at Vicksburg, with its close, living view of Grant, Sherman, and the other generals there. Cy Warman's account of his sojourn at Karlsbad is a bit of humorous, attractive description; Robert Barr's character sketch of Mark Twain, from his own intimate acquaintance, offers a distinctly new view of the great humorist; and Norman Hapgood's study of Boutet de Monvel, with the fine reproductions from De Monvel's work, gives one an excellent idea of the leading artist of our time in the portrayal of children. The fiction of the number consists of the second instalment of Anthony Hope's New Zenda novel and several good short stories.

The number of THE LIVING AGE for the week ending January 1st begins a new volume with a new year of that standard periodical. In this volume the striking serial story, With all Her Heart, translated expressly for THE LIVING AGE, from the French of Rene Bazin, will be continued until its completion. Its conclusion will be immediately followed by the publication of a new serial of unusual interest. In 1898 it enters its fifty-fifth year. During the year now closing it has widened its scope and enlarged its scope and enlarged its volumes, enriching its pages with choice selections from the works of the most able authors and men of affairs of Continental Europe, on subjects of intelligent and timely interest, and given in a monthly supplement extracts from leading American magazines and readings from new books, thus establishing its claim as the reflection of the whole world's literature. With fifty-two numbers aggregating three thousand five hundred large pages the subscription price, $6.00, is low; while for $9.00 the publishers offer to send any one of the $4.00 American monthlies or weeklies with THE LIVING AGE for a year postpaid. The Living Age Co. Boston, are the publishers.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

CITY OF WOBURN.

IN MEMORIAM.

Hon. Montressor T. Allen.

Be it Resolved, that in the death of MONTRESSOR TYLER ALLEN, for two years Mayor of the City of Woburn, the city loses one of its brightest and most progressive citizens, a son whom it delighted to honor, and one who gave to its service most generously of his talent, time and strength; that we gladly recognize and attest the signal ability with which he filled the executive chair in this municipality, and we recall with mingled pleasure and sadness, the unvarying courtesy, the genial temperament, the urbanity of manner, the remarkable gift of graceful speech, and the wide-reaching intelligence which characterized, not only his administration of affairs, but his intercourse with those associated with him in Municipal office; and that, as an official expression of the City Government of 1897, and as a tribute to his memory this resolution be spread upon the records of the City Council, and that the City Clerk be, and hereby is instructed to furnish an attested copy thereof to the family of the deceased, and publish the same in the local papers.

JOHN O'DONNELL,
CHARLES R. BROWN,
AUGUSTUS B. MCCARTHY,
JOHN H. SWEETSER,
JOHN E. BURKE,
WILLIAM MURPHY,
Committee on Resolutions.

Authorized by a vote of the City Council in Joint Convention, Dec. 24, 1897.

A true copy,

Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Montressor T. Allen, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by Lizzie M. Allen, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of January, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

CAUSE FOR REFORM.

Experience of a Clubman Who Lied to His Wife.

"I'll never try to fool my wife by telling her that I have been sitting up with a sick friend when I want to stay out late at night again," said a gentleman from the metropolis at one of the up town hotels to a reporter recently.

"I got cured of that most effectually," he continued, "and it all came out in such a natural manner that I look back at it and think it is a sort of dispensation of Providence to keep me home at night. I ought to have been ashamed of myself for doing such a thing, as we had not been married very long. As a matter of fact, however, I had been something of a rounder before my marriage. I was introduced one night into a social club on the west side. No matter what the name of it was—you can call it the Bachelors' club, for nobody but that unfortunate class should have belonged to it. I am something of a sleight of hand performer and made myself so agreeable that night that I was given a ticket of membership for 30 days.

"Rather late we got into a game of poker, which I found so fascinating I staid in it until the early morning hours. I framed a number of excuses when I got home to give my wife for being out so late. Some of them were very plausible. When I saw her, however, I got slightly rattled and sprung the same old chestnut on her of 'sitting up with a sick friend.' I had heard, by the way, that this friend, whom I mentioned and whom my wife knew, whose name was or was not Mr. Sportiboy, was really sick.

"The next night, in spite of the opposition of my conscience, I drifted around to the club again and almost unconsciously sat down to a little round table with four others and again succumbed to the appropriately named 'draw' poker. The thing continued for several nights, I telling my wife when I went home that poor Mr. Sportiboy was very sick indeed. She seemed to believe me, although I felt like a sheep killing dog.

"After about a week of this had passed at the breakfast table one morning my wife, who was reading a paper, gave a sudden exclamation, dropped the paper, pushed the chair back from the table and looked at me with an expression of horror on her countenance.

"'Wha-hat's the matter, darling?' I asked in consternation. 'Are you ill?' Her face was pale, and I noticed that she seemed to be much agitated. She rose and started out the door. Not knowing what was the matter, I rose and followed her. She turned on me tragically, saying: 'Don't come near me; don't touch me! To think that you have been visiting that sick man who had the scarlet fever and then could have the audacity to come home and associate with me! I am surprised that you thought more of him than you do of your wife or yourself by exposing both of us to such a horribly malignant disease!' And she swept out of the room.

"Here I was in a pickle. I hardly knew what to make of it. I finally got hold of the paper she was reading, having some suspicion of what was the matter, and looked in the death notices. Among them I read with raising hair that Mr. Willie B. Sportiboy had died the day before of scarlet fever. To say that I felt shocked was putting it mildly. I was shocked at his death, and also at the manner in which I had been exposed, literally speaking, as far as my truthfulness was concerned, and theoretically to the scarlet fever.

"When I went to find my wife, I discovered a hastily written note, in which she said she had gone home.

"I knew it was no use to follow her, remembering her terrible fear of all such diseases as scarlet fever, and I knew if I wrote her she would not open the letter, owing to the same fear of contagion. I thought awhile and finally did the only thing I knew would bring her back. I visited a lady who knew us both well, made a clean breast of the matter and sent her to my wife's home as an intermediary.

"I fixed the matter up all right finally. She had been teasing me to bring her a certain piece of jewelry, to which she had taken a fancy. It took all of my poker winnings and more to pay for it, but I was satisfied.

"That was the last time I ever lied to my wife. I tell you, honesty is not only the best policy, but the best policeman where your better half is concerned. If I have occasion to stay out late now, I come up like a man and tell why it happened."—Washington Star.

"Twas the Night Before Christmas."

Mr. Clarence Cook contributes to The Century an article on "The Author of 'A Visit From St. Nicholas'"—Clement C. Moore. Mr. Cook says of the origin of the familiar poem:

Mr. William S. Pelletreau, in the interesting account of Dr. Moore's life which he has just published, tells us that the "Visit From St. Nicholas" was written in 1822 as a Christmas present for his children, and that a young lady visiting the family copied it into her album and sent it, unknown to Dr. Moore, to the editor of the Troy Sentinel, who printed it without the author's name in the issue of that journal for December 23, 1823. From the newspaper it found its way to the school readers and speedily became a great favorite with children all over the country.

Mr. Pelletreau tells us that Dr. Moore was at first annoyed by the appearance of the poem in print, as he had not intended it for the public and thought it a mere trifle with but slight literary merit. No doubt it was with some misgivings that, 20 years later, he gave it a place in the volume of his collected poems. With the proverbial blindness of writers he probably thought this playful sally, written to please his youngsters at their Christmas merrymaking, far inferior to its all forgotten companions, of which he says in his preface, "Some of them have cost me much time and thought, and I have composed them all as carefully and correctly as I could."

WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in our store. We do business for more business. We want your trade for always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, December 31, 1897**, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 1st, 1898, will draw interest from that date.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Dec. 23, 1897.

WANTED AGENTS to sell our Printing Presses, Vulcanizers, Baggage and Key Checks, Steel and Rubber Stamps, Seal Presses, Stencils, &c. J. F. W. DORMAN CO., 121 E. Fayette St., Balto., Md. Catalogue free.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE,

Likewise Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, and all kinds of staple Meats, Fish, and the Best Oysters in America, now ready for delivery at

C. C. STONE & Co's,
No. 474 Main St., Woburn, Mass

Also, Vegetables, Fruits, and everything else nice for

THE HOLIDAYS.

CLARIGOLD HALL. Mr. Clarke (ex-organist), has resumed musical instruction in all its branches at his residence, Clarigold Manse, corner of West and South streets, on the boundary line between Reading and Woburn. Woburn & Reading electric cars pass each half hour. (Address Lock Box 101, Reading, Mass.)

MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits to J. F. W. Dorman Co., 121 E. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Catalogue free.

Returned for Business.

Miss M. REEVES

Has returned and taken the Rooms lately occupied by Dr. Allen in **Mechanics Building**, where she will carry on the business of

Dressmaking and Ladies' Tailoring

in all its branches as formerly. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
She respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

NOTICE!

Skirts Cut and Made

and worn ones renovated, sleeves remodeled. All kinds of sewing. Prices reasonable.
Also, Tenement To Let.

Mrs. L. A. GRAMMER,
148 Salem St.

☞ Electric cars pass the door.

Call and examine our line of Ranges, Parlor Stoves and Oil Heaters

C. M. STROUT
Old Postoffice Rooms
Dow's Block.

For Sale Cheap.

Owing to a change in business I shall offer property on Cleveland ave. and Beach st. For Sale. A portion of this property will be sold for less than one half of city valuation.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

HENRY E. PACKER, M. D.,

Successor to N. A. Springer, M. D., and H. L. Shepherd, M. D., has located at

No. 11 Pleasant Street, Woburn,

And will be pleased to attend those who wish his services.

Telephone 56—2.

Tenement To Let,

A SINGLE TENEMENT To Let; in good condition; handy to the centre; fruit. Rent reasonable.

Apply to E. P. MARION,
47 Lowell St., Woburn,

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1898**, at 4.45 P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 10, 1897.

Woburn Board of Trade.

The annual Meeting of this Corporation will be held **Monday, January 3, 1898**, at the Rooms, 316 Main street, at 7.30, p. m., for the election of officers, determining Assessment for 1898, and the transaction of such other business as may be presented.

FREDERIC H. LEWIS, Clerk.

Woburn, Dec. 24, 1897.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. W. Whitcher, prescription specialist.

DANIEL A. PUTNAM,
Auctioneer and Appraiser,
6 Walnut Street,
Mechanics Building
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Woburn Auction and Commission House. Every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., regular auction sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Stoves, Bicycles, and other Personal Property.
☞ Consignments Solicited.
Special auction sales conducted in store or in adjoining towns.
Special sales of Horses, Carriages, Harnesses, etc., as announced.
☞ Mail your orders and I will do the rest.
D. A. Putnam Constable of the City of Woburn.

Archibald J. Houghton,

(Certificated Senior Division, Trinity College, London; Senior Division, 1st Class Honors, Musical International College; First Division College of Preceptors, London; Society of Arts two diplomas.)

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

ADDRESS FOR TERMS:
415 Main Street,
Room 8. Mechanics Building.
WOBURN, MASS.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.

Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

For Sale or To Let.

French Roof House and Stable,
Cor. Scott, Plympton and Johnson Sts.

House has 12 rooms and all modern improvements. Nearly 13,000 feet of land, and the most desirable location in the city. Will be sold at a bargain.
Enquire on the premises.

A. T. YOUNG.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE
OF EIGHT ROOMS AT
WYMAN GREEN,

One minute to Station. All modern improvements $22.00 per month.

Apply to E. H. RICHARDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. ☞GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.
ALDEN SPEARE'S SONS & CO., Agents for New England.
369 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Have You Seen The New Automatic SASH LOCK?

If not, call on HOLDRIDGE, THE HARDWARE MAN of Woburn, who will show the model and supply you. Also, the Ball-bearing Draw Slide, saves your strength and patience by making those heavy draws run smooth as a bicycle. Try one!
Kimball Industrial Manf'g Co., No. 19 Pearl Street, Room 11, Boston.

EDWARD J. BELCHER,
CATERER.

Wedding Receptions, Lodge and Society Suppers Dinner Parties.
Experienced Cooks, polite and attentive Waiters.
Superior Wedding Cake, Ice Cream, and Fancy Ices.
325 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.
Telephone 18-2.

Tremont House
WINCHESTER.

I wish to inform the ladies of Winchester and Woburn that I have good girls on hand—Swede, Danish, English, Irish—with good recommendations. With thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, I remain most respectfully, etc.

MRS. J. A. MCMURRAY,
formerly Miss M. H. Norton of Woburn

To Let.

Recently built HOUSE of 8 Rooms and Modern Plumbing, next to corner of Charles and Main streets. Rent moderate.
House is equipped for gas.
Apply to JOHN W. SHAW,
36 Pleasant St., Woburn

To Let.

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; All up to date improvements. Rent Reasonable. Apply to
CURTIS GREENWOOD,
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

To Let.

A Fine Residence; all Modern Improvements corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.
Apply to P. G. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

Tenement To Let.

At Hammond Square. Eight rooms and bath. Piped for hot and cold water. Light, roomy basement with cemented floor and set tubs. Recently papered and painted.
Enquire of J. F. RAMSDELL, H. M. ALDRICH, or H. C. HALL.

FOR SALE
— OR —
TO LET.

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of L. W. THOMPSON, 437 Main St., Woburn.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from $50 to $100 monthly clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to increase your present income from $200 to $500 yearly, by working at odd times, write the GLOBE CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, whether married or single, last or present employment, and you can secure a position with them by which you can make more money easier and faster than you ever made before in your life.

WANTED!
HORSES TO PASTURE.

I have about twenty acres of fine grass land, running water, woods for the horses to escape the flies, no finer place in Massachusetts. $1.50 per week.
Address, FOREST HALL FARM,
Burlington, Mass.

Girls who have to stand on their feet most of the time work as hard as any day-laborer yet they do not get what is rightly called exercise. Close, confining, indoor occupation gives no exhilaration to the nervous system nor active circulation to the blood. It wears, tears and drags a woman's life away. The whole physical system grows sluggish and torpid under it.

No wonder so many sales girls and factory girls and housewives suffer from indigestion and constipation and bilious troubles. No wonder they are subject to the diseases of the delicate special organism of their sex. The wonder is rather that they can stand it as well as they do.

But "a poor weak woman," as she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.

Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most eminent medical advice *free of charge* and in *absolute confidence* and privacy by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. Occupying this position for thirty years he has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak and delicate women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. His "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only permanent digestive and nutrient tonic. The two medicines taken alternately, form the most perfect and successful course of treatment ever prescribed for female troubles complicated with a sluggish, overwrought, nervous, diseased constitution. In severe constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be occasionally taken with the others. They never gripe.

BLOSSOM TIME.

High above in the cherry tree
The bees are holding a jubilee.
The time is May, and the trees abloom,
And the air is sweet with the rare perfume.

"We need not wait for the fruit to grow,"
The bees hum busily as they go.
"The blossoms are sweet, and the wind is sly,
He loves to scatter them by and by!"

High above, 'mong the blossoms gay,
The bees are gathering sweets today.
And Robin wisely shakes his head,
"They're welcome; I'll wait for the cherries red!"

—Agnes Lewis Mitchill in St. Nicholas.

HOW TO FIND A WIFE.

The man of vast learning and the man of equally vast ignorance, the man of sterling integrity and the man who is utterly lacking in that most essential quality, the man who is worth a million and the man who couldn't raise 5 cents before sundown if his life depended on it—all these, together with their wives and children, are alike in one significant particular.

Each individual has a hobby or, if you please, some pet idea, which, in the case of many people, is brought forth by the slightest possible provocation.

Alexander Dolldenning belongs to this class, and the happiest moments of his life are when he is given an unchallenged opportunity to talk in public or in private on his favorite theme.

Down in Gage county, several winters ago, the young people of four neighboring districts combined in conducting a debating society. There was considerable talent in each district, with a degree of pride by no means small back of it, and then rivalry between the districts was sufficiently sharp to fill the large schoolhouse in which the meetings were held to its utmost capacity every Friday evening. In fact, it had become a matter of general regret that no building of still greater seating capacity could be obtained for the use of the society.

The programme for the first meeting in December was of unusual interest, and the house was packed until there was not standing room for another person. Each district was represented by its best man in the debate which constituted the main feature of the entertainment, and the discussion was an exciting one. The decision of the judges as to the winning side produced great merriment on the part of about half the audience, but the defeated disputants and their supporters took defeat good naturedly, and after a musical number had been rendered everybody was ready for the next thing on the programme, which, according to custom, would be an extemporaneous speech by some one selected at the time by the society on a subject given by the chairman.

So just at this moment a young man in the rear part of the house arose and, being recognized by the chair, said:

"I desire to make a motion. We are honored tonight by the presence of Mr. Alexander Dolldenning, a gentleman of merited distinction in an adjoining state, who is spending a few days in this vicinity as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Robert Clevermate. I should like very much to hear from the gentleman, and I believe that I express the wish of this audience in moving, as I now do, that he be requested to make the extemporaneous speech which comes at this place on our programme."

Half a dozen members were on their feet at once to second the motion, and it was carried with such a volume of voices that Mr. Dolldenning was justified in feeling flattered.

The chairman had been quietly informed that the motion would be made and was requested to give what the informant knew to be the visitor's pet idea as his subject. Being assured that no ill feeling would follow and that the society would hear something worth listening to, he consented, and as Mr. Dolldenning came forward his subject was announced as "The Way to Find Anything Is to Quit Looking For It."

He had never been asked to speak on his favorite theme to such a large audience before, and a smile of genuine satisfaction played upon his face as he began.

"Five years ago," said he, "my daughter Ada, who was a schoolgirl 12 years of age, came down to breakfast one morning without the glasses she finds it necessary to wear all the time when studying and remarked that she had evidently mislaid them, as they could not be found in her room.

"After breakfast she looked for them in the dining room, where the family had spent the previous evening. My wife soon joined in the search, and as the time approached for Ada to start to school I, too, began looking for the much wanted glasses.

"The kitchen and the parlor were also gone over carefully, and each one of us at different times went to the girl's room, thinking perhaps they were there in some obscure place, and every time one of us failed to find them in Ada's room or anywhere else the dining room was given another going over. Even the front porch and the back steps and the stairway were searched for the missing article, and the girl went to school firmly convinced that the house had been entered in some mysterious way by thieves during the night and that her glasses were stolen. My wife's sister, who has a reputation for finding things, was to arrive on a morning train, and we assured Ada as she left that her aunt would soon discover the hiding place of the glasses.

"But the aunt declared positively to me at noon that they were not in the dining room and said she had turned everything upside down in the girl's room, going so far as to unmake her bed, one piece at a time, and all in vain.

"It seemed useless to look more, and the search was abandoned, but as my wife was putting dinner on the table the dish of potatoes tilted a little to one side, and the glasses were found beneath the cloth, which it was then remembered had been turned back the night before for me to write on the table

"I believe, my friends, that every person in this house tonight can recall not one, but a number—perhaps many—instances similar to the case I have related, in which the most diligent search failed to locate a lost article, and no sooner was the search given up than the article appeared in the most unexpected way.

"I know of a business man named Brown who went to his office in haste one night on an errand, pulled his bunch of keys from the left hand pocket of his pantaloons, where he is in the habit of keeping it, unlocked his roller top, self locking desk, attended to the errand, which included the writing of a letter, closed his desk, took the letter to the postoffice and started to an entertainment, where he was to meet his wife.

"Chancing to put his hand into his pocket, he noticed with a feeling slightly akin to horror that his keys were not in their accustomed place. The loss of a bunch of keys is sometimes a serious matter to a business man and may result in great inconvenience, if nothing worse. Mr. Brown had been very careful for years always to put his keys into the same pocket and to keep them there whenever they were out of his hands.

"Finding them gone, he hurriedly felt in the other pockets of his trousers and in those of his coat and overcoat, but to no avail. He then retraced his steps to the postoffice, and from there to his place of business, looking constantly in front of him and on either side, hoping against hope for the appearance of his keys. Reaching his office, he went back several times over the steps he remembered having taken there and was especially careful to look everywhere under and around his desk.

"It was now evident to Mr. Brown that he had only repeated a former piece of absentmindedness by dropping the keys in his desk and closing the top down, thus locking them up, and so, as on the former occasion, he borrowed a screwdriver and proceeded to take the desk apart. An hour was consumed in this way, for the desk was not made to be taken to pieces every few months, and the task was a difficult one, leaving the man engaged in it very red in the face when it was finished. But the keys had not been dropped there this time, and he was now at his wits' ends.

"After pacing up and down the room a little while to quiet his nerves and think of some means by which the lost treasure could possibly be found Mr. Brown searched through the same pockets again, made another trip to the postoffice, and thence to the place where he had discovered his loss, then went to the office of a morning newspaper and paid for the insertion of an advertisement offering a reward for the return of his keys.

"He was just in time to accompany Mrs. Brown home from the entertainment, and he told her that he should probably not be able to sleep a wink that night, but as he entered the house, feeling in his vest pocket for a match to light a lamp, his finger touched the missing keys. He had always thought of the bunch as being too large to fit in his vest pocket and so didn't look there for it. He had doubtless put it there unconsciously while in the act of taking a match from his pocket just after opening the desk.

"This case strikes you as something new only because you are not business men with self locking desks, but I am persuaded that while I spoke of keys you were reminded of small pieces of farm machinery and articles of household use whose disappearance was just as mysterious, the search for which was fully as long and disappointing, and the finding of which occurred in the most unlooked for fashion soon after the search was abandoned. Illustrations of the truth for which I stand tonight are of common occurrence in the life of every individual, and I rely upon your personal experience to clinch every point I make.

"The clerk whose first and constant aim is to find favor in the eyes of his employer fails in at least nine cases out of ten until he quits looking for favor and begins with self forgetful singleness of purpose and concentration of effort to bring about results in dollars and cents to his employer. The man most out of favor with his employer of any I ever knew was the one who exercised the greatest care to anticipate the every wish and thought of his employer, always endeavoring to please him, and the man with whom this same employer was at all times ready to intrust any interest, however great, rewarding him accordingly, was the one who was most thoroughly indifferent as to the showing he made in the presence of his employer.

"The same truth applies even with more emphatic force to finding happiness. Did it ever occur to you that the individual who makes the most direct effort to be happy usually wears the longest face in the community, while the one whose days are filled with usefulness and nights with sound sleep comes up smiling at every turn in the road which leads to the valley of contented old age?

"The man who spends $30 a week in an effort to find happiness is, so far as my observation goes, exceedingly miserable in comparison with the man who has only 30 cents to spend in that way.

"The most unhappy woman that I ever knew was a Mrs. Smith, whose entire energy was devoted to having a good time. She was the child of wealthy parents, received a finished education and married a successful professional man, whom she loved intensely and who did all in his power to gratify her every fleeting fancy. She employed a housekeeper who took all responsibility pertaining to household affairs off her hands and hired a competent nurse who cared as an own mother for her baby. Mrs. Smith did no work. Her health was good, and she seldom found it necessary to deny herself any pleasure that she craved.

"The girl friends with whom she had been brought up considered her very fortunate indeed, but her heart was filled to overflowing with bitterness, and the more she surrendered herself to the pursuit of a good time the greater that bitterness became. Thus matters went on for a year, and she could stand it no longer.

"She saw plainly that her housekeeper and her nurse were getting more that was really desirable out of life than was she, and the cause was apparent. Her feeling was so strong that she wanted to become both housekeeper and nurse at once, and it required a determined remonstrance on the part of her husband to keep her from discharging both servants the same day and doing all the work herself. Mr. Smith knew, however, that her new theory was the correct one and readily consented to a compromise plan by which his wife has since been of great usefulness in the home, where she is now a tireless worker and the happiest of mothers.

"Care burdened wives and mothers and daughters here tonight whose greatest happiness is found in contributing to the comfort of those you love, your lot is an enviable one, and I believe you consider it so. I urge you to be contented with it.

"The eccentric millionaire uncle of my college chum, Frank Benson, died during the young man's last year at school, leaving him, three years hence, provided he had married by that time, the snug sum of $50,000. If at a given date young Benson remained single he was to receive only $500, and another heir, who would then become of age, was to get the balance.

"Benson's worldly possessions amounted to less than $4,000 when the uncle died, and the sum which was thus placed within his grasp looked very large indeed to him. The handling of vast amounts of money was right in line with his ambition, too, and he knew it would require a monster struggle on his part if it became necessary to let this fortune pass into another's hand. But he had never met the girl whom he would take as a life companion, even though this financial consideration was multiplied by ten—not because all his lady friends were inferior creatures, far from it, but for the better reason that no one of them had ever shown herself able to disturb his heart, and marriage with him, if it occurred at all, should be a matter of love rather than finance.

"The condition in his uncle's will seemed unreasonable in the extreme to him, but, after all, as a matter of fact, he did really want to get married if he could only find his true mate, and the plan took definite form in his mind during the remaining six months of his school life to devote as much of the next 2½ years as it required exclusively to hunting a wife.

"When graduation was over and he had received his degree Benson lost no time in undertaking his new self assigned task. He went about it deliberately, however, and communicated his purpose to no one.

"The first five weeks were spent as the guest of a cousin who was prominent in the legal and social circles of Des Moines. There he met a score or more of highly accomplished and thoroughly attractive young ladies, each of whom treated him with kindliest courtesy. Several of them satisfied every demand of his intellect, and he tried to place his heart in as susceptible an attitude as possible, but it continued to be as inactive as ever, and he came to Richardson county, Neb., to visit a sister and, so far as he could, subject his heart for a month at least to the feminine charms of a rural district. As at Des Moines, his intellect was in several cases satisfied, but that was all.

"He next put in three weeks at the home of a boyhood friend in Denver, then two months visiting an aunt in San Francisco, from which place he came back to Atchison county, Mo., where a brother-in-law lived, went next to Minneapolis, thence to Chicago, paid an oft promised visit to an aged relative in Page county, Ia., made a trip to Boston, where he remained several months, spent nine weeks in Indiana and continued to go from place to place in this way, always making a most welcome visit to some special friend or relative and never forgetting the secret object of his travels until he had spent from two weeks to three months in 36 communities and formed the acquaintance—a very pleasant acquaintance, too—of 288 marriageable young ladies, 27 of whom he had really tried to love, but trying, failed, and now, nine days from the time limit set by his uncle's will, it was still true that he had never met the lady whom any financial consideration, however large, would induce him to wed.

"He gave up, allowed the other heir to come into possession of the money which might have been his, and cheerfully applied himself to business, firmly resolving that if he ever married he should meet the woman by chance or Providence and not by going out to find her.

"Just 15 days after the fortune passed to the other heir Benson was driving across the country on a matter of business when he was caught in a severe windstorm ten miles from the town in which he had settled and turned into a farmhouse for shelter. There he met a Miss Nettie Rosebud, who strangely stirred up a veritable windstorm in his heart before he had known her an hour, and she wasn't dressed in her Sunday best either, as the other 288 girls had been. He arranged to continue the acquaintance, which soon became a courtship, and one year from that stormy Wednesday, with the loveliest of sunshine outside and the prettiest of flowers within, having a heart as strangely peaceful now as it was turbulent on the former occasion, Frank Benson led Nettie Rosebud to the marriage altar. That was 11 years ago. Last month I was a guest at their home, and a happier one I never visited. Frank declares positively that he has not regretted for so much as one moment at any time since he met Nettie the loss of that sum of money, and I am sure he doesn't need it now.

"Young man, the way to find anything, even a wife, is to quit looking for it."

Mr. Dolldenning took his seat amid round after round of applause.—Hubert Burruss in Omaha World-Herald.

Theater Going In Japan.

It will interest many to hear that the Japanese laws prohibit a theatrical performance lasting more than eight hours. The plays in the first class theaters begin at 10 or 11 and are not ended until after sunset. There are intervals, of course, for refreshment, and a recent innovation is a theater yard for exercise, lined with eating booths and fancy stalls. Boxes are secured three or four days beforehand from a neighboring teahouse, where arrangements are made for attendance and refreshments during the day. Full dress is never worn.

The following articles, unless otherwise ordered, are brought to each patron: A programme, a cushion, a tobacco fire box, a pot of tea, cakes, fruit and sushi, a sort of rice dumpling flavored with vinegar and topped with a piece of fish. Valuables may be left at the teahouse, and the inclusive charge (excepting the waiter's tip) is not more than 1.80 yen a head. The gallery is the most aristocratic place, but the space unreserved, occupied by the Japanese "gods," is quaintly called "the deaf gallery."—Westminster Gazette.

REPARTEE AND WIT.

GOOD EXAMPLES THAT HAVE NOT BEEN COMMONLY QUOTED.

Quick and Bright Responses Made by Politicians, Judges, Professors and Literary Men—Scotch and Irish Wits Seem to Excel In This Particular Field.

That it is not an easy matter to flash out a suitable repartee at the right moment most disinterested persons would admit. A good repartee requires not merely talent, but something of genius and, what is as rare as genius, presence of mind. All will agree on this point, but at the same time, in a world in which each is prone to imagine himself a genius, the significance of this truth is apt to pass unremarked, and hence the enormous stock of repartee on record, varying from the readiest and wittiest down to those which, in Macaulay's phrase, "every schoolboy knows." The New York Post has already gathered from "Lord Tennyson's Life" and other sources some bonmots of the higher order, and perhaps the following may be given as helping to swell the list of really good repartee:

At one of the recent general elections in England the Earl of Carlisle, I believe, was a candidate. The earl is exceedingly youthful in appearance, and during one of his speeches he was interrupted with the question, "Does your mother know you're out?" Quick as lightning the earl replied, "Yes, and tomorrow she'll know I'm in." Another political speaker who was stigmatized by an irate questioner as not having the manners of a pig had the presence of mind to retort, "Sir, I am sorry to see you have." On a similar occasion Sheridan was informed by one of his questioners that the answers given by him were so unsatisfactory that he (the questioner) could not give him his countenance at the election, whereupon the orator replied, "Sir, I am very glad, for an uglier countenance I never did see."

Turning from politics to literature, we have the famous encounter of Sir Walter Scott and Robertson, one of the Scots judges. Between these two there was a notorious feud. One day, in passing Robertson, Scott remarked to a friend, "There goes Peter of the paunch!" Robertson was equal to the occasion with, "And there goes Peveril of the Peak!" Scott's forehead, of course, was very pointed, while the peculiarity of Lord Robertson's figure may be easily guessed from the story.

What is it that constitutes a successful repartee? Undoubtedly one of the main elements is the rapidity of production. Of course all quick replies or remarks are not repartee, but the following borders so closely on the genuine repartee that there is no reason why it should not find a place in the list: There is true wit in the reply of the Irishman to the gentleman who asked him why his horse was so white in the face. "Shure, sorr, and if your head had been in a halter all day long your face would be white too." As the question was put as a test of an ordinary Irishman's readiness, the questioner ought to have been satisfied with the result.

Pre-eminent in this domain is the name of Sir Richard Bethell, better known as Lord Westbury. In his own day this great lawyer was famous not only for the readiness but also for the savagery of his replies. It is said that when one observed to him that a certain brother judge never sat alone on the bench, but always along with other judges, Bethell replied that this was doubtless due to the dislike of all children to being alone in the dark. Can this be beaten? Even when presiding on the bench Bethell did not restrain his tongue. One day a case involving the property of some mines was being conducted before him. One of the five lawyers instructed for the defendant opened his speech with the observation that his client had been at considerable expense in boring, whereupon the judge blandly remarked, "So I see from the number of counsel he has employed."

Along with Bethell's name may be coupled that of another judge, but this time a Scotch one, Harry Erskine. Erskine's replies were quite as quick as Bethell's, and certainly they were not nearly so savage. On one occasion Erskine was overtaken in the street by a friend who introduced to him a gentleman. This gentleman expressed a desire to witness an example of Erskine's wit. "Well, then, what is to be the subject?" queried Erskine. "Oh, the king." "I beg your pardon, sir, the king is not a subject," was the instantaneous reply.

To conclude this article, let us take two examples of university wit. The first bonmot is attributed to a certain famous professor of Greek at one time in Glasgow college. His classroom at Glasgow was directly under that of the professor of logic, and the energy of the gestures and actions of this latter professor caused little bits of plaster to fall on the Greek professor's desk. One day when more than the usual quantity of plaster had fallen the Greek professor paused in his lecture to observe, "Professor ——'s (naming the logic professor) conclusions are bringing down my premises." In the second story the sally came from the students. The professor had explained at length the nature of an octohedron to a class consisting of numerous male students and eight ladies in the front bench. "Now do you understand that an octohedron is a figure with eight regular plane faces?" "Oh, yes, sir, the front bench!" Surely Burke was right when he said that the age of chivalry was past, but let us remember, as some compensation, that perhaps the age of wit is still with us.

The Alligator's Dinner Hour.

Miss Vera Gould of Thirty-ninth and Baring streets has a pet alligator which was sent to her from Florida. Since the arrival of the alligator, which is about 18 inches long, Miss Gould mourns the loss of a pet kitten, and thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Alligator usually receives the best of attention and after a good square meal is at peace with the world, dozing in his tank until mealtime comes again. The tank is located in the dining room, and the other day his midday meal was forgotten—that is, forgotten by everybody except the alligator. He proved, however, that he was not entirely dependent upon others when his appetite was assailed.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Miss Gould heard a series of feline yells issuing from the kitchen, and on appearing on the scene she was perfectly horrified at what met her gaze. There on the floor was her pet alligator vainly endeavoring to get the head of a kitten in his mouth, while the mother of the victim was perched on the back of the alligator, clawing and biting it in a vicious manner. After rescuing the kitten and chasing the other pet into his abode Miss Gould discovered that she was minus a kitten and concluded that the hungry alligator had eaten it. It was afterward necessary to keep the mother cat in the cellar, as she attempted several times to wreak vengeance on the destroyer of her family.—Exchange.

A YOUNG HERO OF '76.

The Part That He Played In the Capture of Ticonderoga.

Of the boy heroes of the Revolution, the first and almost forgotten one was Nathan Beman. In the spring of 1775 he lived with his father, a farmer, near the village of Shoreham, which was opposite Fort Ticonderoga.

Farmer Beman was an American, devoted to the cause. Being of a roving disposition and fond of play, Nathan had often crossed the lake and formed the acquaintance of the boys whose fathers composed the garrison.

The little fellows had fine times under the walls of the fort, and every now and then Nathan went inside and saw how things were moving along there.

In the month of May Ethan Allen, at the head of the famous Green Mountain Boys, came up through the forest to surprise and capture, if possible, the fort and its garrison.

The expedition with which Benedict Arnold was connected was composed of three divisions, one of which was to capture some boats at Skenesboro and send them down the lake to Allen and his men, who were to get them at Shoreham, but when the renowned Green mountain leader reached the latter village, in nighttime, not a single boat awaited him.

This was a bitter disappointment, for Allen had but 83 men with him, and his position was one of great hazard. It looked like madness to assail with this small force an armed place like Ticonderoga, yet it was still more dangerous to remain idle.

"We can't wait for boats, my boys," exclaimed the intrepid Allen. "We must assault the fortress!"

In looking for a guide the Vermonter found Farmer Beman, who, as soon as he found out what was wanted, said:

"Why not take my boy? Nathan knows all about the fort. He's been all over it and knows the location of every rathole, inside and out."

The suggestion delighted Allen, and little Nathan was called in and questioned.

"I'll go, sir," he said at once. "I know the way to Delaplace's quarters, too, if you would want to find him."

Delaplace was the commandant, and of course the very person whom Allen wanted.

The spoil that fell into the hands of the victors amply repaid them for all the dangers they had faced, and the fort remained in the hands of the Americans until many months later, when it was abandoned and dismantled by General St. Clair.

The little party crossed the lake in such boats as were at hand. The oars were dipped silently in the starlit water, and no one spoke above a whisper. Morning was near at hand, and so much precious time had been lost that every moment had to be put to use.

When the patriots reached the opposite shore, their commander turned to Nathan Beman and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said quickly:

"We're ready now. Show us the way to the sallyport."

Guided by the farmer's son, the mountaineers moved toward the fort and, coming suddenly upon a sentry, heard the snapping of his fuselock and saw him run through a covered way within the walls.

"Quick!" cried the boy, looking up at Allen, and the soldiers sprang after the guide and made their way to the parade ground unopposed.

The enthusiasm of the patriots now broke forth in sounds of victory, which, reaching the ears of the British soldiers, caused them to spring from their pallets and rush from the barracks, only to be made prisoners as they appeared. Never was a surprise more complete, thanks to Nathan Beman.

When Allen had secured most of the garrison, he asked the boy to show the way to the commandant's rooms, and the two were soon running up the steps leading to them.

Bang, bang! went Allen's sword against the colonel's door, and the British officer hurried out of bed to answer the demand.—Lake George Mirror.

Smart.

She—When you post a letter, do you stick the stamp on yourself?
He—Certainly.
She—I always stick it on the envelope.—London Judy.

The Great Peace-Maker.

B-L makes friends everywhere—it pleases all men—it touches a spot hard to reach except with

B-L

TOBACCOS

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 2.

Text of the Lesson, Math. iii, 7-17—Memory Verses, 13-17—Golden Text, Math. iii, 17—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Let me at the beginning of our study of the gospel by Matthew, in which we are to continue for six months, quote a few pregnant sentences from "Studies In the Gospels" by Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D.: "The Bible is a history of the contest between Christ and satan for man and his dwelling place; of redemption provided by God proceeding from His love, with love determining the method and the end. The gospels are the history of that part of redemption which was wrought by the Lord Jesus Christ in His earthly life, death, burial and resurrection. The point of view of and the purpose in each gospel determine in every case what shall be inserted and omitted. The Old Testament closes with the Jewish nation looking for the fulfillment of the prophecies of a king who shall reign in righteousness, under whom the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. Matthew is the gospel of the Jewish king rejected, resulting in the rejection of the nation, until the church, His body, shall be gathered out of all nations. In the Old Testament God is for His people; in the gospels He is with His people; in the Epistles He is in His people. These three, God for us, God with us, God in us, are the method and the end of the Divine dealing, holiness eternal in the heavens, incarnate on earth, embodied in the saints."

7. "O generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come." Chapter i gives the genealogy of the King from Abraham to Joseph, the husband of Mary, who was of the royal line through Solomon, son of David. Luke iii gives the genealogy of Mary, who was also of the house of David, but through Nathan, the son of David. Math. i, 1, declares that Jesus Christ is the inheritor and fulfiller of all things promised to David and Abraham.

8. "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance," or, as in the margin, "answerable to amendment of life." Paul's preaching also was, "Repent and turn to God and do works meet for repentance" (Acts xxvi, 20). The teaching of all Scripture is that by nature we are away from God; God is calling us to come to Him, even as He called Adam from his hiding place in the garden, and has ever since been seeking lost sinners. When we turn to Him, He receives us graciously, forgives us freely and makes us His children through Jesus' blood. Then He asks us to walk worthy of our calling.

9. "And think not to say within yourselves, "We have Abraham to our Father." Even to our Lord Himself these people said proudly, "We be Abraham's seed," but He replied, "If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham," and then He told them very plainly, "Ye are of your father, the devil" (John viii, 33, 39, 44). It will not do for us to say, "I am a member of the church, I have been baptized, my people are all Christians, I do the best I can," etc., as if any of these could save us. There must be a true reception of Jesus Christ as our own personal Saviour and a whole hearted reliance upon His merits only.

10 "Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Both in the Old Testament and in the New the believer is compared to a tree. See Ps. i, 3; Jer. xvii, 8, and compare our Lord's words in Math. xv, 13, "Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

11. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." John sought no honor for himself, but he loved to point to the mightier than he, whose shoes he was not worthy to bear. We have not the right spirit if we ever seek any glory for ourselves. Repentance and the forgiveness of sins are God's free gift and make us to be surely saved, but being saved we must be filled with the Spirit in order to serve Him and bear the fruit which will be to His glory and make manifest that we are His.

12. "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor and gather His wheat into the garner, but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." May there not be some reference here to the fire of the last verse? Compare the harvest time of chapter xiii, 40-43. I have heard people pray for the fire, and I have wondered if they were even ready for the Spirit.

13 "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." Consider where He had been for the last 18 years since He said to His mother at Jerusalem, "I must be about My Father's business." He had certainly been about that business, but how and where? In the humble home and carpenter's shop of Nazareth, subject to Joseph and Mary, willing and obedient and waiting God's time for public work. We need to lay this to heart also

14 "But John forbade Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me." So John was ever humble and ready to lay himself at Jesus' feet When they told John a little later that all men were following Jesus, he replied, "I am not the Christ, but sent before Him; the friend of the gridegroom rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled" (John iii, 26-29) Just a voice; anything or nothing if only Christ is magnified.

15 "And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." This was His consecration to His public work, a life of constant and manifest death to self that He might glorify God, manifest and declare His Name and fulfill all that had been written of Himself in the law, the prophets and the Psalms. As His witnesses there is no other way for us than self renunciation

16 "Lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him." Heaven is always witnessing what is going on on the earth, and, though there may be no outward manifestation as here, yet it is even so. I believe it firmly and have found great comfort in such assurances as II Chron. xvi, 9. At Pentecost the Spirit came as tongues of fire, for there was purification needed as well as power, but there was no sin in Christ.

17. "And, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It is written in Luke iii, 21, that Jesus was praying, and in John i, 32, that the Spirit abode upon Him. Here are very plainly the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The Spirit must have been always in Christ, but here is a special ministry of the Spirit at the beginning of His public work. Can we think of doing with less?

Don't Stoop When You Read.

The habit of stooping over when reading or writing has a bad effect on most eyes and should be avoided, especially if one is nearsighted. When people approach the age of 40, the morning paper is apt to appear blurred, and they complain the printing is getting bad. The trouble is they need glasses. If they do not get them, later on their eyes will deteriorate so rapidly they will be obliged to wear them all the time. On the other hand, if a person puts on glasses when the first warning of "tired eyes" is received he will never be obliged to wear them the rest of his life except when doing fine work.

A Ringer.

She had no bell.

At the crosswalk a stalwart policeman awaited her coming.

What could she do?

As the full measure of her peril dawned upon her she let go of the handle bar and wrung her hands.

Then the policeman smiled and passed on.—Cycling Gazette.

THE GIANT CACTUS.

Mexicans and Indians Make Many Uses of the Ugly Plant.

Southern New Mexico and Arizona and southwestern Texas embrace a region totally unlike any other section of the United States. This portion of our country bears evidence of its Mexican origin in its swarthy population and its low built "adobe" houses, while its bleak mountains, hiding treasures of precious metal, and its sandy deserts, among whose greasewood and mesquite bushes live the poisonous tarantula, the venomous rattlesnake and the stinging scorpion, seem but part and parcel of our sister republic on the south.

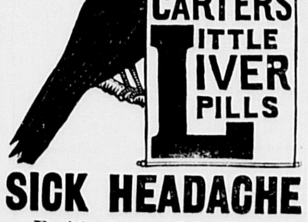
That which strikes the traveler most forcibly, however, in journeying through the sandy wastes is the wonderful luxuriance of the cactus family, which appears to grow everywhere, the lowly cholla (choyyah), the reedlike ocalilla (o-kah-lee-yah) and that unsightly giant, the great sahuara (sah-wah-rah). The drier the sand and the hotter the sun the better the cactus seems to flourish. On some mountain sides the chollas grow so thick one cannot pass through them, so fierce are the sharp spines of the cholla "balls." Curved at their ends like fishhooks, these little spines pierce leather and fasten upon the skin of the foot, causing the most intense pain.

Rough and repulsive as these various kinds of cactus are, however, yet a use has been found for most of them. After treating the stems of some of the smaller varieties furniture is manufactured from them—chairs, tables and other small articles. The tall, graceful stems of the ocalilla are gathered and woven into fences, while the weird, uncouth sahuara is put to a number of uses which will require a more detailed description.

The sahuara, easily the king of the cactus family, is peculiar to Arizona, its fluted columns, with its gaunt, upward growing arms, covering the deserts in some places like a veritable forest. It is often 20 feet in height, and its heart is a watery pulp protected by long parallel strips of tough, fibrous wood, reaching from base to top, the whole covered with a thick, green skin which successfully turns the sun's rays and prevents the evaporation of the water within. Where the sahuara gets this water is a mystery, since it grows in the driest of places, where rains come, if they come at all, at almost yearly intervals. This water, however, is of no use to man, as many a poor prospector has found to his sorrow. It is astringent and bitter, serving only to increase thirst.

The Indians of the country—Apaches, Pimas, Papagoes, Maricopas—use the straight, flexible poles which form the skeleton of the sahuara in the construction of their huts. Like the prickly pear, the giant cactus also bears a fruit which grows on the very tips of the parent stalk and its branches. This fruit is nearly the size and shape of a hen's egg. When ripe, it is of a scarlet hue and splits open into four lobes, disclosing a pulpy mass about the consistency of a fig and filled with minute black seeds. The Mexicans and Indians are passionately fond of this fruit—and so are the birds. The former, if so fortunate as to get ahead of their feathered rivals, take long poles and knock the fruit from the top of the stalk. The Indian squaws dry it and prepare it into a dish resembling fig paste.

But there is a use to which the squaws put the fruit which is not so commendable. It is pressed in wide, shallow baskets and the juice collected in pottery ollas (o-yahs), vessels of native manufacture. The ollas are then stored in a small room where a fire is kept burning until the appearance of a white froth on the surface of the liquid indicates that fermentation has commenced. It is then a strong drink called "tizwin," for which the Indians show a deplorable fondness. In former years the government always expected trouble from its red proteges in "tizwin time" and extraordinary precautions were taken to hold the savages in check during those particular periods.—Detroit Free Press.



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